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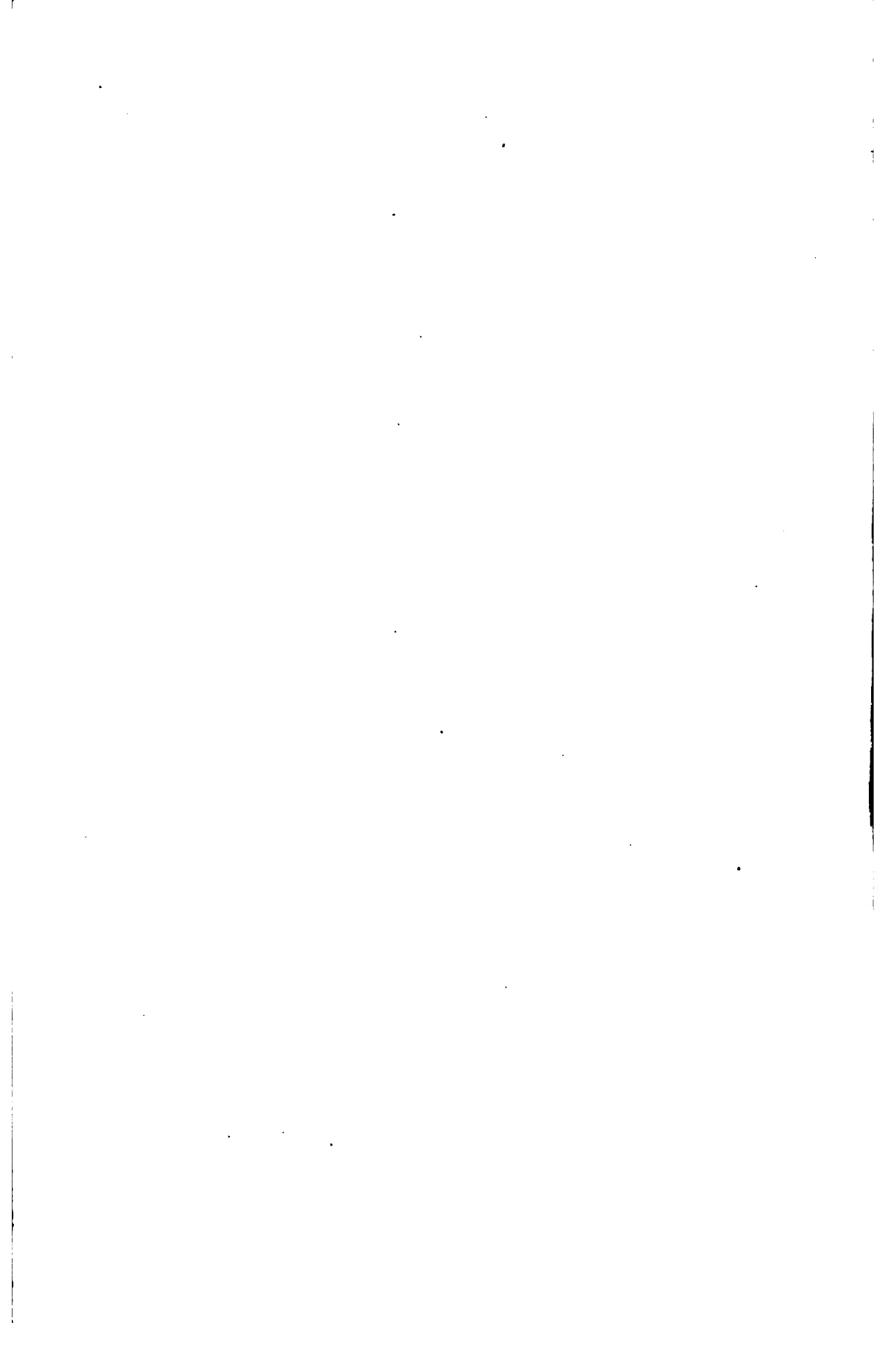
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THE ANNALS
OF THE
WARWICKSHIRE HUNT
From 1795 to 1895

Under the Management of

MR. JOHN CORBET

LOED MIDDLETON

MR. E. J. SHIRLEY

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MR. BARNARD

MR. SPENCER LUCY (TWICE)

MR. HENLEY GREAVES

HON. W. H. J. NORTH

AND LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

"A braver choice of dauntless spirits never
Dash'd after hound."



From the engraving by W. D. Woodman, after the picture
by
T. Weaver
in the possession of Mr. T. Weaver, Esq.,
Manchester Square, London.

Mr. John Corbet and his Foxhounds.
From the engraving by R. D. Woodman, after the picture
by
T. Weaver.
In the possession of Harold Weaver, Esq.,
Manchester Square, London.

ANNALS
OF THE
WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

1795-1895

FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS

BY

SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT, BART.

AND THE

HON. AND REV. W. R. VERNEY

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME I.

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TO
THE MASTER AND MEMBERS OF THE
WARWICKSHIRE HUNT
AND
SUBSCRIBERS TO THE HOUNDS
AND
HUNTING FARMERS
THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHORS.





MAKING FOR THE GATE.

Still the same crowd may be seen at the cover,
Still the same rush when the fox goes away.

Lord Granville Gordon.

INTRODUCTION.

A WORK of this kind does not require much apology for its publication. The interest in foxhunting is so widespread, and the Warwickshire are a pack of such long standing, that to record their annals for the benefit of future generations cannot be a superfluous task. We should like to point out, in anticipation of our critics, that we have chosen our somewhat desultory method in imitation of the "Old Book" by "Venator," and we trust that the introduction of a few anecdotes &c., will brighten what is necessarily a somewhat monotonous record from the diaries of sport so kindly supplied to us. We call attention to the illustrations, nearly all of which are entirely new

to the public, and we have to thank Lord Middleton ; Mr. Shirley, of Ettington ; the late Mrs. Granville, of Wellesbourne Hall, and Major Granville ; Lady de Clifford ; Mr. Robert Fellowes, of Shotesham Hall ; Mr. Hay, of Duns Castle ; Lord Willoughby de Broke ; Lord North ; Mr. J. T. Arkwright, of Hatton ; Mr. George Greaves, of Winslow ; and Mrs. Field, of Talton House, for permission to reproduce portraits and pictures from paintings in their possession. We have also to thank that talented amateur, Mr. R. O. Milne, of Oakfield, Leamington, for his photographs of the four famous gorse coverts in the Red Horse Vale—Ladbroke, Watergall, Oxhill, and the Golden Cross. Captain Arthur Smith, so well known in the hunting field, has supplied an etching for a tail-piece to the final chapter, and some interesting sketches for head and tail-pieces have been supplied by Mrs. Walter Verney and Lady Mordaunt. For the letterpress, we have to offer our sincere thanks to “Castor,” of the *Banbury Guardian*, who placed his interesting work, “A Century of Foxhunting,” at our disposal. Mrs. Middleton, of Oxhill, supplied us with Edwin Stevens’ most interesting diary. The Rev. William Miller, whose recollections go far back, has also given us his records of sport, which were of great value, as we had nothing of that date to draw from. Mr. Robert Worrall has given us a graphic account of his life, supplemented by short, but continuous diaries ; while Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord North, and Colonel Norris, of Swalecliffe Park, have shown the greatest interest in our work, and have helped us with diaries, records, and many valuable suggestions. The Hon. E. C. Leigh has contributed two excellent accounts of runs. Mr. Frank Glover, of the *Leamington Spa Courier*, has allowed us access to the files of his long established paper ; and Mr. Walter Gore Marshall, of Hambleton ; Lord Mountgarret, Captain Jennings, and Mr. George Smith

have also assisted us. It is very satisfactory to record that the greater part of those above mentioned, either have been or still are ardent supporters of the Warwickshire Hounds. In the long winter evenings, we trust that a perusal of our work may keep alive the memory of sport and wile an hour away. One advantage of our book is, you may take it up and lay it down whenever you please; we have spoken of men and things as they are, and we hope that in days to come our readers may see many more runs as good as those which we have endeavoured to describe. If they weary in reading these records of days gone by, it will not be our fault, and we will say to each long suffering subscriber by way of comfort, so exactly have we tried to reproduce the past :

Delicta majorum immeritus lues.—*Horace*, Book III. Ode VI.

Or again :

Be to our virtues very kind,
Be to our faults a little blind.—*Prior*.

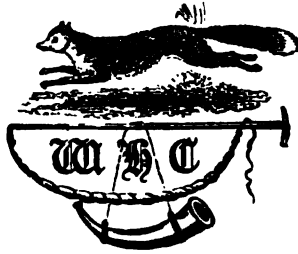
Singula de nobis anni predantur euntes ;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.—*Horace*, Ep. II., 72.

Years following years, steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away.—*Pope's translation*.

Dear subscribers and kind readers, we hope for a long acquaintanceship, and that it will not be merely a case of

TOUCH HANDS AND PART.





PREFACE.

Up to the mountain, boy, at early dawn,
Just when the huntsman winds his cheerful horn,
While the lark warbles forth his matins gay,
And soars to meet the rays of golden day.
Well mounted, follow where the sly fox flies,
For the grand base of life is *Exercise*.—*Old Poem*.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said :
This is my own, my native land !

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto 6th.

As no continuous and accurate record of the Warwickshire Hunt has been published since that which was written by "Venator" and published in 1837, with the exception of a "Century of Foxhunting," by "Castor," published in 1891, which perhaps does not deal with the whole question in the complete manner which such an important record demands, and because the former book has been for so many years out of print, and many hunting men have not seen it, we trust that the "Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt" will be of interest to our readers, because they include all records, which are most worth reading, of days gone by, and have been continued up to the latest possible time before publication.*

* The earliest book on foxhunting was published in 1481.

Hunting always has been, and always will be, regarded as the most popular amusement in England, because it is the only sport in which everyone—either riding, driving, or on foot—can participate. It is therefore of great interest to compare past with present hunting, and the progress made in most respects with the decline in some few particulars. There is an old saying, which we quote for just what it is worth, that in former days scent was so good that when after a run the fox was not killed, hounds were laid on in the early morning of the next day to hunt up his drag, and under these conditions he would be more easily killed than another. In those days the country was not drained, and held scent better, the fields were not so full of cattle as now, there were more grass fields and less cultivation, and therefore fewer people employed who might head a fox. There were also but few railroads, and a small field. Now the country is intersected by railways, but at the same time it must be said that they largely contribute to the enjoyment of sport, because many can reach the best meets by train, and return in the same way, who otherwise could not hunt. Foxes and good coverts are more plentiful than they were. Hounds are kept in finer condition, and combine greater pace and quality, with as much hunting power and more endurance, than they formerly possessed.* We shall record

* In 1779 Mr. Smith Barry established a pack of foxhounds in Cheshire, which he kept entirely at his own expense. He matched his celebrated hound Bluecap and a bitch named Wanton to run against Mr. Meynell's Richmond and another, over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, for 500 guineas. Mr. Smith Barry's hounds were trained at Tiptree Heath, Essex, by the well-known huntsman, Will Crane. Their training was to run a fox drag three times a week over grass for eight or nine miles. They were kept to this exercise from the 1st August to the 28th September, being fed on oatmeal and sheep's trotters. On the 30th September the match was run, by making the accustomed drag from the Rubbing House to the starting point of the Beacon Course, the four hounds being immediately laid on the scent. Mr. Barry's Bluecap came in first, and Wanton, close behind, second. The Beacon Course was run in a few seconds more than eight minutes, about the same time as an ordinary plate horse will take to do the course in with 8st. on his back, and within which time the celebrated horse Eclipse is said to have done the same distance at York with 12st. up.

an occasion when formerly a fox could not be killed at the end of a run because a sufficient number of hounds were not left to do this, whereas now their condition has so much improved that but few are missing at the finish of the severest run. At the same time it is a great mistake to suppose that hounds were not bred for speed as well as nose in olden days. The pictures that we have of celebrated packs and individual hounds go to prove this, and the records of the care taken in their breeding, at all events in certain packs like the Belvoir, the Brocklesby, and the Fitzwilliam, &c., are certain evidences of the same fact. No sport is perfect without its difficulties, and these are now increased by the size of the field and by the large number of drivers in carriages and pedestrians, who have as much right as anyone else to enjoy the sport. There is, fortunately, less barbed wire in this country than in some of the remaining shires, and in no county in England is foxhunting more warmly supported by all classes of the community. One of the most striking and gratifying evidences of this is not only the way in which the farmers of Warwickshire have always been favourable to the sport, but also the keen interest shown in it by the labouring class. We have heard a very keen foxhunter* declare that one of the things which made him regret his no longer being able to reside in the county was this, that the people he met about the fields took, comparatively speaking, so little interest in the chase. In Warwickshire one only has to say "Good morning! Have you seen the hounds?" to be

In this match Mr. Meynell's hound Richmond was beaten 100 yards, while his partner did not run the course through. Of sixty horsemen only twelve came in with the hounds, Mr. Barry's huntman, Cooper, being first, having "rode" the mare that carried him quite blind. Mr. Meynell's hounds had been fed on legs of mutton during their training. This match is very interesting to us, as showing the pace that hounds could go even before the close of the last century.—[Rev. T. E. G. PULESTON'S "Wynnstay Country."]

*The Rev. Hugh Holbech, late of Whittington Rectory, Salop; now Vicar of Farnborough, Warwickshire.

met with a ready and generally intelligent response. We remember that in a poaching affray, when a keeper was seriously injured, the case was tried before the Kineton Bench, and one of the witnesses for the prosecution was absolutely unable to give his evidence without explaining that he thought that the noise (hooting, he called it) which he heard proceeded from the hounds, and that he said to his mate, "There be the hounds, Bill; let's go and have a hunt!" Long may this good feeling flourish and prevail. We trust that these volumes may not only recall to the remembrance of our readers many happy and brilliant days of sport in which they have participated amongst the green pastures of Warwickshire, but that they may tend to keep alive this interest in the chase, and cement the good feeling towards it which still exists amongst all classes of our fair county. As Surtees made the immortal Jorrocks declare, "There is no colour like red, and there is no sport like 'untin'." At the last moment we have enlisted the facile pencil of the Hon. Mrs. North, who has given us a charming sketch of the Warwickshire Hounds

COMING DOWN EDGE HILL.



A quotation written on the title page of the present Lord Willoughby de Breke's Edition of the Old Book of the Warwickshire Hunt :

" He counted them at break of day,
But when the sun set where were they ? "

Note added by Lord Willoughby :

" Why, all on ! "

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I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas,
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.

Dio et argutæ properet Nææræ
Muræum nodo cohibere crinem :
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus,
Litium, et rixæ cupidos protervæ,
Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juvena
Consule Planco.

Hor. Lib. III. Carm. xiv.*

* For a liberal translation of the above, please see Vol. II., p. vi.—W. R. W.

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When in silence we rest, shall we ever remember
The jolly old fellows, the noisy young chaps?
Across the Styx stream is there any November,
Do the ghosts of our fathers still race for the gaps?

Lord Granville Gordon.

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SLY.—A good matter, surely: Comes there any more of it?

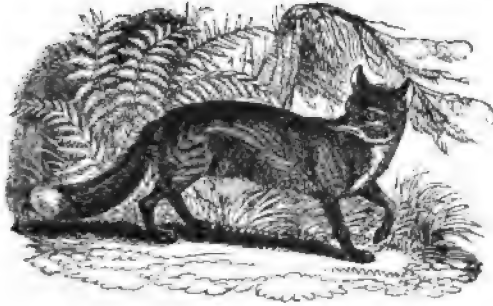
PAGE.—My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY.—'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady:

Would 'twere done.

Shakespeare, "Taming of the Shrew."

THE



All shall join in jolly song,
Noble sports to us belong ;
Hail the morning's ruddy face,
Now begins the sprightly chase.

Venator.

THE ANNALS OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.

O, ye sons of the chase ! while your spirits are gay,
To the WARWICKSHIRE COUNTRY let's hasten away ;
Where foxes in plenty are sure to be found,
And sportsmen, the best of all fellows, abound.

WARWICKSHIRE was for a long time hunted by only one pack of hounds, but on March 22nd, 1853, a large portion of the woodlands, as well as the fine country between the river Leam and Rugby, was constituted the North Warwickshire Hunt. Since the commencement of the agricultural depression a considerable portion of the country has been laid down in grass, and it is now about two-thirds grass, and the remainder ploughed land. The boundaries of the country, as at present constituted, are as follows :

On the south-east we follow a line drawn between the top of Long Compton Hill and Banbury, the actual limits

being, we believe, the Rollwright Road and the South Newington Brook.

Turning northwards, we have the Banbury and Coventry Road as a guide as far as the Watergall on the east side beyond Fenny Compton Wharf. Skirting the Wormleighton, Priors Hardwick and Priors Marston parish boundaries, where the canal is for some distance the outside line, we take the course of the Braunston Brook, and circling Shuckburgh Hill and Flecknoe, we continue, leaving Braunston just on the right, till we meet the Leam at Grandborough.

Turning westward, we follow the line of the Leam as far as Leamington, and from there taking in Warwick Castle and Park, and passing still westwards by Norton Lindsey, Wolverton, and Little Alne, we reach the most western extremity beyond Coughton Park. Turning southwards along the Ridge Way, once described by George IV. as "the finest drive in England," and taking in Ragley Park and Weethley Wood, we arrive at Salford Priors. From thence we take a line across the Evesham Vale to Honeybourne, where the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway bounds the neutral country as far as Moreton-in-the-Marsh. The measurements between the extreme points are from the north-east at Grandborough to the Four-shire Stone on the south-west, thirty miles; and from Weethley Wood on the north-west to Cropredy at the south-west, nearly the same distance.

We shall see later on that the projected railway from Rugby to Worcester, so vehemently opposed by the late Sir Hugh Williams when they proposed to destroy Ladbroke Gorse, never was carried out, and till the East and West Junction Railway was made no iron horse traversed the country except that one which ran on the rails of the Great Western. Alas! while we write we learn that the Braunston and Grandborough Vales are now cut up by the extension of the L. and N.W.R. from Daventry to Leamington, and yet another line is projected and being engineered—the Manchester, Sheffield, and Derby and London—

which will cut this one at right angles, and do further mischief to the splendid country beyond Shuckburgh Hill.

What shall we say of the splendid Vale of Warwickshire, rich in historic recollections; once rich, but alas! no more so, in agricultural produce; famous for its beauty, especially that of its oaks and elms; and renowned as a hunting country, where foxes are well preserved and fox-hunters are always welcome. The Vale extends from Shuckburgh Hill on the north-east to Long Compton Hill on the south-west, and a commanding view of it may be obtained from Long Compton, Brailes, and Meon Hills, as well as from Edge Hill and from Burton and Shuckburgh Hills. Lord Willoughby said at the complimentary dinner given to him: "When I stand, as I do sometimes, on the high ground near Wolford, or on the Ilmington Hills, perhaps, and look over the magnificent ocean of grass, which reaches all the way to Shuckburgh; and when I think that the foxhounds are free and welcome over the whole of that stretch of country, and that, as I believe, not a single wire fence or a single enemy to our sport could be found throughout the whole of that district, then surely I may be pardoned for thinking that I have lived all my life in the best county in England." The Vale is a strongly inclosed country, and even in that part of it which consists chiefly of ploughed land on both sides of the River Avon, plenty of big fences are to be found. Some part of the country lying between the Shipston-on-Stour and Wellesbourne Road, and the road from the former place to Stratford-on-Avon, contains perhaps the stiffest clay soil in creation, and is a cold scenting country. We remember a sexton saying to us: "Master, there be no need to bury folks in coffins here, although we do so; this here clay is the same thing." And Shakespeare's clown says: "A corpse will last you some eight or nine year."

On the top of Edge Hill, in the country usually hunted on Fridays, there is a large extent of light ploughed land

which often carries a good scent, and so proverbial has been the sport on the Warwickshire Fridays that you may expect to see the best of it before January, because hounds have, in the early part of the season, killed nearly all the best foxes. The country between Stratford-on-Avon and Alcester, and between there and Henley-in-Arden, comprises the fine woodlands of the Warwickshire Hunt.

In the country before mentioned, above Edge Hill, the fences are small, but sometimes you may come to a big one, and to some large bottoms. The Vale carries the best scent, but as a rule Warwickshire never carries a first class scent unless it has been thoroughly wet through. It is a practicable country to ride over, but there are some parts of it surrounding Shuckburgh Hill over which no horse can be ridden anything like straight, any more than over the Skeffington Vale of High Leicestershire. It is not much subject to be flooded, although the rivers Avon, Leam, and Stour run through it. Foxes do not often cross the Avon, and there are several fords and bridges over the Stour ; but for want of these advantages the Leam is very difficult to cross, and hounds, after crossing it, have on several occasions had the best of a run. We think that Warwickshire, next to Leicestershire, takes rank with Northamptonshire and Oxfordshire in the first class of the hunting countries of England ; and it is not too much to say that, taking into consideration its famous pack of hounds, so well hunted as they have been by the Master, and the size of the field, which is small by comparison to that which is seen in the three above-mentioned Shires, it is the best country in which to see sport, and those who live within reach of the Warwickshire Hounds may say with Horace,

*Ille terrarum, mihi præter omnes,
Angulus ridet,*

for when the whole world has been seen, there is no other country so perfect as England, and no place like home—provided that home is in Warwickshire. One of Warwickshire's chief charms, as a hunting country, lies in the varied

quality of the country to be ridden over. One day, say on Monday, you may be hunting on plough, and almost fancy that you are in a provincial country when the meet is at Wellesbourne, Tachbrooke, or Goldicote. But wait a bit. Before the shortest winter's day is over, you may be fairly launched on grass at Brickkiln Gorse, Lighthorne Rough, Bishop's Gorse, or Chesterton Wood. Then, on Tuesday, the meet is at Wolford Village or Weston House, fixtures for the large woodlands on the south side of the country, always well preserved and cared for by Mr. Freeman Mitford, of Batsford; Sir Pery Pole, of Todenham; and Lady Camperdown, of Weston House. Wolford Wood or Whichford Wood are drawn. You are not likely, however, to be in them all day. Whatever may be the reputation of the latter wood, the former has not lost its character for good wild foxes. You may, if you manage to get a start, find yourself close to the hounds as they top the stone walls in the Heythrop country, or following them as best you may over the stiffly inclosed vales which border the Evenlode and the Stour; while, for an afternoon draw, you have that almost ideal gorse covert, planted by Lord Camperdown, close to the Golden Cross Inn, on the Fosse Road, and which seldom or never has failed to provide a fox. It may be that the Tuesday meet is fixed for nearer home, at Brailes, or Idlicote, or Pillerton; and where would you find a more charming bit of country than that wild and varied expanse of vale in which Oxhill Gorse (the gift of Sir Charles Mordaunt to the Hunt, and maintained at his own expense) forms the boss of the shield, the gem in a setting of grass? And where better fox preservers than Mr. Sheldon, of Brailes; Mr. Frederick Townsend, the owner of Honington Hall, and the far-famed blackthorn covert; or the Rev. Henry Mills, of Pillerton? On Tuesday, too, we ride to hunt, and do not hunt to ride; the railways have not yet imported their hundreds to spoil sport by over pressure; there is not much stock in the fields, and hounds have every chance as well as every assistance.

Then comes Thursday and "Shuckburgh Hill." We remember a good sportsman, who, speaking to a casual acquaintance in the train, asked him if he still hunted? "No," he said, "I have given it up for years, but there is one meet in England for which I would still box a horse, even from town, and that is 'Shuckburgh Hill.'" You send your best horse to Shuckburgh, just as you used to Tilton Wood, when that old friend "Plancus" was still going. The surrounding country is large and stiff, and, as was said just now, requires a hunter to get over it in safety, but all around is an ocean of grass, and wild foxes, so carefully preserved (for centuries I was going to say) by the Shuckburgh family, travel fast and far over the green pastures of Warwickshire, and seldom fail to make an excursion into the fair regions of the sister county of Northampton. If you can ride straight from Shuckburgh Hill to Badby Wood, or Welton Place, or to Bodington, you need not fear to take your conveyance into any country in England, where flying fences have to be surmounted, and pace as well as mere jumping powers are required. Then there is Deepdale, or, as we prefer to spell it, Debdale, the property of the Biddulph family, and no prettier sight can be seen than a meet on the old fashioned village green of Long Itchington, and no sweeter country can be found than that which lies between here and Shuckburgh or Bunker's Hill. The demon wire has indeed, in places, stretched its treacherous snake-like coils across our path, but we prefer in a work of this description to say little about this curse to foxhunting, hoping and believing that the good taste and the good feeling of the Warwickshire farmers will, even in these trying times, remove what must be always a source of danger to life and limb, as well as a destructive element to that good feeling of comradeship and fellowship which has existed so long between sportsmen and the occupiers of the land. And what shall we say of Ladbroke, or of Watergall, belonging to those good sportsmen—Mr. William Peareth and Lord Leigh. No better coverts can be found in any hunt, and no better

country around them, while a baptism in the Watergall Brook is something which every young sportsman must expect before he can esteem himself "free of the Hunt." Even if the meet is nearer home, and Gaydon Inn is the fixture, we are still in the Vale and still upon the grass, and although the Burton Hills loom unpleasantly near, that good covert, Bawcutt's (planted by the late Lord Willoughby, and named after a good sportsman and tenant farmer of that ilk), is always a sure find, and has provided many a good run. Even if Ufton Wood, a jungle as some have described it, is a Thursday fixture, do not we have a run once in ten years from Ufton Wood? While there is often Itchington Holt, perhaps the most genuine fox covert in the Hunt (both these coverts being for the main part the property of those good foxhunters — the brothers Chamberlayne, of Stoney Thorpe and Witherley Hall, Atherstone), for an afternoon draw. Even if occasionally Ragley Park, Oversley Wood, or Coughton Court is a Thursday fixture, who will wish for *toujours perdrix*, and who, with any reputation to gain or lose as a thorough sportsman at heart, will fail a few times in every season in seeing hounds work the large woodlands so carefully looked after by Lord Hertford, Sir William Throckmorton, and others, and which, after all is said and done, often provide as good a run as in the more fashionable district? The woodlands, too, are not what they were. Bevington Waste, formerly consisting of 700 acres, has entirely disappeared under the stock axe of the woodman, improving the land just before the depression set in. Coughton Park has always been well rided, and Lord Hertford's woods around Ragley are now in the same condition. There is a portion of the Evesham Vale not at all to be despised, with little Pebworth Covert and Rumer Hill in its centre, and Gally Oak on its outskirts, the former jealously and lovingly preserved by Mr. Shekell, who in former days used to be a first-class man across country himself. Many a good run has been seen in this Vale; the ditches are wide, and the timber is stiff, and the gates are few, so it wants a hunter

to get over it. The Ilmington and Meon Hill Coverts are neutral, and are drawn on alternate months by the Warwickshire and North Cotswold. Sometimes the fox sinks the Vale and runs for the Golden Cross or Ettington Coverts, but the hills are not perhaps a very favourite resort, and, owing to Warwickshire being really a five days a week country, and only hunted four days a week, Ilmington is not so frequent a meet as it used to be.

The Central Coverts now claim our attention. They are generally drawn on Mondays, when the fixtures are at Compton Verney, Bowshot Cross Roads, Walton Hall, Ettington Cross Roads, Goldicote, Wellesbourne, Charlecote Park, Snitterfield, Barford, Warwick Park, Chesterton Windmill, Lighthorne Village, or Chadshunt. The largish woods around Compton Verney and Walton are always well stocked with foxes, and occasionally a good run across the Vale southwards takes place from them.

Sir Charles Mordaunt's keeper, Wm. Butler, and Lord Willoughby's, Jesse Eales and John Creed, the former of whom is a well-known character in Warwickshire, are capital hands at keeping game and foxes together; and at Chesterton Wood in particular there are always foxes and pheasants, showing that it is perfectly easy to have both if only the keeper is staunch and keen. Chesterton Wood, having been a noted fox covert for so many years, deserves a more than passing notice. It was planted years ago on beautifully light soil, is about 150 acres in extent, it slopes away to the north down Chesterton Hill, is beautifully ridged, and on the south, east, and west is surrounded by a fine rideable country, perhaps rather too well gated. By Stevens' diary we see that hounds generally began here or at Oakley Wood, about three miles to the north, the property of Mr. Tree, of Ashborne, for the first day's cubhunting. The usual run of the fox from Chesterton Wood is across the old Sitch Field to Itchington Holt, before mentioned, about two miles, and from here there are many possibilities. We

remember that an old fox for one or two seasons always used to make straight from Chesterton to ground under Burton Dassett Church. Oakley Wood and Fir Tree Hill near it often produce a good fox, but Warwick Park, though generally a sure find, is not such a favourite, except with the carriage folk and fair lady division. However, as we said at the commencement, on Monday one generally finds oneself, whatever the fixture, in the grass country before night.

The Ettington and Wellesbourne Coverts, including Alveston Pastures and Fir Grove, are perhaps not so much liked, though Wellesbourne Wood, which adjoins Sir Charles Mordaunt's coverts at Smatchley and Oakham Coppice, is always most carefully preserved by the Granville family. It was from Wellesbourne that the great run started from when Mr. Bernard Granville was master, which we hope to describe later. A good run has often commenced from Rough Hill, Knaven Hill, or Ettington Grove, while Mr. Mills' good little coverts, Moll's Grave and Brickkiln Gorse, are close by the Fosse Road, and edge the delicious Oxhill Vale. We shall have occasion later to refer to the late Henry Spencer Lucy, both as an all-round sportsman and master of hounds. Fir Tree Hill, above mentioned, is on the Charlecote property, and, crossing the Avon by the bridge built by the Rev. John Lucy, we come to Hampton Wood and Hampton Gorse. Snitterfield Bushes, once the property of that good supporter of foxhunting, the late Mr. Mark Phillips, and afterwards of his brother, Mr. Robert Phillips, and now belonging to Lady Trevelyan, is a good nursery for foxes, surrounded by a rough but sporting plough country; while Austy Wood, beyond that again, is a neutral covert with the North Warwickshire. We must not omit one word in favour of Lighthorne Rough, where a fox made his lair for several seasons up an old oak tree at the west end; or Bishop's Gorse, where they found on seventeen separate occasions in one season, both the property of Lord Willoughby de Broke; or Whitnash Bushes and Chesterton Millpool,

close to Chesterton Windmill, which generally provide a fox, Bishop's Gorse being an absolute certainty.

Then we come to Friday, and here we have again quite a different class of country. The plough is more frequent, though light, the fences smaller, and the brooks come oftener. There are no woodlands, and the district is hilly, which makes it difficult always to be with hounds; but we need only mention such fixtures as Wroxton Abbey, Broughton Castle, Swalcliffe Park, Broom Hill Gorse, Upton House, Radway Grange, Burton Dassett, and last, but not least, Farnborough, to remind our readers of many glorious runs in days gone by, filling them with many joyful anticipations of sport in the future. As long as England lasts, foxhunting will be popular on the great table land which terminates on the north with the line of the Edge Hills. In no part are the farmers and labourers more friendly to the sport, and nowhere do country gentlemen take more pains to preserve foxes. Lord North's attachment to the chase is too well known to be mentioned, and the drawing Wroxton Coverts blank is to him a dire calamity. Well do we remember the day when, at a meet after the Banbury Ball, it was announced that Master Fox had broken into the pheasant aviary and slain forty or more of the occupants,* or the cheerful and even school-boy spirit in which his lordship met the chaff of those who had assembled at his hospitable mansion. The sight of the county pack as they meet outside the beautiful and historic abbey is a picture indeed, and long may it be before the central figures of it are missed. In the preservation of foxes he is ably seconded by Colonel Norris, who has succeeded to the best traditions of Swalcliffe Park, and takes that interest in Wiggington Heath and its surroundings, which the historic character of this ancient gorse and broom stronghold demands; while the present tenant of Broughton Castle, Mr. Fane Gladwin, is a genuine foxhunter, and makes up a trio of "Three Jolly

* What he enjoyed most was packing them up in a hamper and sending them to Colonel North in Arlington-street.—W. E. V.

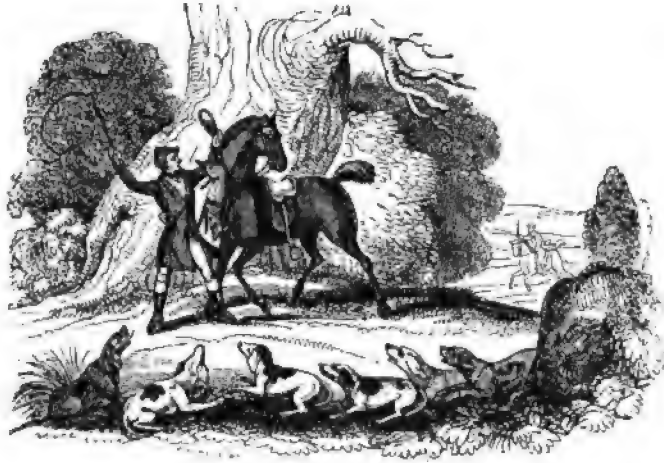
Huntsmen." Captain Paul (late R.N.), of the Highlands, Tadmarton, looks after Bloxham Gorse and Wiggington Heath; while, farther to the north-west, the Hunt has a good friend in Lord Northampton, although he does not actually live at his beautiful seat of Compton Wyniates, the very sight of which takes one centuries back, as, hidden in its romantic dell, it suddenly breaks upon one's view while the merry chase sweeps by. Upton House deplores the loss of W. H. P. Jenkins (Mr. Merton), who is now living in South Wales, but has left behind him a name as a sportsman and a good comrade which will long live in the hearts and memories of Warwickshire men.* The Rev. W. S. Miller, the owner of Radway Grange, is known as a staunch friend to foxes, although we now seldom see him holding that place in the chase where for years we always looked for him, close behind the pack when they were going to draw, and not very far off when they were running with scent breast high, "first out, first over, last home!"

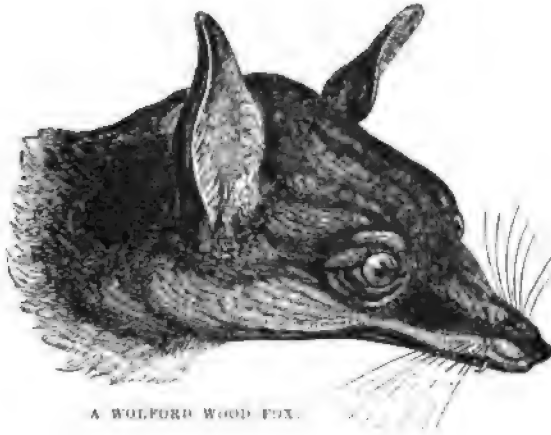
We travel along the side of the hills till we come to Burton Dassett, where Lord Willoughby's popularity as a landlord, and the good feeling of his tenants, always supplies a good show of foxes. We turn southwards, and we find the same genial support in the person of Mr. Aloysius Perry, the owner of that charming place, Bitham House. A little further, and we are at Farnborough. Truly Warwickshire is a favoured country. The Hunt has no enemies and many friends, and no truer friend than Archdeacon Holbech, the most brilliant of horsemen, and the most ardent lover of that sport which, from conscientious motives as a clergyman, he never suffered himself to partake in. How great has been this self-denial no one perhaps but himself knew. As long as foxhunting continues, the traditions of the house will ensure that Harbage's, Mollington Wood, and Page's Gorse will always hold a fox. White's Bushes, or Long Combe Covert, is part of the glebe of the Vicar of

* Since writing the above Lord Chesham, late master of the Bicester Hounds, has bought Upton House and the property from Lord Jersey.

Shotteswell, and there is one more covert to mention, and that we sorely miss. In old days, and not very old days either, a run from Chamberlain's Gorse was of frequent occurrence. Now the covert seems uncared for, and is seldom drawn, and the small spinney at Hanwell is but a poor substitute. As "Brooksby" wrote, the Friday country consists of the line of Edge Hills, with many spurs running up to it from the south; every spur incloses its valley, every valley has its brook; and, we may add, every brook has very often an occupant. The Friday sportsman, however, must not fear an occasional wet jacket if he wishes to be within distance when the huntsman

HANDLES HIS FOX.





A WOLFORD WOOD FOX.

See my brave pack ! how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The volleyed thunder breaks.—*Somerville.*

CHAPTER II.

SOMERVILLE—MR. WRIGHTSON—MR. JOHN WARDE—MR. CORBET
—HIS FAMOUS HOUND TROJAN—THE EPWELL HUNT.

THE earliest record of hunting in Warwickshire is contained in a poem written by Somerville, and called "The Chase," in which he shows that he thoroughly understands the art of hunting. He was born in 1692, and lived at Edstone, in Warwickshire, and died in 1742. That he kept hounds is proved by the epitaph on the tombstone of his huntsman Hoilt, who died in 1802 at the age of eighty-five. It runs as follows :

Here Hoilt, and his sports and labour past,
Joins his loved Master Somerville at last ;
Together wont the echoing fields to try,
Together now in silent dust they lie—
Servant and lord, when once we yield our breath,
Huntsman and poet are alike to death.

The first pack of foxhounds in Warwickshire of which there is any record was kept by Mr. Wrightson, who had

two kennels, one at Swalcliffe Grange,* and the other at Stratford-on-Avon, at the White Lion Inn, which at that time, and for long afterwards, was a favourite resort of sportsmen, and they spent many festive evenings after hunting in a room called "The Tempest," in honour of Shakespeare. Mr. Wrightson hunted Warwickshire in 1780. He was an excellent sportsman, and had a huntsman and two whips, supplied with twelve horses amongst them, and he afforded some capital sport. The only account remaining of a day's sport with his hounds, records that it took place in 1780, when Alveston Pasture was first drawn, and a brace of foxes found, which were lost. Eatington Grove was next drawn, and after finding a fox, and running a ring for an hour, he was killed. A third was found at Honington Spinneys, and the pack ran him at best pace over Idlicote Heath and by Compton Wyniates, and from thence to Shutford Hill, where they killed him. Mr. Shirley, Mr. Dadley, and Mr. William Barke were alone up at the finish.

In December, 1779, Lord Sefton had horses at Banbury, and was hunting from there.—H. C. N.

A famous sportsman named John Warde † hunted Warwickshire between 1780 and 1790 for several seasons, and had kennels at Newbold. He hunted also in Oxfordshire in 1778, and kept hounds for fifty-seven years in various countries. Bob Forfeit was his huntsman in 1803. He was celebrated as a breeder of hounds, and he bred them

* Swalcliffe Grange was originally a public called the Fox and Hounds. The sign used to hang in the elm tree which is still in front of the house. That road was much used in old days as a highway between Wiggington and Brailes, hence the good trade brought to the public. It afterwards became the George, under the occupancy of one Pyewell, and as hounds used *publics*, at which to lie out for far meets, no doubt Wrightson used this when it was the Fox and Hounds, and not the Grange. You can see now where the stables were, at least, there is an appearance of better stabling, or rather better doorways than were used for cart horses. This information was derived from R. Page, the present tenant, who succeeded his father in 1818.—H. C. N.

† From the *Sporting Magazine*, March, 1797: "After a long frost Warde's hounds found at Ardley Thorns, ran by Bucknell, over Fritwell Moor to Somerton, over the Cherwell, between the Astons and Dunsten, by the edge of Worton Heath, over Barton Latours to Sandford and Church Enstone, and over Heythrop Park to Chapel House, to Rowbright and Long Compton; turned to the right of Whichford to Hook Norton, on to Wiggington and to Swerford House, where the hounds ran into their fox and killed, after a chase of thirty-five miles without going into a single covert."—H. C. N.

of great size, and he built a number of kennels. He was well known as a wit, and he told a friend, who had been making remarks upon the big heads of his hounds, that they were of such a weight that, having got their noses well down to the ground, it was not easy for them to get them up again ! We need not further notice John Warde, because his career has been written in other hunting books, and "Castor," to whom we are indebted for various extracts, has a detailed account of him in his "Century of Foxhunting."

The Warwickshire Hunt may be said to have commenced when Mr. J. Warde left the country, and the even more celebrated Mr. John Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, Shropshire, took the management of it. Under him it became a first-rate hunting country.* He was an ideal master of hounds, a kind and liberal landlord, and a perfect gentleman, and for such information as we are able to obtain of his career we are indebted to "Scrutator" and "Nimrod."† He came to Warwickshire in 1791, and lived at Clopton, near Stratford-on-Avon, and hunted the entire county at his own expense,‡ and he continued to do so for a longer period than any man before him in any hunting country. He had seventy couples of hounds, and he dined with the members of the club at the White Lion, Stratford, once a fortnight. Mr. W. Barke, the owner of the White Lion, was a welter weight, and a noted rider. On one occasion he was asked the price by Mr. Zouche, of Milcote, of a very strong, active, shooting pony belonging to him. He replied, "Fifty guineas." "Can he jump?"

* From the *Sporting Magazine*, December, 1795: "Stratford, December 3, 1795. Corbet's Hounds had a good run from Wolford Heath (*sic*), near Shipston. Mr. J. Corbet, the Rev. J. Martin, Mr. S. Littleton, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Hill were up at the death."

† "Nimrod," after leaving Hinkley Hall, in Leicestershire, removed to Bilton Hall, in Warwickshire, which had been the residence of Addison.

‡ The following letter appeared in the *Leamington Courier* in March, 1884: "Sir,—Will you allow me to correct the statement made in your article on the Warwickshire hounds that Mr. Corbet hunted them entirely at his own expense. My grandfather, Sir Andrew Corbet, shared the expenses equally with his kinsman, John Corbet—both Shropshire men. My father used to lament—very improperly, I suppose, but from a younger son's point of view—that the 1000*l.* a year thus spent did not come his way instead of it 'going to the dogs.'—Yours truly, CHARLOTTE M. CORBET, 2, Newbold-terrace, Leamington."

was the next question. "Fetch him out," said Mr. Barke to his ostler, "and I will show you." The pony was no sooner brought out than Mr. Barke mounted—not in the general way, for, to show the leaping powers and surprising docility of the pony, the owner sat with his face towards the tail, and having put his head straight, with a quiet "come up" he cleared a flight of rails into the turnpike road, to the great amusement of his companions. At their request he repeated the leap in the same extraordinary manner, and sold his pony for the sum he asked without further recommendation. At the Stratford Hunt meeting they sold horses by handicap, and prices were, even in those days, given for hunters which are not exceeded now; and at one of these sales Mr. Best bought Confidence from Mr. Lockley for 750 guineas, this horse having carried the latter throughout a severe run, and then jumped a fence of timber at the end of it.

Mr. Corbet had a very noted hound called Trojan,* stated, in a letter signed by Somerville, to have hunted eight seasons, and described as a black and white hound. He never was lame or missed a day's hunting, and was not only the fastest hound in the pack, but the best hunter. He was the founder and the mainstay of Mr. Corbet's pack, and his blood became famous throughout other kennels. "The Blood of the Trojans" was always drank after "The King" at the Hunt Club dinners at Stratford,† and Mr. Corbet was called "the Father of the Trojans."‡

* There is a story told that this hound came as a "waif and a stray" to the kennels at Sundorne, and that no one knew where he came from, but that he was so good looking that he was taken out hunting, and then his excellent qualities were discovered, and he was largely bred from, both by Mr. Corbet and Sir Richard Puleston, as well as by other leading breeders of hounds in England. (But *vide infra*.)

† Amongst Salopian foxhunters, too, at every convivial meeting, there was "one cheer more for the blood of Trojan."—Rev. T. H. G. PULESTON'S "The Wyonstay Country."

‡ Mr. Corbet, we find from his hound lists, bred also from Lord Fitzwilliam's Fatal, Viper, Hero, Layman, Pontiff, Tipler, and Actor; Sir R. Puleston's Gainer, Dromo, Triumph, Dexter, and Trouncer, Sir Thomas Mostyn's Hannibal. His pack in 1807 was reinforced by Rally, Venus, Marchioness, Duchess, Darlington, Lawyer, Leicester, Lowther, Rally, Bedford, Baroness, Hero, and Hardwick from Prees' Kennels, probably when Mr. Hill gave up his hounds; also by Bluster and Gameboy from Lord Southampton's. In his hound-book of 1807-8 we only find Driver, Dasher, Tryal (*sic*).

"Fuit Ilium et ingens Gloria Teucrorum." The old *Sporting Magazine*, in its number of December, 1795, relates that on the 8th of this month Mr. Corbet's hounds found a fox at Wolford, and ran over Leamington Heath, Norton Common, Evenlode Heath, Longborough Lees, Donington, Scotts Brake, Eyford, Halford Holt, thence over Cold Aston Downs, and towards Farmington Grove; then through Saperton Grove, over the Gloucestershire Hills, and killed the fox near Sandewell Park, within four miles of Cheltenham, twenty-three miles as the crow flies, and thirty-five miles as hounds ran.* It is said that the first hour and a half of the run was without a check, followed by the same time of slow hunting, and then fifty minutes more without a check. The head of the fox was preserved for years, and it is not even suggested that there was any change of foxes during such a run. The line traversed during the greater part of it, after passing Donington, was over a down country, at that time without a fence, which makes it possible that the distance stated may have been covered.† Mr. Corbet's huntsman, Will Barrow, was

Turpin, Tragedy, Thetis, Trusty, and Tawdry by Trojan. In this book there is a Trojan, who is described as by Driver out of Gladness. Mr. Corbet bred a good deal from Driver, and in 1807 he had nine couples in his kennel by him.—*Ibid*.

Dromo was Sir Richard Puleston's favourite hound. There is at Emral a large headstone to the memory of this famous hound, with an inscription:

Alas, poor Dromo!

Reynard with dread oft heard his awful name.

Died September, 1809.

His name is written in large letters in Sir Richard's stud-book.—*Ibid*

* Sixteen miles is the actual distance on the Ordnance map straight from Wolford Woods to Cheltenham.

† Mr. Corbet had the head of this fox preserved and put in a glass case in the "Tempest Room," where the members of the Hunt then dined, and on the frame was written the description of the chase; the head continued to grace the room for forty-five successive years. Every sportsman who knew the history and the achievements of this fox contemplated his stern, grim visage with delight, and many whose hearts never responded to the glad some "Tally-ho," felt some pleasure for a moment in looking at the gallant old fox of Wolford Heath. In 1834 the White Lion changed proprietors, and in the following year the tenant then in possession left the house. This relique of sport had kept its station under every tenancy, and was considered a sort of heirloom to the premises. An old sportsman on entering the room on the day of sale, exclaimed, "Stole away." The fine old fox of Wolford Heath was nowhere to be found. Had this not been the case, his likeness here had superseded the necessity of our making this apology.—VENATOR.

A similar loss has taken place at Compton Verney, where the head of the old Hillmorton fox has disappeared from the Muniment Room.

chiefly celebrated as a very hard rider and a perfect horseman. He was mounted on several famous horses, which under his guidance made a great name. His manners, unlike those of his master, were the reverse of polite; he was killed eventually by a fall from his horse, and 1400*l.* was found in various places about his bed-room, and suits of new clothes sufficient for a parish.

During the whole period of Mr. Corbet hunting Warwickshire—and he may be truly said to have “hunted *Warwickshire*,” his country extending upwards of forty miles lengthways, and twenty across it, William Barrow, commonly called “Will Barrow,” was his huntsman, and his brother Jack first whipper-in. How well do I remember every feature in both these men! Could they rise again and enter my room at this moment, their appearance would be as familiar to me as that of one of my own servants now under my roof—the effect of the impression they made upon me in the various scenes in which we were engaged. Jack liked his glass, and was a little loose in character, and yet a good man in the field; but, unless things went pleasantly, unless his “lasses,” as he was wont to call his bitch pack, were running without one being out of her place, his countenance seldom relaxed from its natural—I may say constitutional gravity. In fact, the antipodes to his master he was, although, unless much provoked by some sport-destroying rider, never absolutely uncivil—of a stern, if not morose temper, but an excellent servant withal. And although it was the fashion to call him not the best of huntmen, still, testing him as the pudding is tested, I see no reason for any depreciation of his talent. I can only say, that never since, with one pack of hounds, have I witnessed such a succession of sport as the pack he hunted afforded, and it was a great treat to see him ride to them. But how splendidly he was mounted. Not ten stone in his clothes, not eleven in his saddle, he rode horses able to carry five stone more—all of his master’s breeding—and quite perfect in their work. Alas! his end was a sad one. He died from a fall with the harriers kept by the present Mr Corbet of Sundorne, after having escaped any serious injury during the twenty years or more of his hunting foxhounds, save in one instance, when his horse jumped upon him, when leading him into a hollow way, and fractured one of his legs. And a circumstance occurred at his decease, corroborative of the character I have given of him, as being deficient in that flow of soul which is generally characteristic of the sportsman, and which his brother Jack possessed. In old stockings and other odd places in his bed-chamber at Sundorne Castle, was found gold to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds, besides suits, many of which he had never put on his person! It appeared that he had not taken any steps to improve his property, by placing his money at interest; neither had he any wish to settle himself in a farm, for which he possessed sufficient capital, but contented himself with the servants’ hall of Sundorne, and hunting the harriers of the old master’s representative.

Barrow was in the service of Mr. Childe, of Kinlet, Shropshire, the great friend of Mr. Meynell, previously to his living with Mr. Corbet, and he was the only person about his premises that he would suffer to ride any of the horses he (Mr. Childe) rode himself—always saying of him, that he was the

"only servant he ever had, or knew, fit to trust with his horses' mouths, having so gentle and good a hand on his bridle." This was true to the letter; there could not be a finer horseman over a country than Barrow, nor one with a finer hand; yet, strange to say, he rode almost all his horses in martingales, which, from their length, the rings reaching to the jaw—he said "merely steadied their heads." And he had another peculiarity in the saddle. When trotting along the road with his hounds, he always held his whip and reins in his right hand, whilst the left arm hung dangling by his side, as though there was no life in it; and which peculiarity was honoured with imitation by a conceited, but hard-riding, farmer in the hunt.

I read these lines on poor Barrow's tombstone in the Sundorne parish churchyard:

Of this world's pleasure I have had my share;
For few the sorrows I was doomed to bear;
How oft I have enjoyed the noble chase
Of hounds and foxes, each striving for the race!
But the knell of death calls me away;
So, sportsmen, farewell! I must obey.

I cannot say much for the poetry, and still less for the sense of this epitaph, and I wonder a better had not been substituted by some one. We do not enjoy "the chase of hounds," but of foxes *with* hounds. Again, did the fates decree, that Will Barrow should die from a fall, he should have died in the service of foxhounds, with which, for so many years, he lived so well, and, like the old fellow-servant of his younger days—the noted Will Moody—the brush of their last fox should have waved amongst his funeral plumes,

For could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at its height.

To return to Mr. Corbet. He appeared in my eyes to possess all the qualities requisite to make a man popular in the character of a master of foxhounds. In the first place, he was, in his general demeanour, a fine specimen of the thorough English gentleman, which goes a great way, under any circumstances, towards creating respect and esteem; and when joined with a frank and courteous manner, the result is no longer doubtful. Nor was it with the gentlemen sportsmen in his county alone that Mr. Corbet was in the highest esteem. The kind word, the nod of recognition at the cover's side, were never withheld by him to the yeomen and farmers who attended his hounds in that sporting county; and with that class of persons he stood—if I may be allowed the expression—on the very pinnacle of esteem. His name and fame will not be forgotten in Warwickshire for at least another generation to come.

When speaking of Mr. Corbet as a *sportsman*, I have always been rather at a loss for a true estimation of him in that character. In breeding hounds he had great advantages. His own extensive estates in one of the most sporting counties in Great Britain, together with those of his neighbours, afforded him the best of walks for his puppies, and he bred to a great extent. Still, I have myself heard him admit that in proportion to relative numbers, he could not succeed so well as his neighbour (afterwards his son-in-law), Sir Richard Puleston, succeeded. He gave him credit for bringing into the field a sort of hound fit for any country, and of a peculiarly marked character, which I always considered Sir Richard's sort to have been. They were closer in their form, but with

length, where length is required; more symmetrical in fact; more after the fashion of Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier and Vaulter sorts than Mr. Corbet's were. The latter (Mr. Corbet's) were said to have suffered to a certain extent from their owner too long persevering in the in-and-in system of breeding the Trojan blood, as it was called; but from the following character of the parent tree, we cannot wonder at the high value the possessor of it put upon its fruit.

The history of the hound Trojan is an extraordinary one, from his birth to his death. It appears Mr. Corbet applied to his brother, Col. Andrew Corbet, whom I well remember amongst the Northamptonshire sportsmen of by-gone days, to purchase him a pack of harriers, which he did at Tattersall's; and amongst them was a bitch called Tidings (a real harrier's name, by the bye), who, being so excellent in her work, and evidently a dwarf foxhound, was kept when the pack was sold, and Mr. Corbet became, in conjunction with Mr. Powys, a master of foxhounds. She was sent to the late Earl Spencer's kennel at Pytchley, and put to a hound called Trueboy, and the produce was the celebrated Trojan. It has, however, never been satisfactorily ascertained that Lord Spencer had at that time a dog called Trueboy, which has always thrown a doubt over Trojan's legitimacy. Trojan, however, had like to have been drafted, and for a very singular reason, typical, no doubt, of his excellence. He would not look at a hare, to which Mr. Corbet at that period entered his puppies, and was for that reason considered slack, and unlikely to enter well to his own more noble game. He would just stoop to feel what was on foot, when instantly he left his companions, and came to the huntsman's horse, and remained there all the time their hunting continued, seeming to dislike and be dissatisfied with the proceedings—so much so that Mr. C. and his huntsman despaired of ever getting him to enter.

But Mr. C. did not end with stooping to hares, his object being first to get his puppies to stoop to scent; and as soon as this was effectually established he turned cubs before them. Here Trojan showed his nature, for no sooner was he engaged with a fox than he gave instant proof of his skill and superiority in every respect; and Mr. C. congratulated himself that he had waited, and not too hastily parted with such a hound of promise and expectations, and I believe there never was in any pack a more efficient and perfect hound ever entered, and I have reason to believe, from the well authenticated anecdotes related of him, that a more perfect foxhound than Trojan never hunted a fox; and it is asserted with reference to his constitution—one of the inducements, no doubt, to persevere with his blood—that from the period of his being entered, which was in 1780, until the end of the season, 1788, he was never lame, nor did he ever remain in his kennel when it was his turn to hunt. This, it will be seen, was most extraordinary; not only that he should have escaped the usual trifling accidents from thorns, &c., but from his great leaping powers, which I shall presently allude to. To sum up his character, however, it is said of him that in his work he was, in every sense of the term, to be depended upon. His speed enabled him to be at the head to guide the pack; he could also hunt over a dry fallow or a road, like a southern harrier: and his stoutness was such that he always came home, after the hardest days, with his stern up, fresh and gay to the last.

But his leaping powers! I will relate what has been recorded of them, and on indisputable authority:—

In his second year's hunting, Mr. Corbet's hounds found a fox at Chillington, in Staffordshire, and ran him to Weston (Lord Bradford's), whence he returned to Chillington, leaping the wall into the park, at that time entire and of great height. The pack carried the scent to the spot, when Trojan at once took the wall, whilst the rest of the pack, who attempted it, fell backwards. The field rode for the gate, and when they got into the park, Trojan was found at bay with his fox, which he had hunted into a drain.

A similar exploit was performed by the same hound in the sixth year of his hunting, November 9th, 1786. A fox broke from the Perry Woods, near Birmingham, and, leaping the high brick wall into Lord Dartmouth's park, was followed by Trojan *only*. The field, with the rest of the pack, entered the park by the gate, when Trojan was seen carrying the scent across it, and after being joined by the pack, the wall again presented itself. As he had



TROJAN.

leaped *into* the park, Trojan leaped *out* of it, whilst the rest of the pack, attempting to follow his example, fell backwards as before. The field had again to ride for the gate; and when they arrived in the London and Birmingham turnpike road (where the same wall, in *statu quo*, is now to be seen), they were informed that one hound (Trojan, of course) had gone across it with a scent, into a wood hard by, in which, on entering it, Trojan was heard carrying on the scent by himself; and, on the pack joining cry, a capital run was the result; the fox having been killed between Halesowen and Hagley in Worcestershire, having been found in Staffordshire, and run through part of Warwickshire. Stephen Goodall hunted them on this day, and he always said that no fox could go above ground on anything like a hunting day where Trojan could not follow him.

That such a hard-running hound as this should continue in work to his eighth year is far more than could have been expected from him; but so it was; and it was in the month of January, 1788, that after a most severe day in which he had distinguished himself, but had showed symptoms of nature having cried "enough," that Mr. Corbet ordered that Trojan should never hunt again. He lived some years afterwards, and, being fond of lying and basking himself under some fine old elms at Sundorne, Mr. Corbet had him buried there.—["Nimrod" and Somerville's letter, *Sporting Magazine*, 8th March, 1826.]

During the season of 1796 Mr. Corbet's hounds met at Ilmington, and found a fox in a small gorse covert near Stoke, and ran at first into the Vale towards Preston Bushes, and back to the hill, and through Stoke Woods and Foxcote, and again into the Vale, through Blackwell Bushes, and over the Stour between Halford and Newbold; thence by Easington and Brick Hill, and leaving Kineton to the left they ran over the finest country nearly to Avon Dassett, where this good fox went to ground. The distance of the run from point to point was *thirteen* miles, and not less than eighteen as the hounds ran. Mr. Stubbs, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. F. Canning, Mr. R. Canning, Mr. Cockbill, the huntsman, and a few others only saw the finish.

An extraordinary run took place on the 10th of December, 1801, the only authentic and complete account of which was written by Mr. Pole, of Todenham, and has been seen by or is in the possession of Sir Pery Pole, but has been unfortunately mislaid. He, however, has no doubt that Bourton-on-the-Water was the place reached during the run. The fox was found in the gorse near Epwell White House, and ran down into the Vale near Tysoe, thence by Shutford Hill and Tadmerton, and turned back to Wroxton. He next passed near Banbury, and was viewed in a garden, and from there ran to Bourton-on-the-Water. (Note his probable line to Broughton, and by Wickham and Tadmerton to Hook Norton and Great Rollwright, and leaving Chipping Norton to the left, by Sarsden, Cornwell, Church Hill, Bleddington, and between Westcot and Wick Ressionton to Bourton-on-the-Water.) The hounds were whipped off beyond this point, still running hard, at five o'clock; and they ran, according to "Scrutator," for four

hours and a quarter, over thirty-five miles of country, the distance from Tysoe to Bourton-on-the-Water being twenty miles straight. Many of the sportsmen did not return home on that day. We are bound to notice, as we have before in recording another run of this description, that no mention is made of the possibility of any change of foxes, notwithstanding that an unusual extent of country was traversed, and that the pack must have run through several coverts, and sufficiently near to others to disturb a fox.

The famous Epwell Hunt ; or, Black Collars in the Rear, was commemorated in a poem by Edward Goulburn, Esq., and took place in December, 1807, and runs as follows :

THE EPWELL HUNT; OR, BLACK COLLARS IN THE
REAR.

BY EDWARD GOULBURN, ESQ.

A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy.

As Epwell's wide heath* t'other day I pass'd over,
The hounds, I perceiv'd, were then trying the cover ;
Enraptur'd I heard them, and, spurring my horse,
Soon discover'd the pack, which had found in the gorse.

Two hundred gay sportsmen enliven'd the scene,
All determin'd to ride, and professedly keen.
Tho' the morning was cold, and the frost overnight
Made the country around in terrible plight ;
Yet reynard broke cover, disdaining to stay,
And in view of the field went bravely away ;
But a bad country took, much against all their wills,
And led them a dance o'er some heart-breaking hills,
Then fled to some furze, and kept dodging about,
Till *Wanton*, good bitch, drove the vagabond out.

Thus routed, his foes he determin'd to face,
And again took them off at a rare splitting pace ;
O'er a strong and stiff country went forward in style,
With the hounds at his brush, in full view for a mile ;
Was next seen in a bottom, and then headed back,
And whilst climbing the steep fell a prey to the pack.

* The Epwell Hunt was written in the year 1807, but we have not been able to ascertain the precise time. The hounds met in that year at Epwell, on November 14 and December 7, and the run must have taken place on one of these days.—VENATOR.

The burst (perhaps Melton will smile while it reads)
Was so quick that it took something out of the steeds ;
Nay, to speak the whole truth, many found it too fast,
And some very crack riders were looking aghast.

Squire Kynaston,* mounted on *Whalebone* the tough,
Found he'd lost a fore-shoe—that's to say, had enough ;
And Cromie, who came just to see them throw off,
And at all that he saw predetermin'd to scoff,
Allow'd that for once his opinion was wrong,
And confess'd, with a sigh, that they could go along !

Many others, contented, went quietly home,
Little dreaming, I ween, of the pleasure to come ;
And a few, whilst debating to stay or to go,
For the former resolv'd when they heard " Tally ho ! "

Tally ho with a vengeance—for strange to recount,
Scarce allowing us time our nags to remount,
Another stout reynard went boldly away,
For Winderton making most desperate play,
Now headed, and forc'd his first point to decline,
To Epwell push'd forward as straight as a line ;
Finding there nothing left for his life but to run,
He resolv'd to die game, and to show them some fun :
So through Swalcliffe's plantations intrepidly went,
Passing Hook Norton Heath with a fine burning scent ;
Where a few of the oldest put on a wry face,
And the young ones no longer complain'd of the pace.

From thence, quite determin'd to give us our fill,
For Swarford he made, and went right up the hill ;
Cross'd the road at a pace that made some people stare ;
And was fatal—poor Fretwill,† alas !—to your mare.

Close press'd, towards Heythorpe despairing he roves,
But in vain, for the scent ev'ry moment improves ;
Till at length, having gone twenty miles right on end,
At a rate that the oldest man out never kenn'd,
Having fill'd the whole country with falls and disasters,
Nearly kill'd all the nags, and well pickled their masters,
He was kill'd in the Park when just going to ground,
Above twenty-three miles from the place he was found !

* Mr. B. Kynaston, near Chapel House, Oxfordshire.

† Mr. Fretwill was, at this period, well known in the Hunt.

By this time, as my readers perhaps may suspect,
 The attendants of reynard became quite select,
 And the few that remain'd never witness'd, I ween,
 In the course of their lives a more comical scene;
 Such confusion—such rolls—of red-coats such a string,
 To describe them is quite an impossible thing.
 Here a *buck* with his skirts cover'd over with mud,
 There a *groom* sticking fast on a slim bit of blood,
 Here a *farmer* gives in—there a *nobleman* lags,
 Alike anxious to make an excuse for their nags.
 Not a field you pass'd thro' but appear'd some sad face,
 Groaning over a fall, or lamenting his case;
 In short, a more strange or more comical sight
 Never fell to the lot of a Bard to recite.

Then aid me, ye Nine, to record all the fun
 That took place in the course of this capital run;
 Which, had it at Belvoir or Raby occur'd,
 A volume, I'm sure, such a run would afford.

Regardless alike of thumps, scratches, or knocks,
 MORANT GALE* breaks away in full chase of the fox;
 A Meltonian of old, and well vers'd in their creed,
 O'er-riding all scent, for the sake of a lead;
 Many tumbles and rolls got this hero, of course,
 And concluded by dreadfully laming his horse;
 Yet with skill unexampled he somehow contriv'd
 To go hobbling alone, whilst old reynard surviv'd.

LORD ALVANLEY† next him, in close imitation,
 Came sailing along in no very bad station.
 His lordship rode *Ploughboy*, and what's an odd case,
 Not a soul seem'd to envy the clodhopper's place;
 And I've since been inform'd the poor fellow avers
 That he learnt, by this run, the right meaning of spurs;
 But spurr'd as he was, it's my duty to say,
 He kept well with the hounds the whole of the day.

On his five-year-old horse, tho' of course in the front,
 BOB CANNING‡ comes next, the crack man of the Hunt;

* Mr. Edward Morant Gale, then of Upton House, near Edge Hills, where he kept a clever pack of harriers.

† This nobleman was a distinguished attendant of the Hunt at this time.

‡ Mr. R. Canning then lived at Hounds Hill, within a few miles of Stratford-upon-Avon; he now (1886) resides at Hartpury, near to Gloucester.

Let him ride what he will, either hunter or hack,
 Sure by some means or other to be with the pack;
 At the end of the day almost always alone,
 And scarce ever behind, tho' he weighs sixteen stone!

Pressing close in his wake, and on much the same plan,
 Frank,* his brother, keeps up, tho' a heavier man;
 On the *General* mounted, and what's very queer,
 Like some of that tribe he preferr'd not the rear;
 Yet even this vet'ran, tho' warm to a fault,
 Gave the word of command very often to halt;
 Nay, so hard at one time his condition was render'd,
 Had the action continu'd he must have surrender'd.
 Still he lasted it out, tho' much weary'd and spent,
 And no doubt felt much pleasure in reaching his tent.

Sticking close to the hounds observe steady Sir Grey,†
 Riding equally hard in a quieter way;
 Sufficiently forward, yet still keeping bounds,
 His wish to ride after, not over the hounds!

In a style rather different came GOULBURN,‡ the bard,
 Who a long time disdaining the cry of—hold hard!
 Over fences and ditches kept thoughtlessly fanning,
 Resolv'd at all hazards to follow BOB CANNING;
 To accomplish which end he kept on at a *score*,
 That his five-year-old nag felt a terrible bore;
 So at Swarford, unable to climb up the hill,
 At a nasty oak stile stood obligingly still.
 Then he left him in plight not a little distressing,
 The breed of Arabians most fervently blessing.

"Well, I never did see ne'er a run like this here,"
 Cries DICK BAYZANT, to-day most unusually near.
 To see him so forward surpris'd a great many,
 Who knew not the plot of this Worcestershire zany;
 But his friends pass'd it by as a matter of course,
 Well knowing he wished to dispose of his horse.

* Mr. F. Canning, of Foxcote. This gentleman died on January 17th, 1831.

† Sir Grey Skipwith, Bart., then of Snitterfield; he now lives at Newbold-upon-Avon.

‡ The facetious Mr. Goulburn, not at the bar, formerly hunted in Warwickshire, and seeing a Worcestershire squire laughing violently, he went up to him and said: "Quid rides?" My friend, not much of a linguist, replied: "My Magog horse."—NIMROD.

Now creeping thro' gaps, now trailing down lanes,
 When noticed he leaps, and when not, slyly cranes.
 Now concealing a stumble, now hiding a trip,
 Like a horsedealer's man paid to show off a rip;
 In short, if allow'd I may be the expression,
 What we deem a pleasure, he made a profession.

Little GILLIBRAND,* too, now began to make play,
 Tho' he rode mighty shy the first part of the day;
 And averr'd, as if fibbing, I ween, was no sinning,
 That his horse, to go pleasant, was just then beginning;
 And if stumbling, and rolling, wide op'ning his throat,
 And convulsively sobbing, can pleasure denote;
 Or, if joy be attended with symptoms like these,
 Master GILLIBRAND certainly rode at his ease!

Nor let us, my friends, in this place overlook
 The fate of poor WHYNIATE, who fell in a brook,
 And who, had it not been for that woful disaster,
 Must have seen all the sport, had he gone even faster;
 A lesson to sportsmen—take warning from hence—
 How much safer to ride than turn over a fence;
 For the *Chesnut*, indignant at being led over,
 Threw him flat on his back—not exactly *in clover*;
 Nay, to tread on his master the rascal made bold,
 And gave him a bath most bewitchingly cold;
 And, what's worse, after playing this dev'lish rig,
 Of the water he took such a terrible swig,
 That, tho' REGINALD mounted as soon as releas'd,
 He could never get up till the sport had all ceas'd.

On *Michaelmas* mounted, somewhat in the rear,
 Sailing steady along see Allesley's great Peer;†
 Now, his lordship asserts, and 'tis true without doubt,
 That a nasty stone wall, with a ditch, threw him out;
 Besides, GOULBURN, his crony, declares it's the case,
 And avows that he stopp'd at the very same place.
Jack Ketch, too, with very uncommon forbearance,
 At the close of this run never made his appearance;

* Mr. Gillibrand, a good sportsman, who frequently joined this Hunt during the season.

† Lord Clonmell, well known as an ardent sportsman, who frequently rode twenty miles to cover in the morning, before the hounds threw off.

And, tho' HOLYOAKE* gave him much *legal assistance*,
 Was kept by the hounds at a very great distance.
 'Tis strange, you will say, that *Jack Ketch* should be dropp'd,
 Who the *pipes* of so many, of course, must have stopped;
 But, alas! it is true, even *he* wanted breath,
 And, for once in his *life*, was not in at *the death*!

On a broken-knee'd chesnut, with very good shape,
 Tho' in muffle array'd, and without the black cape,
 PEMBERTON† kept well in the front all the while,
 And was carried throughout in a Brummagem style;
 But not so was his groom, on a hard-pulling bay,
 Which for some time kept tearing and running away,
 But at Swarford stood still, and was done for the day.

With his hat in his hand, looking out for a gate,
 Neither looking nor riding by any means straight,
 Mister STUBBS, a crack rider, no doubt, in his time,
 But who hunting on Sunday once deem'd it no crime,‡
 Making desp'rate play thro' some fine muddy lanes,
 And by nicking and skirting, got in for his pains;
 High waving the brush, and with pleasure half mad,
 Roaring out: "Yoicks, have at 'em! We've kill'd him,
 my lad!"

In a state of delight, far exceeding all bounds,
 See the veteran SQUIRE§ in the midst of his hounds.
 How he liv'd to the end of this terrible day
 The Muse nor desires, nor ought she to say.
 That he saw all, 'tis clear, and what more could Old Meynell?
 And beheld the effects of his care in the kennel;

* Mr. Holyoake, of Tattenhall, Staffordshire. This gentleman generally joined the Warwickshire during the hunting season, and was a true sportsman.

† Mr. T. Pemberton, of Birmingham, who had some very famous horses, and joined the hunt for several years.

‡ "To explain this mystery," says Mr. Goulburn, "it is necessary to inform my readers of an anecdote recorded of this gentleman, who for a long time kept a pack of foxhounds which were the terror of all foxes, and the delight of all sportsmen in the neighbourhood. Nay, so anxious was he for the sport, and so fearful of a blank day, that he kept several bag foxes to afford amusement. In feeding these on a Sunday morning, one of them made his escape, though not unobserved by this keen sportsman, who exclaimed: 'What! you thought you had me, eh? But I'll be a match for you,' and so saying he immediately let loose the keen pack, which killed poor reynard, after a run of about twenty miles, in a village where the inhabitants were just returning from Divine service."

§ Mr. Corbet, master of the hounds.

Saw his hounds, unassisted, make out a cold scent,
 Tho' misled and o'errode ev'ry yard that they went;
 But when once settled on it, to me 'tis quite clear,
 Go a pace that leaves many great folks in the rear.
 In short, such a run, in so perfect a style,
 No country has witness'd a pretty long while.

Then let Leicestershire vaunt of its far-re own'd speed,
 Let them jostle, or cross, for a start or a lead;
 Upon selling their nags, more than hunting, intent,
 And scarce knowing the meaning of what is called—*scent*.
 All declaiming at once—such a shout, such a yell,
 Doing only what monkies* might do full as well;
 Where sport depends quite upon knowing the cover,
 And the very best run in ten minutes is over.
 May such hunting as this never fall to my lot,
 Let them race, if they like it; I envy them not.
 The blood of *Old Trojan* is all I desire.
 So give me the hounds of the WARWICKSHIRE SQUIRE.

Notes on "The Epwell Hunt; or, Black Collars in the Rear," from the Supplement to Rural Sports, published in 1813 by the Rev. W. B. Daniell:

This account of a foxhunt in verse was written as a sort of paraphrastic companion to the Billesdon Coplow Poetical Chase, and as a quiz upon the Meltonian mode of hunting.

"Found he'd lost a fore shoe."

"Lost shoes" and "dead beat" are synonymous terms in the Leicestershire creed. Indeed, so implicit is this article of the Meltonian belief, that many a horse, in addition to the misfortune of breaking his hoof from losing his shoe, has laboured likewise under the aforesaid unavoidable imputation to his everlasting disgrace.

"No longer complained of the pace."

What kills is the pace. A favourite maxim of Mr. Forester's, of the truth of which he seldom loses an opportunity of endeavouring to make his friends *sensible*.

"For the sake of the lead."

A lead by which is to be understood securing the privilege of breaking your neck first, and when you fall of being rode over by an hundred and ninety-nine of the best fellows upon earth to a dead certainty.

"He kept on at a score."

Score means the sort of pace which perhaps neither you nor your horse ever went before, and if you have not more luck than falls to the share of every first experiment of the kind, 'tis ten to one but he falls before he can (what they call) get on his legs, in which case you may rest perfectly satisfied

* As in original.

that he must roll over you two or three times at least before you can pick yourself up again.

"And when not he cranes."

The term derives its origin from the necessary extension of neck of such sportsmen as dare to incur the reproach by venturing to look before they leap.

"See Allesley's great Peer," "Lord Clonmell," "Jack Ketch, too," the Huntsman; "the Warwickshire Squire," Mr. Corbet.

"In a very good style."

Style means the best possible manner of doing anything, as, for instance, when a man rides his horse full speed at double posts and rails, with a squire trap on the other side (which is a moderate ditch of about two yards wide on purpose to break gentlemen's necks). He is then reckoned at Melton to have rode at it in style, especially if he is caught in the said squire trap.

Mr. Reginald Wynniatt, a Gloucestershire man, often hunted with the Warwickshire Hounds, and was chiefly noted as a very jealous rider, who, regardless of hounds or sport, would ride at anything for the sake of selling his horse. He had a mare not quite fifteen hands high, but long and wide, and possessed of every good quality for a hunter. After riding her several seasons, he sold her to Mr. Walsh Porter for 200 guineas, who also at the same time gave Sir Grey Skipwith that sum for much such another animal. These two mares were the extent of Mr. Porter's stud, but one or other of them was always ready for him, and few men in Warwickshire went out oftener, or got better to hounds, than Mr. Porter. But there was a peculiarity in his style of riding—I mean the long stirrup leather. In this instance it had a more remarkable appearance, as he was 6ft. high, and his mare so low. One feared, indeed, as he charged the rasping fences of Warwickshire—which he did in gallant style—that his feet might strike them, by their hanging so much below the belly of his mare. Mr. P. had likewise an excellent hand. Mr. Wynniatt purchased his old mare again after she had done her work, and sold two hunters out of her, by Fyldener, to Colonel Berrington for 500 guineas. On one occasion he was carried to a farmhouse after getting a very bad fall, and while he was lying insensible two friends of the farmer asked him how it had happened. The farmer replied that the fall had been entirely due to the horse.

This reference to his horse's character had the effect of restoring Wynniatt, who opened his eyes and said, "It was not the horse's fault at all," and then relapsed into insensibility. The two friends then went in search of the horse, which they found, and began to gallop and lark over fences, and on being remonstrated with replied, "Poor Wynniatt can't live, and his horses must go to Tattersall's, so we thought we would take the opportunity of trying this one to see if he is worth buying."

Mr. Corbet's hounds, in 1808, found at Ufton Wood, and ran by Chadshunt, over Edge Hill, and thence by Upton House and near Epwell White House. At this point the fox turned to the left and ran over Brailes Hill and as far as Long Compton Field. Here a shepherd's dog met the fox, and they fought until the dog carried as much scent as the fox himself; they separated on the approach of the hounds, and the latter hit off the scent of the dog, which they followed until dark, and where then whipped off. The distance traversed was twenty miles straight, and probably twenty-seven as hounds ran.

In December, 1808, a fox was found at Wellesbourne Wood, and was hunted through Walton and Compton Verney Coverts, and from there across the Vale to the right of Kineton Town; and at this point he turned more to the right, over Herd Hill, and by Pillerton and Oxhill, and after passing near Black Maston, or Marston, and through Eatington Park, he crossed the Stour at Newbold. He then ran by Armscott and Whimpstone, and, leaving Preston Bushes and Quinton to the right, he ran over Meon Hill and into the Vale of Evesham, by Mickleton, Norton, and Aston, and he was killed at the village of Weston, a mile short of Broadway. Mr. Corbet, Bill Barrow, Mr. R. Canning, Mr. Robbins Mr. Bradley, and Mr Handley alone saw the finish. It is remarkable that Mr. Corbet saw the finish of many good runs, because he rarely jumped a fence. His knowledge of the country helped him to a great extent, and he galloped at the fastest pace down lanes and roads;

indeed, at such speed as to show that he had considerable nerve to be after to do it.

Amongst the best riders of the Hunt in Mr. Corbet's time were the brothers Canning. Mr. Francis Canning, of Foxcote, the elder and the heavier of the two, had a constitution which enabled him to reduce his weight by taking severe exercise on foot on every non-hunting day, and in summer he walked extreme distances on most days and in any weather. On a hot July day he walked thirty-five miles clad in flannels, and on the occasion of a tour with friends in the Highlands, made chiefly by them in carriages, Mr. F. Canning walked 1600 miles, and even then he could not ride less than 15st. Mr. Robert Canning,* of Hounds Hill, was considered the crack rider of the Hunt. He stood 6ft. 4in., and rode nearly as heavy as his brother, and was better mounted, and notwithstanding he always rode the same horse all day he invariably got to the end of the most severe runs. His two best horses were a chesnut horse called Favourite and a stallion called Knowsley, but neither appeared to be up to his weight.

Mr. Boycott, of Rudge-Hall, Shropshire, was for many years a leading man in Warwickshire in Mr. Corbet's time.

Mr. Charles Boulton was a first-rate rider of great weight, and Mr. H. Roberts was another very heavy man of 20st. who rode hard to hounds.

Mr. John Hawkes, of Snitterfield, was one of the first to ride thoroughbred horses in the hunting field, and he rode them with practised skill and judgment.

Mr. Lockley† was a very fine rider, and was fond of

* Mr. R. Canning had a horse called Conjuror which could jump anything. On one occasion when the hounds met near him he went to see them find on a little four-year-old mare that he had bred, up to 10st., and which had never seen hounds. Nevertheless he rode her during a sharp burst of half an hour, with his legs almost on the ground, and jumped a brook and a new oaken stile just before the fox was killed. Mr. John Lucy gave him 80 guineas for her.

† Mr. John Lockley was born at Barton Hall, in Derbyshire, once the residence of the Protector Cromwell, and from thence he went to Boscobel, in Salop, named from the Italian words *bosco bello*—beautiful wood. It was at this place that Charles II. and his friend secreted themselves in an oak tree after he had been defeated at

selling his horses as often as he could. He had a thoroughbred horse called Confidence, before mentioned as sold for a great price; he had bought it for 100 guineas, and sold it first to Lord Sefton for 600 guineas, and eventually bought it again.

Mr. Bradley, a noted horsedealer, who lived at Newbold, near Shipston, was one of the best of riders, and made his own horses and sold them well. He was generally known as "Hunter-making Harry." On one occasion he



CONFIDENCE.

had sold a horse at the end of a brilliant run, and when the purchaser complained that he could not ride him, Mr.

Worcester by Cromwell, and he was concealed for a time in Boscobel House. Mr. Lockley's father weighed 23st., and he himself, by training, reduced his weight from 17st. to 13st. 10lb. He constantly hunted with Sir E. Lyttleton's hounds on Cannock Chase when the meet was at daybreak, and afterwards with Lord Talbot's hounds on the other side of the Trent during the remainder of the day. The late Mr. Stubbs always prefaced his accounts of runs with Sir E. Lyttleton's hounds by saying, "I breakfasted with Lockley at twelve o'clock at night." Three times in one year Mr. Lockley rode the same horse from Newmarket to his own house, being 104 miles, in one day; and a gallop from his house at Northampton and back again the same evening, a distance of 120 miles. He, at the age of seventy-three, left his own house

Bradley replied, "I regret, sir, you cannot ride him; but I only sold the horse, I cannot sell the rider."* His nonpareil boy, Harry, was still a greater artist than his master; for it is admitted three good runs under his tuition would complete the education of a hunter, even for Lord Jersey. Bradley had generally sixty or seventy hunters in his stable, and his superior riding has sold many horses at good prices to gentlemen who had joined the Hunt. One day he got a very bad fall, and lay insensible on the ground. Several of the sportsmen stopped to assist him, and on being bled he recovered, and was taken home. When Bradley got quite well, and the danger of the accident was partly forgotten, his friends used to tell him that after he fell no one of the company had any instrument in his pocket to bleed him, and that a journeyman carpenter, who came up by chance with a basket of tools on his back, opened the vein with a gimblet! Bradley laughed as heartily as any of his acquaintances at this joke.

EXTRACT FROM "NIMROD'S HUNTING TOURS."

One of the hardest riders which Warwickshire has had to boast of is Mr. Edward Gale Morant, who resided for many years at Upton House, near Edge Hill, one of the seats of the Earl of Jersey, where he kept a clever pack of harriers, to amuse himself with on the intermediate days. Mr. Morant is an old Meltonian, and one of the heroes of the Billesdon Coplow. I cannot call him a fine horseman, but as a determined rider over a country he has few equals, and no man in England would beat him for fifteen minutes when hounds run very hard, or for fifteen hours if his horses could carry him so long, as he has strength for any exertion, and nerve for any fence. It is, however, "the pace that kills," and this Mr. Morant has too often proved, for so briskly does he put them along that he never had but one hunter that could carry him through a run of an hour.

at twelve o'clock one day, was at the fight of Spring and Neate, at Andover, by one o'clock the next day, rode home with "Nimrod" to his house after the fight, and was in London by four o'clock on the third day, making 162 miles on the same horse in fifty-two hours. His thoroughbred horse, Confidence, was eventually, after being bought back by him from Lord Sefton, sold to Mr. Best for 750 guineas three seasons afterwards. He hunted for eighteen seasons, only once being lame. He had the power of a carthorse and the docility of a lap dog. Confidence was sold by auction at Northampton in his twenty-second year for 100*l*. Mr. Lockley, during the first mile of a severe run in March, 1829, got a fall, and, though bleeding profusely from the nose, both eyes, and internally, he not only refused to quit the field, but afterwards rode a distance of sixteen miles to Audnam, near Stourbridge, the residence of Mr. W. Grazebrook, and intended to hunt on the following Friday. He, however, became worse, and died in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

* He certainly sold the purchaser!

Sir Grey was never what is called a bruising rider, that is to say, he is not one of those who will go with a fall rather than not go at all; but he may be said to ride as he lives, quite like a gentleman, and is what is termed a very pretty rider to hounds. Being a light weight, he has always ridden the right sort of horse—well bred, near to the ground, and with sufficient substance. Sir Grey is a true friend to foxhunting, and just the kind of man that should be found in every other parish throughout England, as nothing can go wrong in a country where gentlemen of his weight and influence reside.

Mr. Boycott resides in Shropshire. It has been said of him that, as a coachman he can drive, and as a horseman he can ride, anything, and I believe it is truly said; and had he been cast in the lot of those who are obliged to work for their bread, he would have made the best rough-rider in England. As there are some who never have a goose on their pond, so Mr. Boycott never had a bad horse in his stable, but I will do him the justice to say that he can do more with a bad horse than half the world can with a good one, and a lesson or two from him will complete the education of a hunter. He is also a first-rate judge of the animal, and was at one time in the habit of selling his horses for large prices. As a coachman, Mr. Boycott is well known on the road, and when punishment is wanting he can administer it with effect. If he takes hold of them, they must go, and he has been heard to say that three legs are sufficient for a coach horse. At one time of his life he would buy those which no one else could drive, and generally got the better of them at last. In early life Mr. Boycott was a soldier, having had a troop in Sir Watkin Wynn's Fencible Cavalry, which saw so much service in the Irish Rebellion. Here he was shot in the body, and the ball was never extracted. He suffered much for two years afterwards, but he has felt no inconvenience from it since, excepting now and then, when he has been *thrown out in a run*, but his friends never remember it to have affected him *when he could take the lead and keep it*. When he arrived in England after his wound, a brother foxhunter facetiously observed that he was come over with a "bullet-in," but many thought it was no subject for a joke, as he had a very narrow escape for his life. Had he been killed we should have lost a gallant sportsman, and his friends would have missed many a hearty laugh, for, though no one can do anything quite so well as himself, he is a great promoter of mirth in society, and a very good fellow to boot.

The following extracts from "Nimrod's Hunting Tours" are too good and characteristic to be missed.—
W. R. V.

On Saturday, the 5th of March, 1825, I met the Warwickshire at Witchford (*sic*) Wood, five miles from Shipston, on the road to Stratford-on-Avon. We did nothing with our first fox, but had a sharp thing with our second, and lost him for want of the needful. We went at a quick pace up one of those hills with which this part of the country abounds, and when they came to the top the hounds threw up, upon the line, from want of wind, and the fox went on and beat them. Wood (the huntsman) accounted for it by my pressing the hounds up the hill, but I account for it by his hounds wanting condition.

I saw where they stopped, and showed him the place, and it was

exactly on the fox's line. I was sixty yards to the right of them at the time. After hunting this day, I proceeded into Warwickshire for a week, and took up my quarters at Alscot Park, the fine seat of Mr. West. Mr. West has an excellent picture of his old preceptor (Dr. Parr, of Hatton, with whom "Nimrod" had an interesting conversation), and it is esteemed a very faithful likeness. He is represented in somewhat of an epicurean character, being in a loose *déshabillé*, with a red nightcap on his head, a pipe in his hand, and with a smile on his face, which we are left to imagine may either be the lively effect of a story he has been relating or the pleasure he has been deriving from repeating one of Anacreon's Odes.

On Sunday, the 13th, I bade adieu to Alscot, and went to Mr. John Lucy's to dinner, where I was asked to meet two or three sporting friends, and to be near the Warwickshire on Monday. I had, however, had enough of the Warwickshire, being convinced that from some cause—*bad meal, I presume*—they were incapable of showing anything worth putting myself to inconvenience for, so sent my hunters straight on the road for their place of destination. It so happened, however, that they had a pretty thing of twenty-five minutes, but without catching their fox. The Warwickshire hounds had last season a glorious succession of sport, but to anyone who knows what hounds should be, it is obvious that, in the condition they have lately been, such another series of sport was not upon the cards—even with Jack Wood to hunt them, and I very much admire Wood's method with his hounds.

Like Harlequin's snuff, however—collected by a pinch out of every man's box—the Warwickshire are of all sorts and sizes, and a very coarse lot to look at; but they are particularly handy and steady, and when going at a certain pace stoop well to their game; but further this deponent sayeth not. No animal can do what we require him to do unless he be in a condition to do it. The Warwickshire hounds have also laboured under another disadvantage. They have not been able until last year to spare any of their own bitches to breed from, so have been entirely at the mercy of other kennels. In every other respect they may be said to have had more than their share of advantages, Mr. Shirley having done the thing with a very liberal hand.

It has hitherto been my intention to continue my account of this county (Warwickshire) as a hunting country from the time of Mr. Corbet's relinquishing it to the end of Lord Middleton's reign, but there are so many circumstances to be alluded to, which I could not allude to with pleasure, that I had better perhaps not allude to them at all.

In some respects Lord Middleton was everything that could be wished for at the head of a pack of foxhounds—he was rich, munificent, and even profuse in his expenses attending them, and he was by some allowed to be a sportsman; in others, he was ill-calculated for the post. He came, it is true, after "a well-graced actor," but instead of being greeted by the county, and hailed with applause, there was a something about him that threw a mist over the land, which not the bright effulgence of his gold could dispel; and I have heard of more fun and merriment at a Welsh funeral than I ever saw by a covert side in Warwickshire in his lordship's time. There is only one way of hunting a country, and that was not the way Lord Middleton chose.

In the same letter "Nimrod" gives an account of the great Ditchley run, and how the Rev. John Lucy, out of 150 persons present, was the only man who went with the hounds to the end. The two next best, he says, were Lord Molyneux and the late Sir Charles Mordaunt. It appears that the run was described to him at this celebrated dinner he had at Hampton Lucy, and he says, rather in contradiction of what has been quoted before, that "the pace Lord Middleton's hounds went through the whole of this run, the severity of the country being also taken into consideration, exceeds anything that I had before seen or heard of, or that I have seen ever since, and which *only hounds in the very best condition could have shown*." I cannot for the life of me make out whether "Nimrod" is speaking himself here, or whether he was out, in this run. They were tough old sportsmen then. Whoever it was who was out had to be at *Daventry* by ten o'clock the next morning, so he was obliged to turn out at ten o'clock at night from the house of the friend who had mounted him in order to *proceed to Stratford-on-Avon to prepare for the next morning's start*. Seven of the sportsmen in the club-room asked him what had become of the fox, and he could not say. During the run it hailed and rained, with a cutting north-east wind, and the time was just about Christmas.

"Nimrod," having given an interesting pedigree of the rev. gentleman,* mentions that a gentleman of the name of Knightley was of the party at Mr. Lucy's, whose family, he says, have been long seated in this fine county. "The name of the mansion house is Offchurch, so called from having been the residence of King Offa, but the Knightleys have possessed the estate since the time of Harry the Eighth. Mr. Knightley has not long left the University of Oxford, where he acquired a taste for foxhunting, which, it is to be hoped, will only leave him with his last breath."

In the *Sporting Magazine*, November, 1824, there is a print of the celebrated hunter Confidence, engraved by Webb, from a painting by Clifton Tomson, the property of that celebrated sportsman John Lockley, Esq., and was twice sold for 700 guineas. See also Vol. 15, new series, p. 409. We reproduce the print on page 33.

In the *Sporting Magazine*, February, 1825, there is an engraving of the celebrated hound Trojan. The picture is by Elmer, and is engraved by W. Smith. He is taken in the park under an old oak tree, with a lake and Sundorne Castle in the distance. The picture is probably still at Sundorne. It is evidently the same hound as is represented in the right hand corner of the celebrated print of Mr. Corbet and his hounds, but he is not delineated as such a good-looking hound. He has great, strong quarters and thighs, which

* It was in Sir Thomas Lucy's park—as is well known—that the frolic was played which drove our great Shakespeare to London, but for which, perhaps, his plays might never have been written. This reminds me of a laughable anecdote: "Going one night, some years ago, to Drury Lane Theatre with a brother foxhunter, who had sacrificed rather freely to the jolly god, we were shown into a box, and saw an actor dying on the stage. My friend, who thought he was going to laugh at a comedy, and had no turn for the tragic muse, called out loudly to the box-keeper, and asked him what the play was. 'One of Shakespeare's tragedies, sir,' said the box-keeper. 'D—that fellow!' said my friend; 'I wish they had hanged him when he stole the sheep!'" It is almost unnecessary to add that he was in some danger of being turned out of the theatre from his want of taste, to say nothing of the ignorance he displayed in making our great poet a sheepstealer.—NIMROD.

he must have had, or he could not have been such a wall jumper,* but in the picture he does not carry his bone down, has very middling feet, is rather short in the neck, and throaty. This rather supports a somewhat heretical theory which I hold that at their time hounds were not bred as a rule with the superlative necks and shoulders with which they are represented in most of the sporting pictures of the day. I hold that this is a later development, and that the artists of that day have given a wrong impression by drawing their hounds on a certain pattern, and reaching a certain imaginative standard. It would not be correct to argue from the pictures of Sir Peter Lely's beauties that all ladies of the Court of that time had such slender and aristocratic hands and arms. (See page 21.)

In the *Sporting Magazine*, new series, Vol. 15, p. 233, there is an interesting account in one of "Nimrod's" letters of the celebrated Katterfelto, immortalised by the late Major Whyte-Melville. He belonged to a Mr. Abel, of Tiverton, in 1778, and afterwards came into the possession of the father of the Rev. John Russell, the celebrated sporting divine. He was only 14.2 hands high, but was a wonderful leaper. He is supposed to have been the sire of the swift and hardy Exmoor ponies.

December 17.—Found a fox at Cubbington that ran direct for Stoneleigh Park, over it, and through Bericot Cover. He then took an extensive ring, and we got up to him in a little cover near Cubbington. He went away at a very fast pace for Offchurch; leaving Ufton Wood a mile on the left hand, he made over the country for Oakley Wood. In the next field to that cover he made a turn, and pointed for Chesterton, crossed the road half-way between that cover and Oakley, near to Harwood's House, and close to the village of Lighthorne; then turned from that place and ran close by Chesterton Wood, and pointed for Itchington; he ran forward, and passed very near to Lord Willoughby's gorse,† over Chadshunt Heath, through the copses near to that place, and then over the grass fields to within one mile of Kineton, when the hounds were stopped, it being then so dark it was not possible to ride after them.

The hounds ran the fox six hours all but twenty minutes. The distance was very great. The horses stopped in all parts of the country, and only six were up at the end of the run.

* The present Lord W. de Broke entered a hound called Acolyte, who had been taught to sit up and beg when at walk. He was a splendid fencer, as was Furley, who never crept through a fence or gate but always took them flying.—W. R. V.

† Most likely "Verney's gorse."

"Nimrod," who is modest about his own performances, was no doubt a bold rider. He owned a little horse called Hero, by Hero out of a Welsh pony, which was so restive that no one else would give as much as 13*l.* for him when four years old, and with much trouble he finally became the master of this horse, and sold him to Mr. John Venour, who was one of the best men in Warwickshire in the early part of Mr. Corbet's time.* Mr. Morant Gale, Mr. Edward Goulburn, Mr. Boycott, Mr. Gould, Mr. Giffard, and Mr. Roberts were also conspicuous as good riders to hounds. The well-known Lord Albanley often hunted with the Warwickshire Hounds, and was one of the foremost riders in the "Epwell Hunt." Sir Grey Skipwith† hunted in the country for twenty-five years, and was well mounted, and usually up at the end of a good run. Amongst other followers of Mr. Corbet's hounds were Lord Willoughby de Broke (who always gave an opening dinner each season to the members of the Hunt Club), Lord Clonmell, who lived at Allesley; the Earl of Aylesford, of Packington Hall; the Earl of Warwick; Sir John Mordaunt, of Walton Hall; Mr. Holbech, of Farnborough; Sir J. Shelley, Lord Villiers, Sir Edward Smythe, General Williams, Mr. Cattell, and Mr. Handley.

In February, 1811, Mr. Corbet's ill-health obliged him to give up the country which he had hunted with the greatest success for nearly twenty years.‡

His determination to resign the mastership was received

* Mr Corbet's popularity was so unbounded that a vulpecide was not known in the country, and when he discovered that certain parties were in the habit of digging out foxes for sale at Wolford Wood, he paid them 40*l.* a year to discontinue the practice.

† Sir Grey Skipwith had a family of twenty children, and rode to hounds until late in life with all the keenness of a boy. There used to be a catch that he had twice twenty children, for "one died before the last was born."

‡ Unfortunately Mr. Corbet's foxhunting diary is either lost or mislaid, and thus we lose many valuable and interesting records of foxhunting in those early days.—Rev. T. H. G. PULESTON, "The Wynnstay Country."

There is a very curious old picture of Mr. Corbet's hounds running a fox in view up Haughmond Hill, with the tower on the top, probably much as it is now. This is said to have been painted in the last century. All the scarlet coats have green collars of the same shade as those now worn by the members of the Tarporley Hunt Club.—*Ibid.*

with widespread regret by all classes, more especially by the farmers. He advertised most of his hunters for sale, as well as sixty couples of hounds, all of which had been bred by himself. Twelve of his hunters made 1220 guineas, two of them making 220 guineas each. On giving up the hounds, Mr. Corbet was presented with a very beautiful silver vase by the Warwickshire sportsmen in testimony of their esteem and gratitude. On May 19th, 1817, he died, at the age of sixty-five. He was a man widely known and respected as a firm and sincere friend, an affectionate husband and father, an indulgent master, a generous landlord, a liberal benefactor to the poor, and

A TRUE COUNTRY SQUIRE.





A FEW OF THE RIGHT SORT GOING TO DO THE RIGHT THING.

The dew that bespangles each leaf,
 When Aurora unveils her bright face,
 Are tears of the night shed in grief,
 Which depart with the joys of the chase.

CHAPTER III.

LORD MIDDLETON—THE FAMOUS DITCHLEY RUN—MR. HOLBECH,
 OF FARNBOROUGH—RADBOURN GORSE—WILL BARROW.

LORD MIDDLETON became master of the Warwickshire Hounds in 1811, and he bought Mr. Corbet's hounds for 1200 guineas, and it is a curious fact that they fetched nearly the same price for which his horses had been sold. His Lordship had previously hunted in the country when Mr. Willoughby, before he succeeded to his title, and he was well known as a good sportsman and a fine rider. It was a difficult matter for anyone to follow Mr. Corbet, but Lord Middleton was singularly well qualified to do so. His large fortune, and the liberal manner in which he spent it, showed that he spared no expense, and Warwickshire fox-hunters looked forward to a long continuance of the fine sport which they had been accustomed to enjoy. Soon after having taken the country he gave a dinner at the Sun Rising, Edge Hill, to a large number of guests, principally

farmers, and he received the best assurances on that occasion that foxes would be preserved. Lord Middleton was not so successful as a breeder of hounds as Mr. Corbet, but the pack were always in fine condition. It cannot be said that he enjoyed the same universal popularity as did Mr. Corbet, for various reasons. In the first place, he declined to support the Club at Stratford, and it was broken up in consequence. He also refused to allow runs with his hounds to be published. Thus many of his supporters who could not hunt on each day when the hounds went out lost their interest in hunting, because they could not see the best runs recorded, and such an interdict as this gave grave dissatisfaction to the farmers, one of whom said: "It is too bad, when we take so much care to preserve foxes, and our business will not permit us to go out with the hounds often, to deny us the pleasure of seeing what they are doing in the newspaper." He also gave up the Meriden Woodlands, as well as the Combe and Dunchurch country. He thus alienated some of the support which is necessary to the successful hunting of a country.

We are not, for the reason above given, in possession of the record of as many good runs in the time of Lord Middleton as could be wished for. Lord Middleton had a splendid stud of hunters, and no one could ride better when he chose to ride. He would on some occasions ride at every fence which came in his way, and he got to the end of many fine runs; at other times he would lead his horse over every fence he met with.

We found six curious old hunting prints in the library at Walton, published in 1811, with the accompanying lines:

INDISPENSABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Every species of ground every horse does not suit;
 What's a good country hunter may here prove a brute;
 And unless for all kinds of strange fences prepar'd,
 A man and his horse are sure to be scared.

As every country gentleman may not comprehend the force of this expression, he ought to know that the Meltonians hold every horse cheap

Lord Middleton.
From the picture
at Birdsall House
by
Barber, of Nottingham.
The property of Lord Middleton.

1. The first of these is the
fact that the
case is not a case of

The second of these is the
fact that the case is not a case of



which cannot go along a slapping pace, stay at that pace, skim ridge and furrow, catch his horses, top a flight of rails, come well into the next field, charge an ox fence, go in and out clever, face a brook, swish a rasper, and, in short, do all that kind of thing—phrases so plain and intelligible that it's impossible to mistake their meaning. That horse is held in the same contempt in Leicestershire as a coxcomb holds a country bumpkin.

In vulgar countries (*i.e.*, all others), where these accomplishments are not indispensable, he may be a hunter.

(Signed) BILLEDON COPLOW.

We should like to have taken "Billesdon Coplow" to the top of Shuckburgh Hill, and to have asked him to ride eight miles straight in any direction to ascertain whether he considered it a vulgar country.

The first good run recorded with Lord Middleton's hounds was on February 22nd, 1811. The meet was at Farnborough. The hounds found at Burton Hill, and ran at best pace through Knightcote Bottom, and thence to the right over Fenny Compton Fields, through Wormleighton Bottoms, and on to Boddington Hill. They ran next through the covert, and to Hardwick Field, and from there to Red Hill Wood, where the first and only check occurred. A fresh fox was viewed away from the covert, and the pack divided, in consequence of which the hunted fox was lost.* "Venator" in verse describes the same run.

BY "VENATOR."

When the morn stands on tiptoe 'twixt mountain and sky,
How pleasant to follow the hounds in full cry!
When the bright spangling dewdrops the meadows adorn,
How delightful to follow the hounds and the horn!

While at the glass dull squeamish beaux
Adjust with girlish pride their clothes;
Or idly chaunt the morn away,
Trimming their whiskers, black or grey!
Give me, well hors'd, the chance to seek
Rude health o'er hill or valley bleak;

* We publish the account of the same run in verse, by "Venator," not because we admire his poetry, but for the reason that there is so much of it in his book we think it best to give a specimen of it.

Down sloughy lanes to covert ride,
And over fences high and wide.
Led by the all-bewitching sounds
Of the sweet horn, but sweeter hounds—
That lusty health, which labour, kind,
Bestows upon the sturdy hind.

The meet to-day might proudly vie,
In sportsmen choice, of spirits high,
With any field that did appear
At any time in Warwickshire.

At Burton Hill a fox we found,
A better never led a hound
Over a country—one so good
Was seldom rous'd in brake or wood !

Hark ! as the pack upon him dash,
The clear, harmonious, thund'ring crash !
All silent now—the scent so strong,
They dart as swallows swift along ;
Bearing in style each head and stern,
They all with matchless ardour burn ;
While scent, that mystic, subtle thing,
Is floating, caught on zephyr wing !

Pug first o'er Knightcote Bottom stray'd,
Then to the right a turning made ;
Thence over Fenny Compton Field,
Too brave and stout to skulk or yield ;
Over Wormleighton Bottom ran,
And to the hill of Boddington.

In gallant style the pack pursue,
And drive him the thick covert through ;
Then off to Hardwick Field he led,
Impeded not by check or head,
To Red Hill Wood, the killing pace
Was seldom equall'd in the chace ;
Here the first check was timely found,
For horse and rider, fox and hound !

Reynard, by this, tho' stout and fleet,
Had no desire again to meet
An enemy who on him press'd
Without a moment's time to rest ;

So shifting ground, he doubled sly,
And crept into some furze hard by;
Where, trembling for his life, he lay
Until the field had gone away.

The moment he had doubled back,
Under the noses of the pack,
Another fox, to our dismay,
Was loudly tally-ho'd away;
Being divided, baulk'd, and cross'd,
The hunted fox, alas! was lost!*

The Warwickshire Hounds at this period hunted very late in the season in the woodlands. The last meet of the season, in 1813, was on April 14 at Birchley Hayes, and the last meet of the season of 1814 was at Long Meadow Wood on April 29th.

The Hunt Ball was held on alternate years at Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon. On January 20th, 1814, the Hunt Ball was held at the Court House in Warwick. The floor of the room had been decorated in coloured chalk. On the left was represented a full length figure of Guy Earl of Warwick, and on the right, in the uniform of the Warwickshire Hunt, a gentleman taking a flying leap over a barred fence.

On December 7th, 1813, the Hunt Ball was held at Stratford. One of the decorations was the appropriate one, "The Flight of Buonaparte across the Rhine."

The winter of 1813 and 1814 was very severe, and there was no hunting from the 24th of December until the 12th of February, and on March 16th Lord Middleton's hounds met at Alscot, the seat of J. M. West, Esq. His lordship on the evening before had given a splendid ball and supper. "Actæon, Junior" thus describes the run: We found in a small gorse cover, called Gally Oak, a downright good little fox, which instantly broke away in view; the pack followed close at his brush, and dashed him along the meadows by Preston Bushes, the village of Admington, to

* This was a most capital run, and the disappointment at the conclusion was more than compensated by the diversion it previously afforded.]

the foot of Meon Hill, at his very best pace. Reynard next tried the earths at the top; went through Mickleton Wood, touched Hidcote Coombs, crossed the Campden Road, for the Burnt House, then on for Lord Harrowby's, skirted Weston Park, passed near Farncombe, then over the hills to the village of Saintbury, about a mile beyond which place we killed him in the most gallant style in the open flat, after a slashing run of one hour and thirty minutes.

The pace was quick, and the Vale country deep; but when we reached the hills the ground was as hard as iron, and covered with snow. Indeed, the northern slopes and side of the fences had scarcely been thawed since the winter. The riding was terrible, and very few, out of one of the best mounted fields, were in a humour to face this rough and gallant chase. Sir Charles Mordaunt, Mr. R. Canning, Mr. H. Willoughby, and Mr. Yates, were determined to go, and distinguished themselves highly on this pressing occasion. Nor must we forget that the Squire of Charlecote (Mr. G. Lucy), Mr. J. Lucy, Mr. W. Russell, of Blockley, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Cockbill, sen., and two or three others rode closely in their wake, and were gallantly up at the end of the run. Dick Bradley was one of those that came up at the death; Harry Jackson, the huntsman, and Tom Smith, the whip, were close to the hounds at the end of this remarkable day.

On December 23rd, 1814, a splendid run resulted from another meet at Farnborough, the seat of Mr. William Holbech. A fox was found at Mollington Wood, and went across the Vale to Edge Hill, and again took to the Vale, but turning before reaching Kinton Fields, he again went up Edge Hill, and turned into the valley near Tysoe, and passing Compton Wynyates, ran by Epwell White House, Sibford, and Traitor's Ford, nearly to Hook Norton Lodge. He then made for Whichford, where he turned for Rollwright, over the hill, and by Long Compton, and brough Barton Grove and the village. He then crossed

**Mr. B. Lawley, afterwards Lord Wenlock; Mr. Garforth;
Mr. Willoughby, grandfather of the present Lord
Middleton; Lord Middleton on the white horse; Sir
Francis Lawley, Lord Middleton's brother-in-law.
Also Lord Clonmel in black over the brook, Lord
Southampton, Lord Aylesford, Sir Charles Mordaunt
on the left in the brook, and Sir C. Biddulph.**

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The paper then discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States in the context of the world. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the world and its people.



the road near the Four-shire Stone,* and was killed at Evenlode. Mr. Cockbill, of Radway, and Zac Goddard, the first whip, were the only two present when the hounds killed their fox, which was viewed just at dusk. Mr. Holbech first came up, followed by Lord Middleton and a few others. Some impossible points have been given by "Scrutator" in his description of this run, as, for instance, that the fox after leaving Mollington Wood *ran from Itchington, and then sank the Vale at Radway*. Also that from a point near Hook Norton Lodge he ran *nearly to Aynho*. We have recorded the probable course, filling in places which must have been passed. This distance, from point to point, is eighteen miles, and hounds must have traversed about twenty-five miles; the time recorded to have been taken is two hours and twenty minutes. A two-year-old hound, called Woodman, by Druid out of Wildfire, led the pack throughout the run.

LORD MIDDLETON'S FOXHOUNDS, 1815.

STUD.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Wildfire } Traffic } Remnant	Bred by Mr. Corbet. Gayman	Rampart
	<i>Seven Years.</i>	
Amazon, V } Active, V }	Rallywood	Bonnybell
	<i>Six Years.</i>	
Beatrice, V	Bustler	Roguish
Basket, V	Ranger	Regan
Tansy	Bred by Mr. Corbet.	
Trojan	Mr. Chaworth's Lifter	His Tuneful
	<i>Five Years.</i>	
Archer, V	Raymond	Active
Bachelor	Mr. Chaworth's Lifter	His Bluebell
Beauty	Bred by Mr. Corbet.	
Carnage	Carver	Tawdry

* This well-known stone is on the Chipping Norton and Moreton-in-Marsh Road, near the latter place, and just beyond Wolford Wood. It marks where portions of the four counties of Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire join one another.

LORD MIDDLETON'S FOXHOUNDS, 1815—*continued.*

NAMES.	SIRRS.	DAMS.
<i>Five Years—contd.</i>		
Conqueror.....	Fearnought	A Solihull Beagle
Duchess	Duncan	Modish
Fearnought, V.....	Rallywood	Fairmead
Radiancy, V.....	Ranger	Regan
Ribster, V }	Basker	Sir H. Harpur's Bitch
Remus, V }		
Sarnsnet	Mr. Smith's Saladin	Gargle
Taster	Traveller	Whimsey
Tifter	Traveller	Languish
Truelove	Traveller	Laura
<i>Four Years.</i>		
Barmaid }	Twister	Blossom
Bowler }	Dreadnought	Beauty
Bashful		
Calvin	Climebank	Tempest
Cheerful	Climebank	Tasty
Columbine, V	Mr. Smith's Courtier	Bounty
Cora	Furrier	Comely
Finder	Fearnought	Tragedy
Guiler, V	Ravager	Gipsy
Jumper, V }	Lord Lonsdale's Jailer	Rhapsody
Jessica, V }		
Jezebel, V }	Sir M. Sykes's Woodman ...	His Desperate
Jasper }		
Junket }	Sir M. Sykes's Woodman ...	His Blowsy
Jointress		
Rockwood	Driver	Rally
Roman, V	Rallywood	Rosebud
Termagant	Sir M. Sykes's General	His Tarnish
Vaneter, V	Vigilant	Active
Wilful	Tarquin	Wildfire
<i>Three Years.</i>		
Basker	Basker	Abigail
Bouncer }	Sir M. Sykes's Wonder	Bounty
Bounty }		
Blueball }	Mr. Herne's Bedford	Bounty
Bonnylass }		
Blucher, V }	Barrister	Carnage
Boaster, V }		
Bridesmaid, V }	Mr. Chaworth's Champion...	Traffic
Couway }		
Chirper }	{ Trojan	Damsel
Conquest }		
Darling	{ Duke of Grafton's Dread- }	Gossamer
Dauntless, V }	{ nought	
Desperate, V }	Mr. Chaworth's Barrister ...	Fancy
Fencer }		
Frolic }	Mr. Chaworth's Barrister ...	Fancy
Fairmead }		

LORD MIDDLETON'S FOXHOUNDS, 1815—*continued.*

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
<i>Three Years—contd.</i>		
Nectar, V } Nelson, V } Norman, V } Rallywood Ruler, V } Regan, V } Rarity, V } Rector, V } Royster, V } Rantipole, V } Ravager, V Sultan, V Tantrum Valentine, V } Vanity, V } Vengeance, V } Valiant, V Wellington Woodman.....	Mr. Herne's Nectar Mr. Chaworth's Rallywood Radnor Radnor Radnor Sweeper Tartar Vigilant Vigilant Sir M. Sykes's Wonder Druid	Stella Flourish Parasol Gadfly Costly Amazon Tempest Rapture Active Captive Wildfire
<i>Two Years.</i>		
Admiral } Alfred } Amity } Brazier } Buxom } Bauble Cathcart } Chacer } Costly } Cowslip } Coaster Commodore } Chantress } Chanticleer } Champion } Countess } Darter } Driver } Lascar } Lazarus } Loyal } Ranter } Rummager } Ranger Topper } Tragedy } Trinket } Tricksy } Tempest Terrible..... Vestal and Verity ... Witchcraft	Duncan Sir M. Sykes's Triumph ... Trojan Bachelor Conqueror Mr. Chaworth's Champion Mr. Chaworth's Champion Champion..... Trojan Sir M. Sykes's Triumph ... Rallywood Breed unknown. Sir M. Sykes's Wonder..... Sir M. Sykes's Triumph ... Vaultor..... Sir M. Sykes's Wonder	Amazon Blossom Beatrice Captive Active Beauty Radiancy Jessica Darling Lavish Comfort Traffic Truelove Wildfire Tuneful

LORD MIDDLETON'S FOXHOUNDS, 1815—*continued.*

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
<i>One Year.</i>		
Bridegroom } Barrister } Bustler } Balancer Carver Comrade } Comus } Constancy } Conjugal } Danger } Denmark } Dampier } Jester } Joker } Joyful } Roderick Ragman Ringlet Stormer Tosser } Tomboy } Tantalus } Tenderness } Tidings } Tarquin } Timon } Vanguard } Victory } Viceroy } Vampire } Villager } Vigilant } Wildboy } Wanderer } Wizard } Warrior <i>Second Litter.</i>	Conqueror Bachelor Vaultor Mr. Chaworth's Champion... Calvin Vaultor..... Jumper Reveller Reveller Mr. Chaworth's Royster..... Mr. Chaworth's Champion .. Tosser Mr. Chaworth's Royster..... Vaultor Vaultor Vaultor Vaultor Vaultor Vaultor	Bashful Vengeance Carnage Jessica Beauty Duchess Radiancy Bluebell Racket Truelove Sarsnet Columbine Termagant Traffic Remnant Wildfire Wildfire

BRED BY SIR R. PULESTON.

<i>One Year.</i>		
Patriot Palemon } Prettylass } Playful } Pastime Prompter } Pilgrim } Plunder Palafox } Perdita } Pander	Forester Torment Dreadnought Forester Sultan Valiant Sailor	Lady Truelass Susan Darling Wanton Frolic Proserpine

**Lord Middleton's Hounds Vanguard (ling-grey) and his sister
Vanity. Will Carter, Huntsman; Tom Carter, first
Whip.**

From the picture by

Pierre Reingale.

The property of Lord Middleton, at Birdsall House.

[illegible]

1917

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... and it would be a good idea to get a copy of it.




LORD MIDDLETON'S FOXHOUNDS, 1815—*continued.*

BRED BY LORD FOLEY.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
	<i>One Year.</i>	
Christopher
Random	Random	Rattle

TOTAL.—Eighty couples and a half.

 *The hounds marked with V are from Sudbury.*

The hounds were sometimes at the meet at seven o'clock in the morning, and they never met later than at eight o'clock, both in Mr. Corbet's and Lord Middleton's time.

Mr. Stubbs, of Beckbury, in Shropshire, resided at Stratford, and was an enthusiastic foxhunter, although he never rode over a fence, but he went about nine miles an hour at a canter, and was sure to arrive soon after the day's sport was concluded, and no day was too long for him. He had a curious habit of keeping one eye shut, which, on any occasion of surprise or alarm, as invariably opened. Having made a bet one day in the ring at Newmarket and lost it, he was suddenly accosted by the winner of the money; this had the usual effect on his eye. On looking into his face the stranger apologised for his mistake, and rode away, observing "That the gentleman he had bet with was a one-eyed man."

From February 6th, 1816, Lord Middleton's hounds hunted five days a week, and during some weeks on six days; and he kept eighty and a half couples of hounds.

The following was published in Chambers' "Book of Days," Vol. II., page 491:

Though the expense of maintaining a hunting stud is considerable, amounting, in the case of the aristocratic frequenters of Melton Mowbray, to 1000*l.* per annum and upwards, whilst the yearly sum incurred in keeping up a pack of foxhounds with accessory expenses will fall little short of 5000*l.*, there are, nevertheless, some remarkable instances on record of economy in the management of these matters. Thus the celebrated miser, John

Elwes,* whose indulgence in hunting found a solitary exception to his habitually penurious disposition, contrived to maintain a kennel of foxhounds and a stable of hunters reputed at that time to be the best in the kingdom at an annual outlay of less than 300*l*. The way in which he managed is said to have been as follows: His huntsman, who acted as servant of all work, and held no sinecure in his office, rose at four every morning, and after milking the cows, prepared breakfast for his master and any friends that might happen to be staying in the house. He then donned a green coat, saddled the horses, and got out the hounds, and the whole party started for the chase. After the day's run was over he would return to the stables, rub down the horses as quickly as possible, and then hurry into the house to lay the cloth, and wait at dinner. After this he would betake himself again to his outdoor duties, feed the horses and dogs, litter them down for the night, and milk the cows. Such multifarious avocations would seem almost to have required the hands of a Briareus, and yet Elwes used to call his huntsman an idle dog that wanted to be paid for doing nothing. The other instance of adroit management which we shall quote is that of Mr. Osbaldeston, not the celebrated master of the Quorn hounds of that name, but the younger son of a gentleman of good family in the north of England, who, in consequence of having contracted an imprudent marriage, was turned by his father out of doors, and obliged to support himself by acting as clerk to an attorney in London. His salary amounted to only 60*l*. per annum; and yet on this slender income he contrived not only to maintain himself and his large family without running into debt, but also to keep two hunters and a dozen of hounds. This he managed to accomplish by the following method: After business hours he acted as accountant to butchers of Clare Market, who paid him in pieces of meat and offal. With the first he fed himself and family; with the last his hounds, which he kept in a garret of his house. His horses were stabled in the cellar, and fed with grain from an adjoining brewery, to the keeping of whose books Mr. Osbaldeston devoted one or two evenings a week. Serving either an indulgent master, or enabled by circumstances to make arrangements to that effect, he contrived during the hunting season to obtain such leave of absence as permitted him to enjoy his favourite sport.

On December 24th, 1816, a celebrated run, which we recollect hearing described on more than one occasion by the late Mr. John Lucy, took place from a meet at Idlicote. The hounds had a short run from there, and found again at Greenhill Gorse, and ran over the brook at Sutton, which was bank high, and only a few out of a field of 150 got over; they next ran to Sibford, and, turning to the right, passed by Hook Norton and Great Bollwright, and by Over Norton into Heythrop Park, through which they ran, and thence between Chaddington and Enstone into Ditchley Park, where "Scrutator" says the fox was run

* Major R. Wilberforce Bird, afterwards of Barton House, rented "Stoke College," Suffolk, Miser Elwes' home, for several years after his return from India.

to ground. This is not correct, for Mr. John Lucy has told us that when the hounds were running well in the park, the deer ran amongst them and entirely spoilt the scent. Mr. John Lucy alone got to the end of the run, but Lord Molyneux and Mr. Hugo Campbell came up ten minutes after the fox was lost. We were told by the late Mr. George Hawkes, of Talton, that Sir Charles Mordaunt went as far as Heythrop on a four-year-old horse, which he had only just bought from Mr. Manning for 450 guineas, and it was a pity that he did not pull up so young a horse sooner, as he died two days afterwards. The early part of the run as far as Hook Norton was in a severe country, but this was not the case during the remainder of it. It rained, with a cold wind, during the whole run, which occupied an hour and a half. The distance was eleven miles and a half from point to point, and about fifteen as hounds ran—not very much out of the straight line after passing Sibford. “Scrutator’s” account of the run, both as to where the fox was found and where the hounds ran is erroneous, and both he and “Castor” have overrated the distance traversed. The pace was first class throughout, and this is proved by the fact that neither the huntsman or the whips, well mounted as they were, got near the hounds, and could give them no assistance had they required it. The pack remained for the night at the Duke of Beaufort’s kennels, and the hounds did not hunt on the next day.

A very hard day was that which took place from a meet at Ufton Wood in 1816. A fox was found in the Holt, and ran by Ladbroke and Radbourne to Napton, and from thence nearly to Fenny Compton, where he turned short back, and was killed in the open before he could reach Napton, after an hour and twenty minutes run at best pace over the finest country.

Debdale was drawn next, and another fox was found which, although he did not run over so fine a country, proved quite as stout as the one which had been killed at Napton. The scent was as good as it had been in the

morning, and the pack drove the fox at once out of the covert, and ran, leaving Long Itchington to the right, and by Offchurch nearly to Radford; and thence, leaving Leamington to the left, through the large woodlands into Stoneleigh Park, and killed their fox in the river Avon. Lord Middleton, Mr. Barnard, and Harry Jackson, the huntsman, were up at the end of the run; Sir Charles Mordaunt left in the middle of it. Harry Jackson rode his favourite horse, Bluebeard, for the last time, and he died at the Warwick Arms, and Lord Middleton gave orders that an armchair should be covered with the horse's skin, and Harry Jackson had it for many years in his possession. This was a great day's sport, both for riders and hounds, when two such foxes were both killed.

Sir Charles Mordaunt did not take to hunting until he had reached the age of thirty-five, but he, notwithstanding, rode hard, and was a fine horseman. He was 6ft. in height, but only weighed 10st. 7lb. His best hunter was a grey horse, 15.2 in height, and standing over a good deal of ground, a picture of which is at Walton Hall.

Another very fine run is recorded by "Venator" as having taken place from Farnborough on a frosty morning in February, 1817, when hounds were not put into covert until one o'clock. They found at once, and ran very fast over the Vale below Edge Hill to Compton Wynyates,* and from there over Brailes Hill to Weston House, then through Whichford Wood, and nearly straight to Barton-on-the-Heath, and they killed their fox in a large grass field near Moreton-in-the-Marsh. It was nearly dark when the fox was killed. There was a great deal of snow on the ground, and very few sportsmen followed to the end of the run, which lasted two hours and fifty minutes, some part of which was slow hunting. The distance as the crow flies is nearly twenty miles, and it is appropriately recorded

* The word Wynyates is derived from *Vineyards*, of which there are many relics in this neighbourhood, *videlicet* at Shennington and Horley. The wine made from the grapes was a sort of *Canary*. "Jorrocks" would not have liked it.

that Mr. William Holbech, the huntsman, and whips alone were close up when the fox was killed.*

Mr. William Holbech, of Farnborough, hunted in Warwickshire for more than forty years, and we have already mentioned his name as having distinguished himself in several of the best runs. He was a light weight, riding only 10st., and a finished horseman and a capital judge of a hunter. His light weight enabled him to ride the best bred horses well over his weight, and in this way he saw the finish of many fine runs. He was a characteristic specimen of

A fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time;

kind, courteous, and thoroughbred, an excellent landlord, and himself a practical farmer. We remember his showing us his accounts, which he had himself kept for years, recording the price for which his hunters had been bought and sold. The same particulars were given as regards his entire farming stock. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, and breeches and boots to the end of his days, and he lived long enough to be one of the very last of the old country squires. He attended Warwick Market every week, and we were told that on one occasion, on a dark night, he asked the ostler whether he had seen his "fellow," meaning his servant. The ostler lifted his lantern up to the Squire's pot hat and down to his boots, and replied, "No, I'm —— if I ever did."†

The portrait which we give was taken rather late in life. He died in 1856, at the age of eighty-four, deeply regretted by a very large number of relations, friends, and

* It is a remarkable fact that Mr. William Holbech was one of the first, if not the first, up in these two great runs which, starting from Farnborough, and crossing a great extent of Warwickshire, terminated nearly at the same spot.

† Our readers will doubtless remember that James Pigg made the same uncultured remark to a young gentleman with a hyena-looking cap, cane coloured beard and moustache, on a long tailed, cream coloured hack, on the Pomponius Ego Day.—"Handley Cross," p. 363.

neighbours, and I well remember attending his funeral at Farnborough.*—C. M.

In January, 1817, "Venator" records: "We drew Ufton Wood, and after running in the covert for a long time, went away with a fox, leaving Harbury to the right, to Itchington Heath, where the fox waited for us in a brake of gorse. The scent then improved, and the run continued at a good pace as far as Kineton, and thence, by slow hunting, to Pillerton Gorse; here the scent again got better, and our fox ran on to Tysoe, and, turning to the right, made for Idlicote, and was killed just before reaching the coverts at that place, after a run of three hours. The distance traversed was large enough to reduce the field to a very small number. Mr. Augustus Berkeley, Sir C. Mordaunt, and Mr. Hugo Campbell were up at the finish, and the latter obtained the brush."

RADBOURNE GORSE.—About this time (1817-1818) old Radbourne Gorse was inclosed and planted on land belonging to the Earl of Guildford. It appears, however, that the subject was mooted some few years before, as there is a letter in the possession of the Hunt from a Mr. Burman, dated Southam, Dec. 28th, 1812, and also a lawyer's bill for expenses in connection with a distress for rent on the same land under the same date. The following letter from that well-known sportsman, Mr. H. Wyatt, dated Stratford-on-Avon, April 11th, 1817, evidently takes up the subject again:

DEAR SIR,—Sir Charles Mordaunt, as well as many other of my sporting friends in this Hunt, have requested me to state to you that it would be very desirable to acquire one or two gorses as a connecting chain of coverts between Ladbroke and Farnborough; and as there are two small gorses in

* I remember that in a drawer in a cabinet at Farnborough several half-burnt pieces of newspapers were found. Mr. William Holbech, during his latter days, used often to read the newspapers by himself with a hand candle in one hand, and he no doubt went to sleep and set fire to the newspapers, the remains of which he must have placed in the drawer.—C. M.

We very much regret that we have not been able to place any portion of Mr. Holbech's diaries before our readers.

Farnborough is one of the most beautiful country seats in England, the grass terrace being quite unique. I remember once, when out with the Bicester, taking Lord Alexander Paget in to have a glass of sherry. "What a beautiful house!" said "Dandy," as we rode through the gates. "Who lives here?" "Archdeacon Holbech," I said. "Do all Archdeacons live in houses like this?" answered my friend.—W. R. V.

Mr. William Holbech, of Farnborough.
From an engraving by
J. J. Chant,
after the picture by A. R. Venables.
The property of Archdeacon Holbech.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN AVENUE
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Radbourne parish, as we understand, belonging to the Earl of Guildford, at present uninclosed, we entreat your good offices with Lord Guildford to let us one or both of these gorses on lease, in order that it may be inclosed and preserved. As a sportsman, I feel that you will enter into our views, and promote the wish of any man hunting within reach of so desirable, and in many respects so superior, a part of the Warwickshire Hunt. If I have not described the situation of these places so intelligibly to you, I think, perhaps, a ride thither any morning that you would appoint next week (when I shall be happy to meet you) would enable us better to judge of the expediency of appropriating one or both of these gorses for the purpose I have mentioned, before any application should be made to Lord Guildford.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very much,

HENRY WYATT.

To WILLIAM WALFORD, Esq., Panbury.

Sir James Musgrave seems to have been also a prime mover in the acquisition of this favourite covert. He writes to Mr. Walford, under date Wellesbourne, January 29th (I presume in the same year, 1817), to say that he had been to Radbourne (*sic*) and seen Bond (the tenant), and had marked out a piece of land of about fifteen acres :

Part of it is already covered with gorse sufficient to become a cover very soon; the remaining part of it it will be necessary to plough and sow with gorse seed, as the plants are not at present thick enough. Bond seems perfectly well disposed to meet the wishes of the Hunt, and promises to pay all the attention in his power to the preservation of foxes, &c. He is to receive fifty shillings an acre, and the inclosure to begin as soon as he has received Mr. Walford's permission.

Mr. Wyatt also writes to Mr. Walford, under date April 25th, offering to show him Lord Middleton's hounds in kennel, and inviting him to "eat his beefsteak" at his house, which he calls "quite a cottage, with no spare stall," but he adds that he hopes soon "to have a larger house."

Lord Middleton's Hounds had a very fast run in 1817 from Pillerton Gorse, down the Vale, over Herd Hill to Compton Verney, thence to Moreton Wood, and through Oakley Wood, and over Highdown Hill to Whitnash Fields, where the fox was killed. This run lasted an hour and twenty minutes. Mr. R. Barnard, Mr. Hancox, and Mr. H. Campbell went well, and were up at the death. Lord Middleton staked his favourite grey horse, for which he had given 500 guineas, near Moreton Morrell, and the horse, although he reached his stable, afterwards died.

The only run of any importance afterwards recorded occurred during the season before Lord Middleton gave up the hounds in 1819. The pack found a fox at Eatington Grove, and ran through the park nearly to Fulready, and from thence, turning to the right, went on without a check towards Hell Brake; and from there, leaving Oxhill on the left, nearly to Tysoe, and thence, leaving that village on the right, to Radway, where the fox went to ground, after a capital run of fifty minutes. "Actæon, Junior," relates that Lord Middleton refused 800 guineas for a horse called the Roan Banker, ridden by Tom Smith, the first whip, on this occasion.

Mr. Hugo Campbell, Mr. Sheldon, of Brailes, and Mr. H. Wyatt, were noted riders to hounds in Lord Middleton's time. The latter was 6ft. 3in., and weighed 15st. His best hunter, Morgan Rattler, was long and low, and of great girth and power. Amongst other good riders were Lord Brooke, Mr. John Biddulph, Sir William Parker, Mr. Lloyd, of Drayton, Mr. Augustus Berkeley, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Russell, of Blockley, Mr. Frank Lawley, Mr. Shuckburgh, of Bourton, and Mr. Morant Gale.

The following song was composed by the Rev. H. R. Wooley, Lord Middleton's chaplain, and sung by him at a supper given by Lord Middleton at Stratford. When the song had been sung, Lord Middleton said: "Wooley, I'll remember that." A year afterwards Mr. Wooley called at his banker's in London, who asked him what was to be done with a sum of money which had been lately paid to his account by Lord Middleton, amounting to 800/. These particulars have kindly been given to us, together with the true copy of the song, and the music to which it was set, by Mr. Wooley's grandson, Mr. H. Crompton.

HUNTING SONG.

By REV. H. R. WOOLEY.

I.

The triumphs of heroes let others declare,
Or in ecstasy sing of the charms of the fair,
Of love, or of war, bid the verse freely flow;

Let the glass aid the song, while those pleasures I trace,
Those enlivening joys which arise from the chase.

Tallio, Tallio,

May the Warwickshire hounds ever gallantly go.

II.

A southerly wind, and light clouds in the sky,
The air mild and fresh, nerves and spirits all high,

Tallio, Tallio, to the cover we go!

Hark! "Bachelor's" * speaking, by Heavens, 'tis good,
Get forward, and cheer them well out of the wood.

Tallio, Tallio, &c.

See the Warwickshire hounds how they gallantly go.

III.

Erect in his stirrups, with listening eye,
See "the Peer," how he's catching old "Bachelor's" cry.

Tallio, Tallio, all seem anxious to go.

Restrain your wild ardour, as yet within bounds,
And learn to ride after, not over the hounds.

Tallio, Tallio, &c.

IV.

With eye beaming cunning, and light tripping pace,
See the fox steals away, hear the pack in full chase,

Tallio, Tallio, how they gallantly go.

Hold hard for a moment, and give them fair play,
You'll want your top speed if they once get away.

Tallio, Tallio, &c.

V.

Now, some fairly mounted go striding along,
While others hard labour with bit, steel, and thong,

Tallio, Tallio, how they struggle to go.

"Hold hard!" is the cry, but I shrewdly suspect
Not the hounds, but some horses are brought to a check,

Tallio, Tallio, &c.

VI.

Yon fence seems a tickler, get on to the charge,
The turf's sound and good, though the ditch may be large,

Tallio, Tallio, get forward, Sir, go.

One tops it, one balks it, and craning turns round,
A third scrambling and blund'ring falls crack to the ground.

Tallio, Tallio, &c.

* *Bachelor*.—This hound was presented to Lord Middleton by Mr. Musters, and was hunted with the pack for three or four years, and then returned to his former owner. He was a good cold hunter, and his Lordship was very partial of him.

VII.

For a moment a sheep-walk now baffles the scent,
See them stopping and questing, each tries where he went;

Tallio, Tallio, how they cautiously go.
Old "Vanguard"* has hit it, no doubt can remain,
Not a moment is lost, they're together again.

Tallio, Tallio, &c.

VIII.

Now, swift o'er yon valley, how motley the scene,
Here men want their horses, there horses want men.

Tallio, Tallio, very few seem to go.
One loses a shoe, and another votes lame,
Who is that in the brook? Oh, ask not his name.

Tallio, Tallio, &c.

IX.

Once more, nobly struggling, poor reynard is viewed,
By few, save the pack, any longer pursued.

Tallio, Tallio, how he labours to go.
Nor speed, pluck, nor cunning the chase can prolong.
Whoop is the word, and whoop to my song.

Tallio, Tallio, &c.

X.

But how can your bard in the chase take delight,
In person too heavy, in pocket too light,

Tallio, Tallio, he's a slow one to go!
Since a seat in the saddle to keep he's unable,
Oh! give him, in pity, a seat at your table.

Tallio, Tallio,

May the Warwickshire pack ever gallantly go.

XI.

(*For the Ball.*)

Ere yet I am silent, or you may advance
That my rhymes are but tediously hindering the dance,
One wish I'll express, from all hearts let it flow,
May the fair maids who trip on the Avon's fam'd shore,
Still receive us with smiles when the chase is no more.

Tallio, Tallio,

Those smiles make the heart of each sportsman to glow.

* *Vanguard*.—This hound was by Vaulter, a famous hound, presented by Lord Vernon to Lord Middleton, out of Mr. Corbet's Traffic. He was a first-class hound either for hunting a cold scent or for fast running. He was so great a favourite of Lord Middleton's, and so valuable as a stallion hound, that for some time he was not taken out hunting; but finally Harry Jackson obtained his lordship's permission to let him run with the pack on account of the valuable assistance which he would give

On the last day of the season 1820-1821 the meet was at Admington. As Lord Middleton was galloping round the field his horse fell and threw him, and rolled over him, injuring his thigh and shoulder. He was taken to Mr. Corbet's house at Admington, and, although not seriously injured, he was seldom seen to ride anything but a pony in the field afterwards, and he resigned the hounds. In the second season after he had become master forty-nine and a half brace of foxes were killed, and no greater number were ever killed in any subsequent season during his management. His stud of hunters were sold at Leicester in November, 1823, and fetched large prices.

The Earl of Warwick, when Lord Brooke, was often seen at the covert side at this time. His lordship's stud was selected with great care and judgment, and his hunters in general cost high prices. He was a capital rider to hounds. After his lordship met with a severe accident when hunting, he was not often seen in the field. He had a famous grey horse, a great favourite, and upon him he has frequently held as prominent a place in the field as any in many a long and hard day. This fine animal met with an untimely end.

Will Barrow, Mr. Corbet's huntsman, hunted the hounds only for a short time after they were taken by Lord Middleton, and Will Don and Tom Steeples each hunted them for one season afterwards. The latter was succeeded by Harry Jackson, who continued to hunt them until 1818, when he was disabled by a bad fall, and received an annuity from Lord Middleton. He had previously been huntsman to Lord Vernon, and especially distinguished himself in the kennel, although he was not very quick in the field. Zac Goddard, Tom Smith, and Jack Stevens were his lordship's whips, and Tom Smith hunted the hounds for the last two seasons of his mastership.

them. On this occasion they found at Pillerton Gorse, and ran to ground at Brailles Hill. On the way to draw again at Compton Wyniates, Vanguard tried to leave the pack to get back to the earth, but was prevented from doing so; he eventually, however, got away unperceived, and was never seen again, and it was supposed he had entered the earth too far, and could not get back again.

Lord Middleton died on the 19th of June, 1835, at the age of seventy-five, at Wollaton, in Nottinghamshire. His title was derived from Middleton,* in Warwickshire, at which place he resided for ten years, during which time he was master of hounds.

The will of Willoughby Dixie, of Bosworth Park, was about this time often read from manuscript for the amusement of those who remembered him as a thoroughly good sportsman, a capital judge of a horse, and a fearless and good rider to hounds throughout the longest day. The will shows him to have been most benevolent, and his ready wit had no doubt delighted his company on many festive occasions.

I, Willoughby Dixie, of Bosworth Park,
Without the aid of scribe or clerk,
Or pettyfogger of the law
Ready to make or find a flaw;
With ev'ry symptom of decay,
And wearing dev'lish fast away,
With haggard phiz, and tott'ring limb,
With moonstruck mind a prey to whim,
A stupor seizing both my eyes,
All my effects do thus devise :

To Sister Eleanor,† of Bourn
(Lest she the fate too long should mourn
Of her lamented brother dear),
In rent twelve hundred pounds a year,
And on dear Eleanor I fix
To be my sole executrix.

To Rosamond‡ (whose joyless bower
Of bliss ne'er knew one single hour)
Twelve pence I give—far more than due
To such a cursed vexatious shrew.

To Elder Drakeley§ (faithful found
Thro' all my life's eccentric bound,

* Lord Middleton lived during the hunting season at a house which he built near Stratford, where he also had large stables and kennels. Nothing could be more perfect than the arrangement of the house, and the dining room was for its size one of the most complete rooms in England. The place afterwards became a young ladies' seminary.

† Mrs. Poshin.

‡ Mrs. Kinnersley.

§ The Steward.

A jackall constant to provide
Whate'er could feed my lust or pride)
A sacrifice, to him I doom,
Of bullocks, half a hecatomb ;
In cash, a bill, no little sound !
The sum of seventeen hundred pound.

To younger Drakeley, firm and true,
Who did all th' elder could not do,
Thro' fire and water e'er would go
To please me, or to spite my foe ;
Of sheep I leave two hundred head,
As good as Bakewell ever bred ;
My pointers, spaniels, guns and stocks,
By Egg, by Manton, or by Nocks.

To Dick, the groom, who swore my stud
Surpass'd by none in shape or blood ;
And that no Squire of high degree
Could choose a horse or ride like me,
I leave my hunters, hacks, and all
That grace the mead or fill the stall,
With saddles, bridles, boots likewise,
Spurs, whips of every sort and size.

To Sam, the bailiff, who knows how
To handle either ox or cow,
Well skilled to take the jolters in
(His bargain never fails to win).
To him I freely do assign
The residue of sheep and swine,
Calves, lambs, and plenty of store beast,
Worth full five hundred pounds at least.

Unto the butler I resign
My stock of every kind of wine,
Puncheon as tight as any drum,
Well filled with brandy, gin, and rum.
Pipes, juglers, glasses, everything
That makes the jocund table ring.

To James, the brewer, all the ale
And porter, too, both mild and stale,
With barrels, cocks, hops, malt in store,
That when all's drank he may brew more.

Unto the gardener—rake and spade
And every tool that suits his trade ;
Fruit yet unpulled, potatoes, greens,
Carrots and turnips, kidney beans,
Seeds of all sorts, with hives of bees,
Celery plants, and nursery trees.

To her who keeps the house in awe,
And rules supreme by kitchen law,
I give the sugar and the tea,
The plumbs, and spices, and coffee,
Preserves, and pickles, peppermint,
And other waters, without stint.

Unto the housemaid's noisy crew
The chairs and tables (not a few),
Brushes and brooms, dusters and wings,
And sundry other useful things ;
The mats, the carpets, every screen,
And all that they have used to clean.

To Dorothy, the dairy-maid
Who reared of lambs, full many a cade,
I give permission for to seize
The churn, the butter, and the cheese ;
Bowls, buckets, puncheons, lead and all
That to the lot of dairy fall.

To her who keeps the linen clean,
The laundry maid's the girl I mean ;
The shirts, the sheets, the napkins white,
With tablecloths shall be her right.

And to the cook, whate'er befits
Her occupation ; pans and spits,
The poker, tongs, the fork that toasts,
And all with which she boils and roasts ;
Hams, tongues, and bacon, be her lot,
And everything that goes to pot.

Unto the scullion, all the cook
By choice or chance may overlook ;
Grease, matches, coals, and candles good,
Fagots, and billets of dry wood.

And that no varlet may repine,
To labourer Tom I give the swine,
Snouters collected at great pains,
With all the stock of swill and grains.

John Hawkes, trainer to George III., resided for several years at Snitterfield, and he was well known by all Warwickshire sportsmen as the best gentleman rider in the country, and he frequently rode in sweepstakes and matches over Warwick Racecourse. "Nimrod" says "he was the model of a light dragoon, and a famous jockey;" and Mr. Buckle says "he was not only clever in his saddle but right in his attics." He rode a steeplechase for the Prince Regent, who asked him if those were the best spurs he had. He replied, "Yes, your Highness." "Here, then," said the Regent, "take mine." On one occasion, when asked how he liked a particular horse, he said, "I like very few horses, very few women, and — few men." Hawkes well understood hunting, and was the author of a book called "Meynellian Science." The spurs given him by the Prince Regent were hung up at Norton Hall after his death. No doubt, after a day's hunting in the Shires, he often rode home with

A FEW OF THE RIGHT SORT THAT HAVE DONE THE RIGHT THING.





UNKENNELLING THE HOUNDS.

With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
 The vig'rous hounds pursue, with ev'ry breath
 Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
 Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay.
 And in triumphant melody confess
 The titillating joy. Thus on the air
 Depend the hunter's hopes.—*Somerville.*

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SHIRLEY, OF EATINGTON—JACK WOOD—THE REV. JOHN
 LUCY—THE DEBDALE RUN—MR. COCKBILL.

1821.

EVELYN J. SHIRLEY, Esq., of Eatington Park, who was elected in 1836 as a Conservative for South Warwickshire, succeeded Lord Middleton as master of the hounds in 1821, and the first meet was on Wednesday, November 7th, at Edge Hill. Mr. Shirley was popular, and very well known as a county gentleman and a good sportsman, and his long residence in Warwickshire had made him well acquainted with the country he had to ride over. It will be noticed that Mr. Shirley got to the end of several severe runs afterwards described, and he was a practised rider to hounds. He had a celebrated chesnut horse called Marmion, which he rode with more confidence than any other of his hunters. Mr. Shirley mounted his men in

capital style, and during his time the attendance on his hounds was even larger than that of his predecessor. His highly accomplished manners, added to the great worth of his character, made him a general favourite, and the reputation of the pack rather increased than suffered in his hands.

Lord Middleton having given his pack of hounds to Sir Tatton Sykes, it became necessary for the Hunt for the first time to raise a subscription, and to build new kennels, and to purchase a pack of hounds, a considerable undertaking which was liberally carried out; and Mr. Shirley, in 1822, bought the Cranbourne Chase Hounds, consisting of twenty-four couples. They were a very good looking and steady pack of working hounds, but were rather too small for such a country as Warwickshire. A new kennel was built at Butlers Marston, and a subscription of 2000*l.* was raised.

Jack Wood who had been for some time huntsman to Lord Althorpe and Sir Charles Knightley in Northamptonshire, and to the Duke of Beaufort in Oxfordshire, now entered Mr. Shirley's service. He was a first-class huntsman and a very fine rider. "Nimrod" says that there was no better horseman than Jack Wood. He had a graceful seat and light hands, and rode like a gentleman. He had, however, the bad luck to have some falls which laid him up for some time, and included a broken thigh, leg, and collar-bone. Bill Boxall was the first whip.

The first good run recorded by "Venator" took place after a meet at Alscot on February 3rd, 1822. The morning was cloudy, with a cold drizzling rain; the pack found a fox at Fir Grove, and ran by Alderminster, over the Stour, and thence over Crimscote Downs to Ilmington Hill, and close by Mr. Canning's house at Foxcote; they then ran down into the Vale by Ditchford, and again over the Stour to Todenham, and killed the fox in a field between there and Wolford Wood. This was a fast run over a good extent of country, and lasted an hour and forty minutes. Mr. Shirley, on his chesnut horse Marmion, Mr. Napier, Mr.

Hugo Campbell, Mr. John Lucy, and Captain Lewis, and Jack Wood were up at the death.

Extracts from "Reminiscences of an Old Farnborough Boy" between 1822 and 1832, sent to Archdeacon Holbech, June 12th, 1888:

I was born in your village, was educated in your village school, have played on the village green, ran over the hills after the foxhounds. I think it is reasonable now, in the closing years of my life, that my thoughts should sometimes turn to the happy days and scenes of my childhood, and as you are about my own age (71) I thought it possible that they might not be altogether without interest to you.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS HALL.

The Venerable Archdeacon Holbech, Farnborough, near Banbury.

N.B.—This Thomas Hall, who lived at 20, North-street, Derby, is a relative of Agnes Hall, now Mrs. Marriott, who was the present Lord Willoughby de Broke's nurse.

Among the many "reminiscences" recorded is the following:

Old Dame Berry lived near the town pool (*i.e.*, just opposite the present school). One Saturday the foxhounds came to Farnboro', and having found a fox they gave him chase. Reynard, finding himself sorely pressed, ran into the village, and from Welch's Orchard jumped upon the roof of the dame's house, and then down the chimney. The old lady was much annoyed at this, for she had just cleaned her house, and by the fox coming down the chimney it was now covered with soot. She came out and locked the door, leaving the fox in the house as tenant or prisoner. In due time the huntsman came up with the dogs, and she told them where the fox was, but in consequence of the dirt he had made in the house she would not allow him to be taken out for less than a shilling. The money was soon forthcoming, a bag was procured, and the fox was taken to the top of Windmill Hill, where he was liberated, but he only ran to the middle of the meadow below, and then took refuge in a drain, where we boys had the best of the sport by seeing one dog after another brought from the kennel in "Hall's Orchard" to fetch him out, but refused to do so, and he was at last dug out with a spade.

In 1822 the Warwickshire hounds had a fine run from Edge Hill by Arlescote, over the valley to Warmington, and thence to the right across the Banbury Road near Wroxton New Inn, and through Shutford Spinneys towards Swallowcliffe; they then turned to the left, and ran by Bloxham to Bodicote Brook, and thence again across the Banbury Road, and between Deddington and Adderbury to Aynho, where they killed the fox. This was a run over such an extent

Mr. Evelyn Shirley, of Eatington.

By

Pickersgill.

The property of Mr. Shirley, of Ettington.

The property of Mr. Evelyn Shirley, of Lexington.
By
Picard, in
Mr. Evelyn Shirley, of Lexington.



of country that the pace, though fast, could not have been sustained throughout it. The distance measured straight by the Ordnance map is thirteen miles, and hounds could not have run less than nineteen miles. Mr. Shirley, Lord George Forester, Mr. Fellowes, Mr. John Lucy, Mr. Cockbill, Jack Wood, Zac Goddard, and the second whip were up at the end. Mr. Cockbill alone cleared the Bodicote Brook, clearing, according to Tag's account, twenty-seven feet of water which was bank high. Lord Forester got over with a fall, but Mr. John Lucy's horse fell into the middle of it, and, throwing his rider upon the opposite side, swam back to the wrong bank, and the rider was compelled to return through the water to secure his horse, and this on a very cold day.

On December 16th, 1823,* there is a short account of a run with a good fox from Edge Hill across the Vale to Farnborough, and nearly to Fenny Compton, where he turned to the left and ran through Itchington Heath, and between Lighthorne and Chesterton Wood to Moreton Morrell, and thence to Walton, where he got to ground. The run lasted an hour and fifty minutes, and the pace over a splendid country was very severe.

It is curious that amongst the few good runs in Mr. Shirley's time of which we have any information, another took place during the following week from Edge Hill, on December 22nd, 1823. "Hark Forward" relates that a fox was found close to the Round House, and made for the earths at Warmington, but, finding them stopped, he ran on to Shutford, and nearly to Bloxham; thence to the left near the town of Banbury, and on to Middleton Cheney, where he was killed after a run of two hours and forty minutes, over not less than seventeen miles of country. Jack Wood was with his hounds throughout, and the Master, Mr. Napier, Mr. John Lockley, Mr. Cockbill, and Mr. Bush, and some others from Lord Seagrave's Hunt,

* During the season of 1823 Mr. Shirley lost twelve couples of valuable hounds during one night from eating flesh and broth which had been allowed to stand in a boiler which was made of copper.

went well, and were up at the death. Not often, if ever, before or afterwards, were two such runs seen from Edge Hill nearly within one week.

The last meet of the season was at Hook Norton on April 5th, 1824.

On January 21st, 1824, the Warwickshire Hounds had a severe run through a great extent of plough and woodland country. They found a fox at Alveston Pasture, and ran through Charlecote Park, leaving the Plesters' Coverts to the right; thence over the canal and Warwick Road, and through Leamington, which then consisted of only a few houses; and from there over the Avon to Leek Wooton, and killed the fox in the turnpike road close to Chesford Bridge. Captain Russell, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. Napier, Mr. Russell, Mr. Pickering, Mr. F. Holland, and Wood, the huntsman, were in at the death.

On September 5th, 1824, Mr. Vyner relates: On this day one of the best runs I ever knew in my whole life took place with the Warwickshire hounds. It was an accident, as the hounds broke away, and the men were not mounted to go with them, and consequently could not stop them. They found at five o'clock in the morning at the Bull and Butcher Wood, six miles from Coventry, and killed him close to Crick, in Northamptonshire—fifteen miles from point to point. The pace was tremendous, and no one who started with the hounds was up at the finish except William Boxall, who was then first whipper-in; there were nearly fifty couples of hounds out, seventeen and a half couples of which were of that year's entry, and had only been out four times before that day.

We extract the following from the supplement to "Rural Sports," published in 1813, by the Rev. William B. Daniel:

This undeviating perseverance in a foxhound took place A.D. 1808, in the counties of Inverness and Perth, and perhaps surpasses any length of pursuit known in the annals of foxhunting. On the 8th June, near Dunkeld, Perthshire, were seen on the high road a fox and a hound proceeding at a slow trotting pace. The dog was about the distance of fifty yards behind the fox, and each was so fatigued as not to gain upon the other. A countryman

very easily caught the fox by running, and both the fox and the dog were taken to a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, where the fox died; and it was afterwards ascertained that the hound belonged to the Duke of Gordon, and that the fox was started on the morning of the King's birthday on the top of those hills called Mond-liadh, which separates Badenoch from Fort Augustus. From this it appeared that the chase lasted *four days*, and that the distance travelled from the place where the fox was unkennelled to the spot where it was caught, without making any allowance for doubles, crosses, and tergiversations, and as the crow flies, exceeded seventy miles.

This reminds us somewhat of the salmon fisher, who remarked to his "gillie" that he could not understand why they caught so many larger fish on a neighbouring river. "No doubt," he said, "they are better fishermen on that river." "They are better lears (liars) you mean," answered the Scotchman.

"Hark Forward" relates that during the season of 1824 Mr. Shirley met a large field at Alveston Pastures. The hounds were no sooner put into the covert than a fine old wild fox went away towards Fir Grove. He then sunk the uplands, and crossed the Vale and the Stour, running on to Preston Bushes, and then through Admington and Quinton, and to the top of Meon Hill, where the first check occurred; and by the time the pack hit the scent off the fox had got a long way ahead, and the run continued at a slower pace again over the Vale as far as Pebworth, where the fox was lost, but he was eventually killed by a sheepdog. Mr. John Lucy,* on Merry-Go-Round, a

* No annals of the Warwickshire Hunt would be complete without a more prolonged notice of the Rev. John Lucy. He was the third son of the Rev. John Hammond, who was grandson of Alice, daughter of Sir Fulke Lucy, who married the Rev. John Hammond, rector of Gowsworth, near Congleton, in Cheshire. His father was vicar of Charlecote, and afterwards rector of Hampton Lucy, and, having succeeded to the Charlecote Estate on the death of his relation, George Lucy, in 1786, took the name of Lucy by His Majesty George III.'s sign manual, dated 9th of February, 1787. The subject of our memoir was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was ordained in 1814, and in 1815 became rector of Hampton Lucy, his father (who lived to the age of eighty-nine, and died January 12th, 1823) having resigned in his favour. Here he lived till his death, which took place in 1869, at the age of seventy-nine. He was a sporting parson, not altogether of the old school, for his manners were most refined, and in the interest he took in ecclesiastical work, and especially church restoration, he was far before his time. We have heard that he visited every cathedral in England and Wales in a dog-cart. His great work was the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church at Hampton Lucy, the beautiful apse being added entirely at his own cost. At the close of his life he contributed largely to the restoration of St. David's Cathedral, of which, to his great gratification, he was made

famous horse, which he had just bought for a large price, led the field as far as Meon Hill; but by some means he lamed the horse during the course of the run, and, thinking he could not recover, he sold him to Mr. Russell for 50*l.*, who rode him for eight or nine seasons afterwards, and he always went well on a fast and long day.

The perfect sportsman, it has been remarked by the intelligent author of the "Sportsman's Cabinet," whether the hounds are drawing or running, is never seen in a place to incur disgrace by heading the game or obstructing the hounds. The chase is a business in which he is a proficient, and he is never at a loss in the execution. From an innate

an hon. canon. He also erected the iron bridge over the Avon at Hampton Lucy at his sole expense. It was begun in 1829, and completed in January, 1830. Mary, Mrs. Lucy, said in her biography of the Lucy family: "The bridge is not only an elegant structure in itself, but the greatest accommodation to the whole neighbourhood. Well do I remember the poor old wooden footbridge, and how, when the ford was not fordable, I used to venture on horseback with fear and trembling over it, and many and many a good dinner at the Rectory has been lost to the invited guests owing to an inopportune flood." These good dinners were for years quite a feature of the Hampton Lucy Rectory, and many a good story, almost too good to be repeated, is told in connection with them. Many great patrons of the chase partook of Mr. John Lucy's hospitality, amongst others Mr. Apperley ("Nimrod"), the late Lord Henry Bentinck, and others. Lord Henry, on his departure, was pleased, in his precise manner, to express his entire approval of his host's ménage, *with one exception*. Colonel Henry Lane (late Hammer Lane) was sitting in the hall at Hampton Lucy, and saw Mr. J. Lucy go into the dining-room, and heard him say to his butler, "What are those?" "Those are the Apostle spoons, sir." "When did I tell you to put those out?" "When it was a first-class dinner-party, sir." "This," said Mr. Lucy, "is *not* a first-class dinner party." On one occasion he pressed his friend and fellow sportsman, the Rev. Henry Knightley, to partake of some special sauce. The answer was characteristic also: "No, thank you, I never eat messes." It was some years before Mr. Knightley was again invited. We never heard of his being anything of a gunner; but with respect to hunting, he was attached to the sport all his life, and in his younger days must have been a first-class man to hounds. He always engaged the most excellent curates, and was most particular that they should be gentlemen as well as earnest workers. This gave him more time to pursue his favourite amusement. When quite an old man he was constantly seen at the covert side in the most irreproachable get up—black coat and beautifully cleaned leathers, mounted on his favourite bright bay horse, Man Friday, and attended by his faithful groom. We remember once having to borrow his dress clothes, and his telling us then that in the whole course of his life he had never had his portmanteau packed for him. At the same dinner party at which we were asked to take the foot of the table, most minute directions were given as to the exact quantity of soup we were to help to each guest. He is supposed to have been the originator of the term, "inferior order of the clergy," as applied to the assistant curates of the Church. We remember hearing that on one occasion he was staying at Wroxton Abbey, at a time when gas had for the first time been introduced into the house. When he went to bed, instead of turning off the gas, he *blew it out*. Fortunately, the fire had burnt low, and soon went out. Early the next morning, the maid thought there was a smell of gas near the door of the bedroom, and took the precaution to enter it without a lighted candle and at once to open both windows.—C. M.—W. R. V.

**Portrait of Jack Wood (Huntsman) on Marmion; Bill Boxall,
first Whip; and the Warwickshire Hounds.**

Artist unknown.

The property of Mr. Shirley, of Ettington.

Portrait of Jack W. Thompson (1900-1970) by Howard
Chapman, 1930. Oil on canvas.
The only copy of this painting.



and invincible attachment to the sport, and implicit observance of its strictest rules he becomes constitutionally insensible to the less attentive part of the company, but is, nevertheless, incessantly alive to every tongue of a hound. Not a promising whimper, an exhilarating challenge, or a palpable hit, but vibrates sympathetically upon his anxious ear, and his whole soul seems absorbed in the earnest and eager hope of transmitting the enlivening signal of a view to his distant friends who surround the covert in equal expectation. The chase once more commenced, his utmost judgment is exerted to lay as well to the hounds as the speed of his horse and the state of the country will permit; at which time he stands upon no specious ceremony with, or servile subservience to, local superiors. This alone is the happy spot, as well as the critical and exulting moment, where all are equal, where personal pride can assume no consequence, dignity can claim no precedence, and where even an immensity of wealth is of no avail, but superlatively happy he who can excel his peers and take the lead.

A "Veteran Sportsman" remarks: "The zealous sportsman will never condescend to be left a great way behind. He knows his place, and he keeps it; he is never seen in the body and bustle of a crowd riding in a direct line with, and pressing upon the heels of, the hounds, but in a true and sporting style, parallel with the three or four last couples of the pack. Keeping his ground in this situation, he rapturously enjoys every alternate change and variety of the scene; by lying close to the hounds, and making the necessary observations, he is sure of seeing where and when they throw up, and, of course, knows to a certainty how far they have carried the scent; consequently those only who are forward and know the state of the chase are the best qualified to give the signal of 'hold hard' to those behind; and not, as is too frequently the case, for those behind to transmit inconsistently the petulant exclamation to those before."

On the 1st of January, 1825, public notice was

given that Mr. Shirley had signified his intention to resign the management of the Warwickshire hounds. Universal regret was expressed owing to his decision, as he had shown fine sport, and had given great satisfaction.

At a meeting of the proprietors of coverts and the subscribers to the Hunt, held at the Warwick Arms on Wednesday, the 9th of March, Mr. F. Canning in the chair, it was arranged that Mr. Hay should hunt the Warwickshire country for the next two seasons; to hunt four days in the week, from the 1st of November to the 1st of April.

It was also resolved at the same meeting, on the motion of Mr. Holbech, seconded by Mr. John Lucy, that a handsome piece of plate be presented to Mr. Shirley for his management of the hunting establishment in this county.

A subscription was entered into, and in the following week it amounted to 100*l.*, and considerably increased afterwards.

We do not know whether "Nimrod" was actually acquainted with Ireland. He seems to have foreseen, at all events, some of the causes which led to the absenteeism of landlords in that unfortunate country.*

It appears that at this time Lord Anson hunted the Dunchurch country, and on *February 13th, 1825*, his hounds had an extraordinary run from Debdale Covert, which afterwards became one of the coverts of the Warwickshire Hunt.

* "Nimrod" says: "We should not forget the late master of the hounds, E. J. Shirley, Esq., of Easington, whose family possessed that lordship before the Norman conquest." Dugdale says: 'The only place in this country that glories in an uninterrupted succession of its owners for so long a tract of time.' Mr. Shirley does credit to his ancestry. He has given the most universal satisfaction, and his motive for giving up the hounds, which I had from his own lips, is creditable to his feelings as a man. 'We cannot do everything,' said he. 'I am building a house on my property in Ireland, where I mean to reside part of the year, and the hounds would be much in my way.' Were some other Irish proprietors to follow Mr. Shirley's example, Ireland would have reason to rejoice, and two hundred Mr. Shirleys scattered up and down that ill-fated country would do more for the souls and bodies of its inhabitants than their religious freedom, great boon as it may be, and three parts of the priests besides."

This run, according to Mr. Vyner,* was celebrated in verse by a well known sporting divine, as follows :

THE DEEPDALE RUN.

Here's success to the pack of the Staffordshire Lord,
 And a health to Sir The, who's a man of his word ;
 For two better Britons ne'er joined their address,
 To realise sport with such signal success.
 And here's to the day when at Deepdale again
 We'll find such a fox as was yesterday slain ;
 A traveller, stranger, stout, gallant, and shy,
 With his earths ten miles off, and those earths in his eye.
 He was off like a shot at the sound of the horn,
 As the stars disappear at the pale peep of morn.
 No uproar to render hounds wilful or wild,
 He was not viewed away by a Leicestershire field ;
 But a snug little party of *gens de province*,
 With moderate nags, so the hounds had a chance.
 A party from Birb'ry, from Leamington some,
 A few were from Dunchurch, and Napier from home ;
 There was Wyndham and Ladbroke, Kingston and Bowen,
 And twenty I had not the honour of knowing.
 With Applewait, Oliver, Spooner, and Lance,
 The peer on Young Watson, and Coke on Advance.
 The hounds they set-to, as if meaning to run,
 In spite of a gaudy, meridian sun ;
 They settled in earnest we very soon found,
 With their heads in the air, and their sterns on the ground.
 How they dash up the headlands, and fling up the glades !
 How they draw the best breath from the Leamington blades !
 How jealous they render these " Spa-swilling chaps,"
 Such whipping, such spurring, such charging of gaps,
 Such very tight neckcloths, such very slack reins,
 Such squeezing at gates, and such work in the lanes !
 In short, I'll defy you to say, in the burst,
 Who were pressing, or nicking, or tailing, or first.
 The peer had no time to decide which was which,
 Go it Victory, Tidings, and Spit'ful, my bitch.†
 Not a word for a farmer, a rate for a flat,
 E'en for me, who at football had played with his hat.
 Quoth he, " If I judge by the line that he ran
 Once before, you may presently press if you can."

* It does not, unfortunately, come within our province to reproduce the picture of Mr. Vyner and his hounds. It was painted by " Jones," and we cannot trace its possessor.

† Three favourite hounds in his lordship's pack.

He was right; for although at first starting the tit
 Could just stay with the hounds, and o'er-ride them a bit,
 We had no sooner left the small fields and light soil,
 Than to live was a pleasure amounting to toil.
 The scent was improving, pace faster, of course,
 The hound getting fleeter, and slower the horse;
 Ev'ry foot o'er the vale the pack beat us at will,
 And were two fields ahead when they mounted the hill
 That's crown'd with the hall of Sir Shuckburgh's descendants,
 Ungraced and unaided by human attendants.
 The check at the earth gave us time to ascend,
 Where 'twas smoking, and piping, and "bellows to mend."
 Fifty minutes so ripping, it must be confessed,
 Was enough for the bad ones, no joke for the best.
 And now o'er the vale where the Welshman* presides,
 And "High Noble Field,"† with its evergreen sides,
 Where folks 'gan to falter, and justice to yield,
 The peer played a solo for many a field.
 But for this he may thank the address of his man,
 Who brought up his mare fresh, the fleet Marianne.
 We brushed him up smartish to Staverton Wood;
 He skirted it down the hill—hang his stout blood!
 Was headed, and back to the cover he slunk,
 The men in a pickle, the peer in a funk.
 From Staverton Wood he broke cleanly and dry
 (We've known it before); "A fresh fox!" was the cry.
 The gentleman wished to be knowing, of course,
 And perhaps he was fresh as compared with his horse.
 Pug managed to make one small field from the cover,
 A crash and a whimper, "who-whoop!" and it's over.
 Scarce the fate of this veteran fox had been seal'd,
 When the question occurred, "What's become of the field?"
 They can't all be beaten, they can't have stood still;
 I've seen but six people from Shuckborough Hill.
 Perhaps the brook stopped them; I hope they are in it.
 "Don't alarm yourself, sir, they'll be here in a minute;
 They'll meet with some farmer, a good pioneer."
 The word was scarce spoken, when lo! they appear;
 They had fought for a road, and then made a wild cast,
 And the wind-shirking gentlemen came up at last.
 Little else to describe, if to write I was hired,
 But the jest of the fresh and excuse of the tired.
 "What kept you, kind sir, in the background so far?"
 "Why, I stopped at the village to light my cigar."

* The late Sir Thomas Mostyn. The country was then hunted by "The Bicester."

† Newbold Field, or Newbold Grounds.

"I say, my good friend, at the brook why so linger?"
"I got such a horrible thorn in my finger."
"A thorn in your finger?" another replied,
"You mean that the brook was a thorn in your side!"
"Why so far in the rear? Were the spurs of no use?"
"Oh! I rode to a halloo." "A hollow excuse."

Many thanks let us give to the Staffordshire peer,
Whose pack has this day left us all in the rear.
May his sport be as good as it's hitherto been,
May he see as good runs as he's hitherto seen,
And before many years have passed over his head
He'll beat all the world both in science and speed.

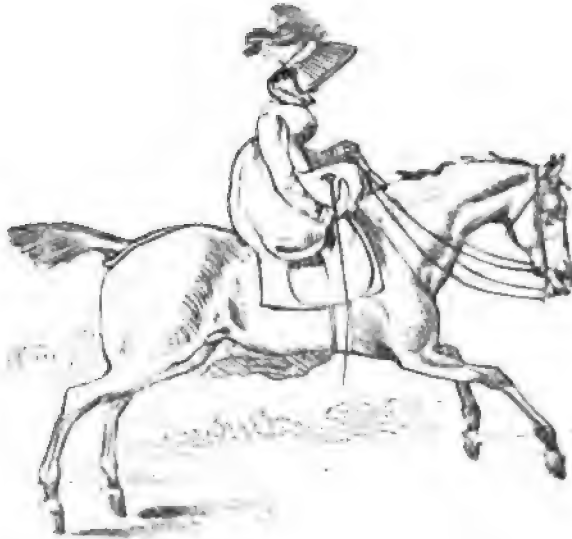
Mr. Cockbill was a conspicuous rider to hounds for thirty years in Warwickshire. He was a very heavy weight, but a good sportsman, with a capital eye to hounds, and he always rode with a martingale to his bridle. "Don't talk to me," he would say, "of the inconvenience and danger of a martingale. With it I can make my horses put their feet where *I* like; without it they generally put them where *they* like, and then I get a tumble, and I fall heavy." There was a good deal of truth in this. Martingales were not much used or appreciated at that time, but when afterwards they were put on bridles exactly at the right length, many horses were ridden with safety and pleasure which otherwise might have given a fall to their riders. There is difference of opinion as to which bridle the martingale should be put on; I think that it should be attached to the snaffle bridle by straps of exactly the right length required to give a horse sufficient freedom, and at the same time to steady his head, and that it should not be attached to the girth, but to the breast plate.—C. M.

Ben Holloway, an Oxfordshire man, hunted a great deal in Warwickshire at this time, and was a capital judge of a hunter and a good horseman. Mr. Handford, a nephew of Mr. John Lockley, and Mr. Francis Charlton were also both good men to hounds.

We believe that in these days very few ladies hunted, but we give an excellent sketch by Henry Alken of a

lady riding to covert. It is not unusual now to see as many as twenty-five ladies out hunting, mounted, and quite as many more driving in carriages, and seeing as much as they can of a day's hunting. The invention of the third pommel has made all the difference in the way the fair sex now ride to hounds, and it will surprise many of our modern Dianas to learn that the late Mrs. Fortescue, and many other fine horsewomen, rode across country, not at this period indeed, but about twenty years later, with

ONLY ONE CRUTCH.





"FULL CRY."

Should all the gay larks, as they soar in the sky,
 Their notes in concert unite;
 The music of hounds, when set off in full cry,
 Would give a more tuneful delight.—*Old Ballad.*

CHAPTER V.

MR. HAY, OF DUNSE CASTLE — RUN FROM BOWSHOT — MR.
 ROBERT FELLOWES—TWO RUNS FROM BARTON GROVE—
 SEVERE RUN FROM WOLFORD WOOD.

MR. HAY, of Dunse Castle, near Berwick, but at that time living at Wellesbourne, succeeded Mr. Shirley in the management of the Warwickshire Hounds in 1825, with a subscription of 1500*l* a year. He hunted them himself with great energy and success. He had a fine stud of hunters, and was a capital rider. He had previously kept hounds in Berwickshire,* and was very popular, and was so well known that he brought men into the country from all parts, and thus much added to its reputation. He kept Jack Wood as kennel huntsman, and Bill Boxall was first whip.

There is but a scanty record of sport during Mr. Hay's mastership. The hounds had a good day's sport when cubhunting, and it was a pity that it did not take place at

* Lovers of Surtees' works will remember what Lord Scamperdale said to Mr. Soapey Sponge: "You should be condemned to hunt in Berwickshire for the rest of your life."

a later period. They found their first fox at Princethorpe Wood, and ran at a good pace for Stretton, and thence to the Black Dog, where he turned to the right and ran near Frankton Wood, and went to ground at Bourton, after a run of forty minutes. The pack found again at Bull and Butcher Wood, and ran, leaving Debdale on the right, to Stockton, and from there over the hill at Leamington Hastings, and through Thurlaston Village; thence, leaving Dunchurch on the left, they crossed the London Road, and ran through Barby Wood; and thence leaving Braunston Cleaves on the right, they killed their fox in the open between Ashby Salloway and Crick.

Soon after open hunting commenced, the hounds had a fine run from Alveston Pastures. A very high wind was blowing, and those who remained outside the covert did not get away with the hounds; they went away at a great pace close to the fox, and ran nearly to the Avon at Alveston, and thence across Mr. Gibb's farm and the Stratford and Banbury Roads, to Clifford Chambers, where they crossed the Stour. A few of the field, with the huntsman and whips, went over the bridge at the Mill, but Mr. Hay, not being acquainted with the country, followed the hounds through the river, and lost a stirrup leather, and both horse and rider got a ducking; the pack then ran on at best pace through Gally Oak, and to the left to Quinton, and by Admington and over Meon Hill to Clopton, and over the Camden high road. Here they checked, but after a few minutes again hit off the line, and ran down the Vale as far as Broad Marston, where they turned to the right and lost the fox near Pebworth.

Mr. Charlton, Mr. R. Greaves, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. W. Smith, of Stratford, went well in this run, which extended over about fourteen miles of country as hounds ran.

On December 17th, 1825, the Warwickshire had a hard day from a meet at Walton. Finding first at Walton Wood, they crossed the brook and ran away from everyone for twenty minutes. They found again at Bowshot, and ran over the finest country by Chadshunt to Edge Hill,

Mr. Hay, of Dunse Castle.

From the picture

by

Sir Francis Grant;

With his favourite hounds

painted by

Mr. Grant, of Kilgraston.

The property of Mr. Hay, of Dunse Castle.

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where they got on the line of a fresh fox, and as only part of the pack could be stopped by Boxall, the remainder ran on till dark, and most of them did not return until the next day. "Nimrod" says that Mr. Hay alone followed them till dark, but he was unable to say in what direction, as he did not know the country. Very few of the field appear to have got away from Bowshot, as the fox made many attempts to break, before he finally got away, and hounds then ran without a check to Edge Hill, up to which place Mr. F. Holland, Mr. Patrick, Mr. Dewes, Mr. Seagrave, and Mr. Hornihold, with the exception of Mr. Hay, were alone with the hounds. "Nimrod" and all the Warwickshire old hands were thrown out.

There only remains one good day's sport which was recorded during Mr. Hay's mastership. The hounds found at Lighthorne Rough, and ran very fast by Chadshunt, to ground near Gaydon, in half an hour; the fox was bolted by a terrier and killed. Shortly before running to ground, Dalliance and Curious headed the other hounds by about fifteen yards, showing their great superiority over the rest in speed, and Mr. Hay said he would back them against any two hounds in the kingdom. Two other foxes were bolted from the same drain, and one of these was killed at Edge Hill after a run of twenty-five minutes without a check, which "Hark Halloo," who describes the day's sport, says was the fastest run he ever saw. It happened that a well-known sportsman, named Mr. Whitwick, dined with Mr. Hay on the evening before and complained of the slowness of his hounds, observing, "Your hounds do not go half fast enough for me, I can ride over them." When the fox had broken covert from Lighthorne Rough, and the pack was well settled to him, Mr. Hay said to Mr. Whitwick, "Now, ride over them if you can."*

* We cannot conceive anything more mortifying to the master of the hounds, the good sportsman, or to the huntsman, than for them to see the heedless and injudicious horsemen in the field ride amongst the hounds at any time, or press upon them on a cold scent or when they have come to a check. By the former many a valuable hound has been struck by a horse and disabled or killed; and by the two latter the fox has often been lost and the sport spoiled for the day. Mr. Corbet used to retaliate on

gentleman certainly rode uncommonly hard and well, but he could not go fast enough to occupy the first station, being beaten by Mr. R. Greaves and Mr. Patrick, who had the best of the run. Mr. Hay and Mr. F. Holland came up shortly after the fox was run to ground.

Mr. Hay only kept the hounds one season, and in 1827* Mr. Robert Fellowes, of Talton, near Easington, who had declined to take them at the time when Mr. Shirley resigned, succeeded Mr. Hay in the management. He had a subscription of 2000*l.* a year, and retained Wood as his huntsman. He was a good sportsman in the widest acceptation of that word, although "Nimrod" finds fault with him for being tempted sometimes to accept an offer for the purchase of one of his servant's horses at the end of a good run. "Nimrod" remarks that "Masters and, of course, their servants, should ride to hunt, and not to sell." Mr. Robert Fellowes afterwards lived at Shotesham Hall, Norfolk. It is reported that one day he killed two cubs, then went out shooting and bagged over ten brace of partridges, and finally drove his team to Warwick Races.

From the *Sporting Magazine*, July, 1826 :

LINES ON JOHN WARDE.†

BY φίλος ἱππων.

Away with croaking, tho' he has retired,
 Eternal laurels shall his brow adorn,
 Still shall his deeds by friendship be admired,
 Still shall his name, and memory be borne !
 And every season—when the chace is o'er,
 And Bacchus warms us round the blazing hearth
 We'll drink "John Warde," and tell his tales of yore.

these offenders. When hounds were going at their best pace, and had outpaced them, he would cry out, "Now, gentlemen, ride over my hounds. Now, bran and chaff ! Go along, bran and chaff, and ride over my hounds now, if you can !" Bill Barrow used less ceremony than his master in speaking of these irregularities, and the offenders who knew him took pretty good care to keep out of his way for a time. Bill frequently gave them what he termed—a blessing !


* At the commencement of this season (1827) the Duke of St. Albans joined the Warwickshire, making Leamington his headquarters. The Duchess highly approved of this arrangement, and said, "Well, your Grace, if you can find amusement in the field for the day, I will endeavour to provide for the evening, and we will see if we cannot make Leamington as pleasant in the winter as it is gay in the summer."

† John Warde was born in 1752, and died in 1838. He had been M.F.H. fifty-six years.

From the *Sporting Magazine*, February, 1828 :

John Warde, although he is seventy-eight years next birthday, says he will give 1000 guineas for half his old pack back again if they will give him 1500*l.* towards expenses.

The Warwickshire Hunt Club was first established on November 8th, 1826, when a meeting took place at the Warwick Arms. Present: William Hay, Edward Sheldon, John Knightley, Evelyn J. Shirley, John Townsend, Joseph Townsend, J. Boulton, J. Drinkwater, E. Bolton King, Rev. Robert Barnard, and Sir Grey Skipwith, Bart. It was resolved—(1) That the meetings should be held at the White Lion, Stratford-on-Avon; (2) That gentlemen to the number of thirty be invited to become members of the club, and that every addition to that number be made by ballot; (3) That the sum of six guineas be paid by each member; (4) That there shall be a club dinner on the third Wednesday in November, December, January, February, and March in each year, and that every member who shall not dine with the club once in the season shall pay a fine of one guinea; (5) That every member intending to dine shall give notice to the innkeeper on or before the Sunday preceding the day of the dinner, or pay a fine of 5*s.* to the club, and that if a member, after having given notice, shall not attend, he shall pay 7*s.* 6*d.* to the innkeeper; (6) That each member may introduce at dinner two friends every day; he will be expected to give the innkeeper the earliest notice of his intention to do so, and will also be responsible for the expenses of his friends there; (7) A ball and supper shall be given in the month of January every year; the day shall be fixed at the first meeting of the club, of which each member shall receive due notice, and at the same time shall be requested to apply to the committee for the number of tickets which he shall require for himself and party at least fourteen days previous to the day appointed for it; for any number above six he shall pay 10*s.* per ticket; (8) The committee shall order a sufficient quantity of claret and sherry for the five annual dinners of the club, for the exclusive use of the

persons present at those dinners; the master of the inn shall be allowed 1s. per bottle for every bottle of such wine drunk at them; (9) The uniform of the club for all the members not clergymen shall be a plain scarlet coat with gilt buttons, having on them an old English ; this uniform to be worn at the club dinners and at the ball.

"Hark Forward" says: "On November 20th, 1827, we met at Wolford Wood, and found a good fox the moment the hounds entered the wood. After taking one ring round the covert he went away, and the hounds ran at best

STUD HOUNDS
MENTIONED IN LIST OF 1827.

NAMES.	SIRRS.	DAMS.
Guardsman (22)	Bred by Sir Bellingham Graham	
Lucy (18)	Brocklesby Wildboy	Their Warble
Ominous (21)	Lord Althorpe's Orpheus ...	His Purity
Rumsey (19)	Lord Middleton's Batchelor	His Rarity
Warrior (21)	Mr. Hornyold's Waterman	His Lilliput
Active (21)	Sir E. Smythe's Admiral ...	His Careful
Blemish (23)	Lord Sondes' Bajazet	His Rarity
Friendly (20)	Lord Middleton's Denmark	His Frantic
Hyale (21)	Lord Althorpe's Horsa	Lord Sondes' Laundress
Juliet (21)	Mr. Osbaldeston's Jargon ...	Mr. Chaworth's Violet
Daffodil (18)	Bred by Duke of Beaufort	
Whynot (21)	Lord Harewood's Chider ...	His Wanton
Comedy (22)	Sir E. Smythe's Ransom ...	His Conquest
Dairymaid (25)	Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont	Warwickshire Bridesmaid
Lapwing (18)	Bred by Duke of Beaufort	

pace, leaving Bourton on the left, through Little Compton, and by Chastleton and over Kingham Field, and they killed the fox near Sarsden House, after running for an hour and ten minutes. When on Chastleton Hill a very thick fog came on, and the hounds continued running at such a pace as to distance all the field except ten. Mr. Fellowes made good use of his knowledge of the Oxfordshire country, and led the others until they again viewed the hounds at Kingham."

Mr. Robert Fellowes.

From a portrait

by

Swinton.

The property of Mr. Robert Fellowes, of Shottesham Hall.

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We give from this time the Warwickshire entry of hounds each year. The figures in parenthesis refer to the year in which the hound was entered; thus all pedigrees are readily traced, and there is no danger of confounding two hounds of the same name. The entries are taken from the excellently compiled stud book of the present Lord Willoughby de Broke.

These hounds were probably purchased by the Warwickshire Hunt from Mr. Shirley when he resigned the country in 1825.

WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS, 1827.

MR. FELLOWES.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
<i>Seven Years.</i>		
Brilliant	Lord Middleton's Timon ...	His Bridesmaid
Conqueror	Brocklesby Cypher	Their Empress
Solomon	Belvoir Roderick	Their Songstress
<i>Six Years.</i>		
Thetis	Triton	Mr. Baillie's Niobe
Countess	Lord Middleton's Traitor ...	His Caroline
Minister	Lord Sondes' Ottoman	His Madcap
Ribster	Lord Middleton's Vanguard	His Relish
<i>Five Years.</i>		
Alfred	Lord Sondes' Ottoman	Atropos
Bajazet }	Lord Sondes' Bajazet	His Rarity
Beatrice }		
Darling	Sir E. Smythe's Random ...	His Dashaway
Duncan	Duke of Beaufort's Duncan	His Wary
Edwin	Mr. Meynell's Bajazet	Bacchanal
Orator	Lord Sondes' Ottoman	Whynot
Virulent }	Lord Sondes' Ottoman	Vengeance
Viola }		
Workman }	Mr. Oxendon's Woodman ...	Lord Sondes' Darling
Warspite }		
Songstress }	Regent	Sophy
Sophy }		
Cymbeline }	Sir H. Mainwaring's Bangor	Comedy
Cowslip }		
Parasol }	Tarquin	Phrenzy
Cypher	Mr. Muster's Conrad	His Abigail
<i>Four Years.</i>		
Falstaff }	Duke of Beaufort's Waterloo	Friendly
Fallacy }		
Gaiety	Guardsman	Lucy..
Ornament	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar	Ominous

WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS, 1827—*continued.*

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
<i>Four Years—contd.</i>		
Rocket } Rivers } Rosamond }	Duke of Beaufort's Hermit.	Rumsey
Waterloo	Warrior	Whynot
Destiny	Mr. Osbaldeston's Pilot	Diligent
Hannibal } Hebe }	Hannibal	Darling
Proserpine	Mr. Meynell's Bajazet	Proserpine
Joyful	Mr. Warde's Jovial	His Galliot
Clinker	Mr. Muster's Conrad	His Desperate
<i>Three Years.</i>		
Actress	Mr. Osbaldeston's Jasper ...	Active
Batchelor	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister	Blemish
Cardinal } Caliban } Comedy }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister	Whynot
Curious } Comus }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister	Friendly
Chariot } Dorimont } Danger } Dairymaid } Diligent } Dalliance } Damsel } Honesty } Heroine }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Caliban...	Hyale
Judgement } Judy }	Benedict	Juliet
Lapwing	Guardsman	Lapwing
Victory } Virgin }	Benedict	Virulent
<i>Two Years.</i>		
Boaster } Bridemaid } Brevity } Benedict } Basker } Bobadil } Denmark } Duster } Dealer } Jester	Rocket	Bridesmaid
Javelin } Junket } Jovial } Joker } Joiner } Jessamy }	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens	Brilliant
	Duke of Beaufort's Dorimont	Juliet
	Mr. Muster's Jester	Duchess
	Mr. Muster's Javelin	Columbine
	Mr. Osbaldeston's Jasper ...	Lucy

WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS, 1827—*continued*.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
<i>Two Years—contd.</i>		
Valiant } Volatile } Vocal } Wildfire } Warble } Witchcraft }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Valentine	Virulent
	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas	Whynot
	Workman	Daffodil
<i>One Year.</i>		
Benefit } Butterfly } Bertram } Barmaid } Bashful } Bonnylass }	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Van- quisher }	Blemish
Dashwood } Dolphin } Emperor } Nimrod } Platoff } Prattle }	Duke of Beaufort's Boxer...	Virulent
	Workman	Darling
Pilgrim } Pillager } Playful } Policy }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Emperor	Judy
Ranter } Ruler }	Duke of Beaufort's Nimrod	Friendly
	Duke of Beaufort's Platoff	Whynot
Vaulter }	Duke of Beaufort's Platoff	Comedy
Absolute } Abelard } Archer } Basilisk } Blossom }	Rocket	Dairymaid
	{ Mr. Osbaldeston's Van- quisher }	Parasol
	Rocket	Active
	Workman	Brilliant

Old Hounds 40½ couples

Young Ditto 12½ „

Total 53 couples

On March 4th, 1828, the Warwickshire hounds met at Oxhill Village, and finding a fox in Hell Brake, at Idlicote, ran over the Vale to Brailes Hill; and thence to the left by Sutton, and nearly to Compton Wynyates, which place they passed on the right, and ran over Shutford Hill to Swalcliffe, and from there to Tadmarton, where they killed the fox in the open after a capital run of an hour and ten minutes.

These appear to be the only two runs recorded during an entire season.

In connection with the commencement of this season we find the following in the *Leamington Spa Courier* of Nov. 1st, 1828 :

As we anticipated in our last, we have had this week a great accession of sporting gentlemen from all parts of the kingdom, and the attendance of the lovers of the chase at the opening of the hunting campaign, when the Warwickshire hounds met at Ufton Wood on Thursday last, was both numerous and respectable. Several elegantly dressed females in splendid equipages were present to witness the hounds throw off on this occasion, and a more brilliant and animated scene has been rarely witnessed.—[History repeats itself.—W. R. V.]

BY "HARK FORWARD."

Hark! hark again! the horn so gay,
The Tally-ho! and "Gone Away!"
The hounds in full melodious cry,
And horsemen o'er the fences fly.

Meet Chesterton Wood, Nov. 3rd, 1828.—We found at Itchington Heath, and ran across Harbury Heath, and thence to the left, through Chesterton Wood, and by Gaydon to Chadshunt, and the hounds killed the fox at Kineton after a good run of an hour.

Meet Mitford Bridge, Dec. 9th.—We found this morning at Barton Grove, and ran very fast nearly to Long Compton, and from thence, turning to the right, through Chafford Oaks and by Little Rollwright, and Over Norton into Heythrop Park. The hounds hunted through this without a check, and ran on to Great Tew, and from there between Sandford and Enstone, and killed the fox near Ditchley Park, after a splendid run of an hour and fifty-eight minutes. The distance from point to point was eleven miles, and as the hounds ran sixteen miles, and, taking this into consideration, the run was not much inferior to the celebrated Ditchley run before mentioned. It is also to be noticed that the line of country taken during the last half of both runs was very similar.

During the following week, on December 16th,* the Warwickshire hounds had another first-class run over the finest country from a gorse brake near Farnborough, by Claydon and Wormleighton, and over Boddington Hill and through Priors Hardwick. They next ran, leaving Priors Marston to the right, nearly to Shuckburgh Hill, and thence turning short to the right by Catesby, and killed the fox near Staverton, after running for an hour and a half over twelve miles of grass country.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1828.

MR. FELLOWES.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.
Blucher } Buxom } Clarion } Conrad } Comfort } Cruiser } Cobweb } Dexter } Discount } Hermit } Harper } Pilot } Pontiff } Prudence } Rebel } Wonder } Worthy } Whynot } Warrior }	Bajazet (23) Rocket (24) Conqueror (21) Workman (23) Hannibal (24) Bachelor (25) Rocket (24) Rocket (24) Workman (23)	Cymbeline (23) Curious (25) Juliet (21) Diligent (25) Vocal (26) Proserpine (24) Destiny (24) Whynot (21) Dairymaid (25)

On December 29th "Venator" relates that the hounds had the best run which had been seen for many years. Again from a meet at Mitford Bridge, and with a find near Barton Grove, they ran down the Vale, leaving Long Compton to the left; and, turning to the right, crossed the hill by Great Rollwright to Over Norton; and, leaving Chapel House to the right, ran through Heythrop Park,

* There is an account of this run in the *Leamington Spa Courier* (issue Dec. 27, 1828). It says that they met at Farnborough, and after a run of one hour and forty minutes without a single check, *lost* when in the neighbourhood of Mr. Osbaldeston's property in Northamptonshire.

and afterwards through Sandford Park, and killed the fox at Kiddington Village, which lies on the left of the Ditchley Woods. The run lasted an hour and fifty minutes, the distance being eleven miles as the crow flies, and about fifteen miles as the hounds ran. Lord Clonmell, Mr. Shirley, Mr. Hugo Campbell, and Mr. John Lucy and Jack Wood had good places in the run, and towards the latter end of it the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Dillon, and some other gentlemen joined the field. The pack returned to the kennels on the same evening, a distance of thirty miles, without a hound missing. It is remarkable that two such runs from the same meet, and with a find at the same place, and over a good deal of the same country, and so nearly the same as regards distance and duration of time, should have taken place within one month.

"Venator" describes a slow hunting run, with a cold scent, as having taken place from Wolford Wood on Jan. 8th. He says that the hounds ran by Adlestrop Hill, and then near Stow-on-the-Wold, and by Heyford to Aston Park Wood, where the fox was viewed; and after again going away from there, was killed near Cheltenham, a distance of sixteen miles straight, and the run occupied two hours. Making allowance for the probable extent of country traversed, it must have taken much longer, and the hounds must have run not less than twenty-two miles. Lord Clonmell, Mr. Pole, of Todenham, Mr. Fellowes, and some other gentlemen and the huntsman were up at the death.

During the time Sir Richard Puleston hunted the Shropshire side of his country, a notable affair in the hunting world occurred. The Woore, belonging to Mr. Wicksted, of Betley; the Shropshire, under the management of Sir Edward Smythe, Mr. E. M. Smythe, and Mr. William Lloyd, of Aston; and the Cheshire, under Sir Harry Mainwaring, sent seven couples of hounds each to a meet at Shavington, then the seat of Earl Kilmorey, on the 7th April, 1829. It was a trial of speed between the three packs. Will Head, of the Cheshire, as the senior pack, was appointed huntsman; while Will Staples, of the Shropshire; and Wells, of the Staffordshire, were in attendance. It was a brilliant sight, for not less than two thousand horsemen made their appearance, of whom seven hundred were in scarlet, and there were carriages full of ladies without number. At eleven o'clock the hounds were thrown into the great wood at Shavington, found a fox immediately, had a fast

ringing run for thirty minutes, and lost him. They had a scurry with another which they killed in Lord Combermere's park. Then came the run of the day. Finding a fox in the sedges by the side of the lake, they went away at a good rate, with the hounds well at him in a body, and carrying a good head. Flying through the park, they crossed the Chester Road, and got somewhat clear of the crowd of horsemen that pressed upon them. The pace served the hounds, and so did a "regular yawner" that made the leading men swerve from the line to look for a weak place; it was a sunk fence, broad and deep, with stiff rails on the top; the height and the width made it nearly impossible for a horse to clear it in his stride. While they were hesitating at the obstacle, the voice of Jack Mytton was heard saying, "Out of the way, you fellows; here goes for the honour of Shropshire." Down came his Hit or Miss mare with Mytton* under her, bleeding, hatless, and torn. He remounted his mare, which had been brought back to him, and rode bare-headed through the rest of the run. The hounds, with a greatly diminished following, were stopped at the end of an hour, as they were then running a vixen heavy in cub. Will Head, never having left the hounds, and as it were first up, was awarded the brush. Will Staples, of the Shropshire, however, won two sovereigns from Will Head, on the wager of whose hounds should first taste blood.—[Rev. T. H. G. PULESTON, "The Wynnstay Country."]

"Hark Forward," relates that the season of 1829 had been very open, and that on March 7th but little disappointment was felt when Ladbroke, Watergall, and Radbourne Coverts were drawn blank. A good fox was found at Itchington Heath, which led the field through Chesterton Wood, and from there by Lighthorne, and over the Vale, to the right of Gaydon, to Edge Hill, where he was killed, after a brilliant run of fifty-four minutes without a check.

Another very fine and sporting run is described by "Venator" as having taken place from Wolford Wood during the same week, on March 10th. The fox broke covert at the Moreton end of the wood, with the pack close to him, and they ran very fast over Moreton Common, and through Evenlode to Chastleton, and thence to Adlestrop; here they turned back again down the Vale, and over the Evenlode Brook to Broadwell, and through Upper and

* Jack Mytton used to hunt a good deal from Leamington in Mr. Barnard's time. He used to stay at the Bedford Hotel, which was opposite the present Regent. He had a horse called Mad Tom, which he rode up the steps into the dining-room. He was with difficulty dissuaded from jumping him, or attempting to jump him, out of the window over some iron railings into the street. Mr. Arkwright, of Hatton, remembers him well, and told me that he once stopped with him when he had had a bad fall from Shuckburgh, and his horse was hurt. He kept on saying, "Oh, I should not have minded if it had been my own horse, but he was lent me by a friend."—W. R. V.

Lower Swell, and Upper and Lower Slaughter, and by Cold Aston, and between Turkdean and Farmington Groves, nearly to Northleach, where they killed the fox, after running for two hours and thirty minutes, over eighteen miles of country, and thirteen miles as the crow flies, the first hour of the run being without a check.

An excellent season's sport ended with a meet at Mitford Bridge on March 28th, 1829.

SEASON 1829-30.

"Anonymous" tells us that the first meet of this well-conducted pack took place at Compton Verney on Nov. 2nd, 1829, and on the following day they had a run from Farnborough, such as is not often seen at the beginning of the season. They found in the gorse near Mollington Wood, and ran by Claydon and over Boddington Hill, and through Priors Hardwick; thence leaving Priors Marston to the right, they went through Griffin's Gorse, Hellidon Village, and the Charwelton Spinneys to Preston Capes, and from there to Church Wood, just before reaching which the hounds were stopped, as the wood was known to be full of foxes. The run lasted an hour and fifty minutes, and extended over thirteen miles of country; the distance from point to point being nine miles.

On Monday, Nov. 7th, the meet was at Oxhill Village, and a capital fox was found at Hell Brake, which ran over Brailes Hill and by Sutton and Cherrington, straight through Whichford and Long Compton Woods and Rollwright Coombs, and was killed at Over Norton, after a run of an hour and forty-five minutes. This was a very severe run for horses, taking place as it did so early in the season. Captain Gregory's horse died near Halford Bridge.

The Warwickshire hounds had a very fast run over a fine line of country on Nov. 16th, from Lighthorne Rough, through Compton Verney Woods, by the Red House, and across Brookhampton Fields to Butlers Marston, where they had a short check; but the pack soon hit off the scent again, and ran close by the kennels, to Blacklands and Pillerton

Hersey, thence down the Vale to the right of Oxhill to Hell Brake, and from there to Compton Wynyates, where the fox took refuge in the icehouse and was soon killed. This was one of the severest runs of the season, and lasted an hour and forty-five minutes. Colonel Gilbert, Mr. R. Greaves, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Cumins, and Mr. Cockbill, junr., were up at the end.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1829.

MR. FELLOWS.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Bounty	Hannibal (24)	Bashful (27)
Champion }	Duke of Beaufort's Boxer...	Cymbeline (23)
Comedy }		
Countess }	Rocket (24)	Destiny (24)
Dorimont }		
Daffodil }	Rocket (24)	Jessamy (26)
Justice }		
Judy }	Minister (22)	Diligent (25)
Minister	Rocket (24)	Proserpine (14)
Royal }		
Ruby }	Rocket (24)	Warspite (23)
Rosebud }		
Rally }	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens.	Darling (23)
Rector }		
Racer }	Bachelor (25)	Virgin (25)
Rubens }		
Redrose }	{ Duke of Beaufort's }	Virulent (23)
Ruin }		
Relish }	{ Vanguard	Dairymaid (25)
Vanguard		
Vanity }	Workman (23)	
Verity }		
Viola }		
Windsor }		
Wildboy }		

A short account is given of a run on December 1st from Wolford Wood, in which the fox ran for an hour, but at last went away by Leamington Hastings and Ditchford, and, leaving Ilmington to the right, was killed at Shedcombe, between Campden and Cheltenham, after a run of an hour and twenty minutes without a check. At the death the Leamingtonians found themselves with a distance of thirty-four miles to ride home on tired horses.

Regarding the extreme steadiness of the Warwickshire

hounds in hunting, it is related as follows by Mr. Vyner in his "*Notitia Venatica*:"

It was in December of the year 1829, when the pack were under the management of that well known and excellent sportsman, Mr. Robert Fellowes, that the following incident occurred: An afternoon fox was found at Whitnash Gorse, and it being a good scent, and the hounds getting away at his brush, a tremendous burst over a severe country was the consequence. Pointing at first for Oakley Wood, and then bending to the left, the direction taken was over part of the Chesterton inclosures and Harbury Field. At this point a hare jumped up in view of the whole pack, who were at that time driving along with a breast high scent, and continued to run for at least half a mile in the exact direction which had been taken by the fox. The anxiety and despair depicted in their huntsman's face at this moment may be better imagined than described; the pace was so great that to get at them, or attempt to stop them, would have been impossible. Turning to me, who happened to be at that moment in a pretty good place, he exclaimed, "By —, sir, they are running hare! And yet," said he, pausing for a few moments, "they cannot be, for old Bashful is leading." He was right in his second supposition, for the hare, finding herself distressed, turned short across the field, and the gallant pack kept straight forward on the line of their fox, without one single hound deigning for a moment to look in which direction she had taken herself off out of their way. Forty-three minutes completed this excellent run up to Itchington Heath, and in four more minutes the fate of the fox was sealed, and his death proclaimed by a thrilling who-whoop. This incident, to the common run of riders, might appear to be without interest; but to me, to whom the behaviour of the hounds and the manner in which they perform their work are ever of the first consideration in a day's sport, it was particularly striking.

After the middle of December the hounds did not hunt on account of severe frost for two months.

On February 13th, 1830, the hounds met at Chesterton Wood, but the riding was very bad, and "*Hark Forward*" says: On the north and east side of the fences the ground still remained hard, and to leap was highly dangerous both to man and horse; but a few of those sportsmen which you will find in most countries, and who know very little about hunting, were hunting mad, and hunt they must, at all risk. Jack Wood took out 40½ couples of hounds to Chesterton Wood, and, as often may happen after a long frost, there was a burning scent. Three brace of foxes were soon on foot, and the hounds went away at once with one of them, and, keeping well together, ran without a check over Itchington Heath, and left Harbury to the right; and from thence our fox turned

to the left over Whitnash Field, leaving Warwick Park on the right and Oakley Wood on the left, he then went through Carter's Bushes to Chesterton Wood. The hounds ran right through the wood without a check, and passed by Harbury and between Radford and Whitnash, and, leaving Leamington to the right, killed their fox on the bridge over the Avon in Warwick Park. Every hound, except one called Wonder, was up at the death. The run lasted an hour and twenty minutes, with but one check near Highdown. Most of the crack horses were completely knocked up, and some few, long previous to the death of the fox, were bled on the field. Mr. Fellowes, Mr. Pole, and Mr. Mitchell, and only a few others were in at the death.

Between the years of 1790 and 1830 a great extent of country, once open and grass, was inclosed and cultivated. In many places the plough is giving way to the grass again.

From the *Leamington Courier* :

THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS, February 13th, 1830. — After a long severe frost, from December 22nd, 1829, to February 13th, 1830, a period of about seven weeks, the meet was at Chesterton Wood, where Will Boxall gave the signal for his favourites to make the best of their way into that well-preserved covert of the *canis vulpis*, where they soon found "one of the olden time," and ran him in the wood for some time. Eventually he broke away for Itchington Heath, and, leaving that to the right, on to Harbury Heath; from thence bearing to the right of Chesterton Village, straightway to Whitnash Gorse, but finding there no shelter, made the best of his way through Highdown Clump, and, leaving Tachbrook Village to the right, on to Oakley Wood, which he hurriedly passed through, running nearly parallel with Banbury turnpike road, by Ogbrook to Harwood's house, which he left on the right, bearing away to his old rendezvous—i.e., Chesterton Wood. Finding his home barricaded, he hastily left, crossing those beautiful grass fields on towards Chesterton Village, which he left on his right, then over the green hill, on which stands the notorious windmill, which, it is said, was constructed under the direction of the celebrated architect, Inigo Jones—wending his way from thence to Whitnash Village, which he skirted, then passing the Leamington Windmill, leaving the Shrublands on the right to Warwick Park, where he forfeited his life to the superior stamina of his merciless pursuers, after a chase of—with only two short checks—three hours and twenty minutes. In consequence of the long, severe frost, the ground was very heavy, and the pace in many parts of the run was very fast; therefore, only six were up at the death.

OCTOGENARIAN.

Mr. Vyner, in "*Notitia Venatica*," relates as follows an extraordinary instance of running a polecat to ground, which occurred with the hounds when Jack Wood hunted them :

I was very young at the time, and had only just begun to take notice of the work of hounds, but knew pretty well when they turned in a big wood of 300 acres, or if they were running in two or three bodies.

However, to hunt up my story, we found a fox in the Kenilworth Woods, and after giving him a devil of a dusting for about two hours, ran him to ground in a small head of earths in Long Meadows Wood.

I was attending to the cry of the hounds just before they went to ground, expecting to hear them stop and kill their fox, when suddenly they were divided into two bodies, both of which ran to ground at the same place, and within one minute of each other. Upon going down to the earth, I remarked to Jack Wood that there were two scents, and I fancied a brace of foxes were gone to ground. "There were two scents," said Wood, "but I am sure there never have been two foxes before the hounds this morning; it certainly did appear very strange for them to divide as they did during the last ring, but we shall see."

We dug down, and first of all found a huge polecat, and in a few more minutes (the terrier still keeping at work) the hunted fox.

"Well done, Master!" said Jack Wood; "you have got the best ear for a young one, I ever met with in my life!"

I felt half a foot higher upon the strength of such a compliment from such a quarter.

Mr. Vyner was entered well, and when hunting his own hounds compassed the

DEATH OF MANY A FOX.





GOING IN AND OUT CLEVER.

Happy the man who, with unrivall'd speed,
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent.—*Somerville.*

CHAPTER VI.

MR. RUSSELL.

SEASONS 1830-31, 31-2, 32-33.

MR. FELLOWES having signified his intention of giving up the hounds at the end of the season of 1830, the subscribers to the Hunt and owners of coverts met at the Warwick Arms on Wednesday, December 2nd. During the meeting, Mr. J. Russell, of Upton House, expressed his willingness, in case no other offer was made, to hunt the Warwickshire country for seven years, provided the sum of 2000*l.* was subscribed annually. The retirement of Mr. Fellowes was deeply regretted, the more so because during his too short period of management he had shown very fine sport.

The offer of Mr. John Russell, of Upton House, to hunt the country was accepted. Jack Wood left the Warwickshire, and Bill Boxall was promoted to the office of huntsman.*

* "A huntsman," says Mr. Beckford, "should be attached to the sport and indefatigable in the pursuit of it. He should be sensible, good tempered, sober, exact,

Mr. Russell entered upon his duties as master with much in his favour. He was a capital sportsman, and his character stood high in both public and social life. The anticipations of good sport raised by his excellent arrangements for hunting the country were fully realised.

At a meeting held at the Royal Hotel, Leamington, in 1830, Mr. Russell undertook to hunt the Woodlands two days a week, and it was agreed that a kennel, stables, &c., should be built near to the town for the better accommodation of those gentlemen who resided at the Spa and in its vicinity, and made it their headquarters during the hunting season. The inhabitants subscribed liberally in order to carry into effect the resolutions passed at the meeting, and Mr. Robbins agreed to complete the whole by the following September, and the buildings were erected at Lillington, about a mile north of the town, and gave entire satisfaction. Leamington, from this time, greatly rose in popularity as a hunting resort.

"J. R." gives, unfortunately, a very vague account of the first fine run in Mr. Russell's time, early in the season. The hounds found at Idlicotē, and after running for some time round the coverts, forced the fox into the open; they ran without a check down the Vale and over Edge Hill, where the pace became slower, and the fox was killed in a turnip field between there and Banbury, after a run sufficiently severe for the huntsman to tire out three horses; and Mr. Greaves, on his favourite and famous old mare, jumped the last fence first, and took the fox from the hounds.

"J. R." again, without giving particulars, tell us that on Monday, Nov. 29th, the hounds had a splendid run from

and cleanly, a good groom and an excellent horseman; his voice should be strong and clear, with an eye so quick as to perceive which of his hounds carry the scent when all are running, and where they throw up as well; an ear so excellent as always to distinguish the leading hounds when he does not see them. Such are the qualities that constitute perfection in a huntsman. He should not, however, be too fond of displaying them till called forth by necessity, it being a peculiar and distinguishing trait in his province to let his hounds alone when they can hunt, and strenuously to assist them when they cannot."

**The Warwickshire Hounds. Tom Day (first Whip) in front ;
Mr. Russell (Master) and William Boxall (Huntsman)
in the centre ; Jack Ransom (second Whip) in the
distance ; Thomas Goddard (second horseman) off his
horse. From the picture by Webb, of Tamworth. The
property of Lord de Clifford, of Chudleigh.**



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a small gorse covert near Ladbroke, to ground near Rugby. So great was the pace that the greater part of the field were distanced, but nobody went better than Mr. Russell himself. "Venator," with only the same information, writes a long poem about this run, which was no doubt about as good as could be.

On Thursday, December 17th, the meet was at Ufton Wood.

See we the well-known covert's side,
Each fav'rite hound the huntsman's pride;
Each friendly voice, each note, each cheer,
Again with thrilling ardour hear,
And picture still in fancy's glow
The wild, the madd'ning Tally-ho!

An hour elapsed before the fox broke covert, but, as often happens, the scent was improved by his having been well hustled in the wood before going away.* The hounds ran at their best pace to Whitnash Gorse, and from there through Chesterton Wood to Lighthorne Rough; from thence they skirted the coverts at Compton Verney, and ran in the direction of Brickhill Gorse, but they pressed the fox so hard that he turned back, and was killed at Walton Wood after a run of two hours and twenty minutes. A large field had assembled at the meet, but very few were in at the death.

The Warwickshire hounds had good sport until the end of the season, without any very fine run taking place, and the exertions of Boxall to show sport, together with the style in which the hounds were turned out, gave satisfaction to every sportsman.

At a time when all the world is run mad about fox-hunting, an "Old Sportsman" remarks, I am surprised so few gentlemen have learned to enjoy it rationally. The fashion of the present day is hard riding, and at night, when at the convivial board, their only pleasure seems to be in relating the exploits or disasters of their own or their friends' horses, not a word about the best or the worst

* Perhaps they got away close on his back.—W. B. V.

hound in the pack, or any idea started to ascertain whether by system or by accident they had contrived to carry a scent twenty miles over a country to kill a fox, and how so great an event has been achieved few modern sportsmen can with any degree of accuracy relate. The "Old Sportsman" is very severe, but perhaps not unjustly so, on his generation in 1831, and we hope that more true lovers of

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1830.

MR. J. RUSSELL.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Brusher		
Bowman		
Baronet		
Blameless		
Bugler	Benedict (26)	Warble (26)
Cryer	Col. Berkeley's Pagan	His Bravery
Denmark	Rocket (24)	Cymbeline (23)
Dewdrop	Ranter (27)	Destiny (24)
Duncan	Bobadil (26)	Darling (23)
Harmony	Ranter (27)	Honesty (25)
Harmless		
Marmion		
Manager		
Mover	Minister (22)	Dairymaid (25)
Madcap		
Modish		
Remus	Rocket (24)	Vocal (26)
Remnant	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens	His Waspish
Rifeman	Rocket (24)	Playful (27)
Rambler		
Ringwood	Rocket (24)	Wildfire (26)
Ruler		
Vaulter	Duke of Beaufort's Vanguard	Diligent (25)
Voucher	Duke of Beaufort's Vanguard	His Echo
Welcome	Col. Berkeley's Woldsman	His Racket
Workman	Workman (23)	Volatile (26)

the noble science are to be found amongst the field of the present day.

On June 16th, 1831, in consequence of the Anson Hunt relinquishing the hunting south of Coventry, the following coverts were transferred to the Warwickshire: Weston Wood, Wappenbury Wood, Waverley Wood, Bericote Wood, Baggington, Princethorpe, Ryton Woods, Bubbenhall, and Cubbington Woods.

SEASON 1831-32.

The first meet of the season was on October 31st, at Upton. The hounds were in fine condition, the huntsman and whips well mounted, and they had a good day's sport. Several more good days are recorded, and a good number

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1831.

MR. J. RUSSELL.

NAMES.	SIRE	DAMS.
Bachelor } Bluecap } Bounty }	Bachelor (25)	Dairymaid (25)
Diligent	Edwin (23)	Destiny (24)
Harbinger	Surrey Harlequin	Their Welcome
Hymen	Benedict (26)	Hebe (24)
Hercules } Hopeful }	Hadrian *	Prudence (28)
Ottoman } Ornament }	Bachelor (25)	Ornament (24)
Racer	Rocket (24)	Butterfly (27)
Register } Rosemary }	Rocket (24)	Blossom (27)
Rivers } Rakish }	Belvoir Solomon †	Benefit (27)
Solomon	{ Duke of Beaufort's Work- }	Virulent (23)
Vyner } Vanity }	{ man	Brevity (26)
Whimsey } Woodman }	{ Duke of Beaufort's Work- }	Wildfire (26)
Woeful } Watchman }	Belvoir Whipster ‡	Rosebud (29)
Willing } Wisdom }	Belvoir Whipster	Rally (29)
Warspite		
Woldsman		

* By Lord Tavistock's Hercules—Mr. Ward's Misery. Bought by Mr. Russell as a five-year-old in the spring of 1831.

† By Belvoir Roderick—their Songstress. Bought by Mr. Fellowes as a nine-year-old in 1829.

‡ Belvoir Lifter—their Wanton. Bought by Mr. Russell as a five-year-old in 1830.

of foxes were killed, but there was no first-class run before Christmas.

On December 21st, 1831, at a meeting held at the Warwick Arms, it was resolved that, on consideration of Mr. Russell's proposal of continuing to hunt the country,

including the additional woodlands, a subscription of 2100*l.* be entered into for one year.

The issue of the *Leamington Spa Courier*, Jan. 22, 1832, contains an account of the following runs :

The Warwickshire hounds met at Hounds Hill on Thursday. Having drawn, and found a good fox in Alveston Pastures, off they went at a slapping pace in the direction of Alveston Village. He then turned short to the right for Wellesbourne Wood, Walton, and Bowshot, and after leading his pursuers to Lighthorne Rough, returned to his old haunts near Alveston Pastures. This run, which lasted from eleven o'clock till past five, and at times going the very best pace, proved that the Warwickshire hounds are what they always have been—"out and outers." Almost every nag was knocked up, and their riders were obliged to say "Enough!"

On Saturday these hounds met at Avon Dassett, and after vainly trying a small gorse, started a fox in a fallow field. After giving a circle, he went away towards Boddington Hill, but, being headed, he led his pursuers a chase back to Farnboro', where he jumped into a pond in the vain hope of eluding his pursuers, and was killed. In the excitement of the scene, the horse of a gallant Nimrod sprang with his rider into the water, thus inflicting an unnecessary ducking on his master, but affording him the honour of dragging dead reynard out of the pool.

On Jan. 26th, 1832, "Anonymous" tells us of a very severe run from Radbourne Gorse, which was the crack covert of the Hunt, a sure find, and noted for stout and wild foxes. Sportsmen came long distances from Leicestershire and Northamptonshire to see it drawn. On this occasion a fox went away at once, and ran nearly straight to Itchington Holt, and through there to Chadshunt Spinneys, and part of the way to Kineton. He next turned back to the Holt, and, after going twice round the covert, went away again towards Kineton, and, turning to left ran to Burton Dassett, where the hounds were whipped off. Out of a field of three hundred only six saw the finish, and one gentleman killed his horse.

The *Leamington Spa Courier* had an account of this run in its issue of Jan. 28, 1832, evidently by the same writer quoted above.

The Warwickshire had a tremendous run on Thursday. Drew Radbourne Gorse, and found almost instantly. This is the third time this covert has been drawn this season, and it has the rare credit of furnishing the best description of foxes, and it is almost a certain find, and they have never yet been disappointed of what in sporting phrase is termed an "out an outer." The fox this morning added fame to the Radbourne breed, and went off

straight away to Itchington Holt. The pace was good all the way, and lasted thirty-five to forty minutes. Here unfortunately they changed foxes, and he led them direct to Chadshunt, and thence in the direction of Kineton, and the hounds were finally whipped off at Burton Dassett.

On March 15th a fox was found at Chesterton Wood that went for Lighthorne Rough, but, leaving that covert to the right, he ran to Chadshunt Spinneys and Itchington Heath. After a ring round the covert he went back to Chesterton Wood, and through the covert to the Windmill

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1832.

MR. J. RUSSELL.

NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMs.
Bajazet	Benedict (26)	Bashful (26)
Boxer }	Bachelor (25)	Welcome (30)
Bauble }		
Bluebell }	Belvoir Whipster	Benefit (27)
Brilliant }	Lord Scarborough's Rattler.	His Captious
Challenge	Pilot (28)	Dewdrop (30)
Damsel	Blucher (28)	Dairymaid (25)
Dairymaid }		
Dalliance }	Lord Scarborough's General.	His Ruin
Governor	Lord Scarborough's General.	His Syren
General	Hadrian	Rally (29)
Hadrian	Hadrian	Bonnylass (27)
Harasser	Hadrian	Jessamy (26)
Jessamy }		
Jessica }	Sir H. Goodricke's Manager.	His Rarity
Midnight	Ranter (27)	Ornament (31)
Orator	Hadrian	Rosamond (27)
Richmond }		
Rosamond }	Ranter (27)	Destiny (24)
Rhapsody	Lord Scarborough's Justice.	His Sylvia
Solomon	Hadrian	Volatile (26)
Vengeance	Belvoir Whipster	Rosebud (29)
Woodbine	Belvoir Whipster	Butterfly (27) .
Wanderer }		
Wanton }	Belvoir Whipster	Wildfire (26)
Winifred		

and Whitnash Gorse, and thence through Ufton Wood to Print Hill, and to the left over the Fosse Road. Here the hounds were whipped off, when it was found that two fresh foxes were in front of them.

SEASON 1832-33.

The first meet of the season was on Nov. 1st, 1832, and the hounds hunted five days a week.

The *Leamington Spa Courier* of Nov. 24, 1832, has the following notice of the Warwickshire hounds at this date :

This well-appointed pack, under the splendid management of J. Russell, Esq., have commenced the season most auspiciously. Even thus early they have had some excellent runs, and on Thursday last afforded as brilliant a day's sport as was perhaps ever enjoyed. Chesterton Wood was the appointment, where a numerous and well-appointed field assembled. The hounds killed their first fox at Ladbroke Gorse, where another fox of the right sort was immediately found. Reynard made neither feint nor double, but at once broke covert, with the hounds close at his brush. He led them at a slapping pace to Odenhill, thence to Chapel Ascot, Ladbroke, and Bishop's Itchington, and was run into in gallant style on Itchington Heath, after running over a fine country, without a moment's check, of full sixteen miles (*sic*). The distance was done in 55min., and was pronounced to be by experienced sportsmen as brilliant a run as they ever witnessed. [This account appears in "Venator's" book, but sixteen miles in 55min. must be taken *cum grano salis*, with a little cayenne pepper.—W. R. V.]

From the *Sporting Magazine*, December, 1832 :

In the winter of 1830-31 the Warwickshire hounds had a tremendous run, in which several horses died in the field. Four only were up at the death, three of which died immediately afterwards. Wroxton, by Militiaman, the property of Colonel Gilbert, was the only survivor. Mr. W. F. J. North has a print of this horse, from a picture probably by Herring, presented to him by Colonel Norris.

On Jan. 3rd one of the best runs took place which had been seen during the mastership of Mr. Russell. The hounds found at Radbourne, and ran very fast to Watergall, and through the covert ; and, leaving Fenny Compton to the right, ran by Avon Dassett to Farnborough, and from thence to Knoll End, and by Upton and Shenington to Epwell White House, where the fox got into one of the drains leading to the cellars. In two different accounts of the run it is said that there was a change of foxes, and probably a large part of the run was at hunting pace, as it lasted three hours. It extended over about seventeen miles of country, and the distance straight was nearly thirteen miles.

The *Leamington Spa Courier* has an account of this day's sport, in which it says that the pleasures of the day were considerably enhanced by the reappearance of the truly estimable nobleman, Lord Clonmell, among the numerous field of sportsmen who assembled on this occasion.

One more run only worthy of notice is recorded during Mr. Russell's time. The hounds found at Windmill Hill (no doubt the same as Burton Hill), and ran to Farnborough, and from there to Boddington Hill, and through the gorse nearly to Priors Marston; and then, inclining to the right, ran near Priors Hardwick, and afterwards turned still more to the right, and, leaving Fenny Compton to the left, ran back to Farnborough, where the fox went to ground, and was bolted and killed after an hour's run at best pace over the finest part of the country.

Splendid run with Sir Harry Goodricke's hounds, 1833 :

On Wednesday last, Feb. 13th, the above hounds met at Oadby Gate Covert, and, as usual, were attended by a brilliant retinue of English and foreign noblemen. The field consisted of upwards of 300 horsemen, 150 of which were "scarlet-coat" gentry. It being a bye day (*sic*) with several other packs in the neighbourhood also caused an additional muster. The morning was very favourable, although a great deal of rain had fallen the night previous, and at eleven o'clock

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaims it a hunting morning.

Derry, all alive, soon put the hounds in the gorse, and in about three minutes after a favourite hound gave tongue, and the Old Meltonians were immediately on the look-out. Reynard soon peeped out at the bottom of the covert, and, looking at his pursuers, immediately started off at a rattling pace towards the back of Stretton Hall; and bearing away towards Burton, Overly, which he passed, the hounds being in full cry, followed close after by Sir Harry, Count D'Orsay, Sir John Kaye, Mr. Little Gilmour, and the Russian Ambassador. The fox then ran to Carlton Clump, and took shelter in a small covert at the bottom, but after a check of five minutes he again peeped out, and away went hounds and horsemen in the direction of Noseley, taking the water that runs into the Welland from Langton, commonly called Langton Brook. Here reynard thought to evade his pursuers, the brook appearing a complete sea, but Sir Harry, like a true Leicestershire foxhunter, immediately jumped in, and gallantly with his horse swam across. This was no joke, no soul knowing the depth, but Count D'Orsay,* who had taken some tremendous leaps during the run, and had several falls, followed, but with some difficulty reached the opposite shore. Sir John Kaye, determined, as he said, not to be beat by a foreigner, next jumped in, but he soon found the river too wide and deep, and once was completely under water. Mr. Gilmour shared the same fate, and both horses and men were to be seen together, struggling to reach the opposite bank. This they did in safety, save a good ducking and a narrow escape of their lives. The appearance of the party on emerging from the brook was truly

* We have seen some old sporting prints by Alken representing the Count taking some of these tremendous leaps, and we believe there is one print depicting this very scene at the Langton Brook.

laughable, their leather breeches appearing like tripe. After killing the fox, it was amusing to see both individuals holding each other up by the legs to let the water run out of their boots. Many of the field who did not like a good ducking pulled up, and crossed a bridge further down the river. On clearing the brook, the party again went away in good style, and after a severe run of one hour and a half the fox was killed in Langton Caldwell. Count D'Orsay distinguished himself on the occasion, and on going over a quick-set hedge his left boot was completely ripped from top to bottom, and though not up at the death, the brush, out of compliment, was given to him. A second fox was found, which was killed at Welland, in Northamptonshire.

The above account of this run with the Quorn and Leicestershire hounds was taken from the *Leicester Herald*, February 20th, 1833, and a Mr. Pole, of Todenham, was out.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, March 30th, 1833 :

On Monday this crack pack met at Whimpston Bridge. The snow was lying thick upon the hills near the residence of the master of hounds (Upton House), and excited fears that the weather would not admit of hunting, and a strong number of Nimrods assembled at the place of meeting were, for a time, in anxious suspense. About twelve o'clock, however, their apprehensions were allayed by the appearance of Mr. Russell. The order was given to draw Gally Oak, but not finding there, went to Preston Bushes, and in about five minutes as grand a fox was found as ever crossed a country. His course was straight, and unflinching as it was fast. He went to Mickleton at a good pace, and, although everybody had a good start, there were many absentees even at that place; and at Baker's Hill, about seven miles from the Bushes, the field became very select. Here there was a check for two or three minutes, which was most acceptable to everyone. From Baker's Hill they went direct for Weston Park, which the fox ran through, and made an attempt to get over the stone wall into Gloucestershire; but his fate was sealed, for poor reynard was obliged to return to the wood, and as a last chance he passed the corner of Weston Wood a second time, and hounds finally ran into him at Newcomb's White House, after a run of one hour and three minutes, as good and as fast as any sportsman could desire. There were twenty-five up at the death. Distance not less than fourteen miles (*sic*). On the whole, the run forms a brilliant close to one of the most brilliant seasons of the Warwickshire. The season commenced with good sport, and within the last month this pack have killed eleven out of fourteen foxes. [The account of this run occurs word for word in "Venator's" book.—C. M.]

The *Leamington Spa Courier*, March 30th, 1833, says :

Captain Russell will retire from the management with the esteem and respect of the whole Hunt. His urbanity of manners, with the liberal spirit which has distinguished all his hunting arrangements, left nothing to be desired, and we cannot indulge in a happier aspiration than that the gentlemen of the Warwickshire Hunt may enjoy as much good sport under the auspices of the gallant Captain's successor as they have done under him.

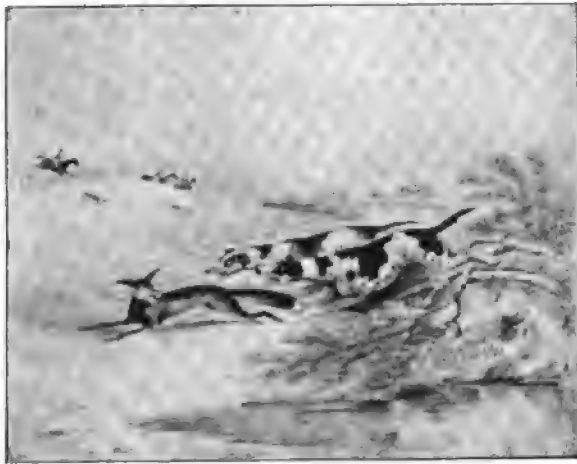
During this season the pack hunted eighty days and killed and accounted for ninety-four foxes.

Mr. Russell gave up the hounds on account of failing health at the end of the season of 1833.

"Scrutator" copies the following notice from the county paper of the sad and early death of Mr. Russell.

John Russell, Esq., of Kirkby Mallory, Leicestershire, and late of Upton House, in this county, died at 32, Lansdowne-place, Leamington, on the 27th of April, 1833, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, sincerely and deeply regretted by all who knew him. Mr. Russell was Master of the Warwickshire Hounds for three seasons, and acquired great and deserved popularity in that situation. In him were happily united the sound judgment and energy of a first rate sportsman with the conciliatory and polished manners of a gentleman, and he was much beloved for his gentleness of deportment and excellent temper, which, though often tried in the field, was never ruffled. Mr. Russell was the second son of Lord William Russell, brother of the Duke of Bedford. He entered early into the navy, and served many years in the Mediterranean and other parts of the world.

"Thus early called to everlasting rest,
Death spares not long the bravest and the best."





OVER A BROOK.

CHAPTER VII.

Nothing has this gay world to give
 Equal to the life we live;
 Nothing on earth our hearts can cheer
 Equal to the horn we hear;
 Nothing our pleasure can annoy
 When we note the huntsman's cry;
 Nothing can vie in syren sound
 With the magic voice of hound.

MR. THORNHILL—CRACK RIDERS OF WARWICKSHIRE—BILL
 BARROW—THE DEBDALE HUNT—GREAT RUN FROM UFTON
 WOOD—MR. BERNARD GRANVILLE—SEASONS 1833-38.

MR. W. P. THORNHILL, of Hounds Hill, became the master of the Warwickshire hounds in 1833, in succession to Mr. Russell. He had been for several years well known in the country as an enthusiastic sportsman and a very hard rider to hounds, and his acceptance of the office was heartily welcomed. The country, as before, was hunted by subscription. Bill Boxall continued huntsman. Tom Day was first, and Jack Ransom second whip.

Mr. Thornhill increased the number of the hounds. Mr. Russell had kept $49\frac{1}{2}$ couples, and Mr. Thornhill's first entry consisted of $17\frac{1}{2}$ couples, and amongst the sires were

Portrait of Mr. Thornhill.
From the engraving after the picture
by
J. B. Black.

Portrait of Mr. W. W. Smith.
From the engraving after the picture
by
J. B. HERR.





hounds from the Belvoir, Mr. Muster's, Mr. Osbaldeston's, and Lord Tavistock's, Mr. Drake's, and the Duke of Beaufort's.

SEASON 1833-34.

The first meet was on October 28th at Hounds Hill. The pack hunted five days a week, and some capital sport was shown during the season.

CRACK RIDERS OF WARWICKSHIRE.

(Abstracted from "NIMROD.")

LORD DENBIGH has always been well mounted, and is a true friend to foxhunting, but now contents himself with what he can get from his seat in Warwickshire, having given up his seat in Leicestershire.

LORD CLONMELL has always been well horsed. Although never appearing to wish to be a first flight man in a run, where is there a dearer lover of sport, or any man who has tried to be with the hounds harder than he has?

The LAWLEYS all ride—"Sir Lawley," as he was so called at Melton, then Sir Robert Lawley, late Lord Wenlock, at the head of them. But the crack man of the three is FRANK LAWLEY (now Sir Francis Lawley), as he was called. He was a prime man over a country, and what we call a beautiful horseman. The third and younger brother, MR. BEILBY LAWLEY, now Mr. Beilby Thompson, was also a pretty performer, but I believe he has long since done with hunting.

MR. ROBERT CANNING, who resided at Hounds Hill, was sent amongst us to show what that fine animal the horse can do. He measured 6ft 4in., and weighed 17st., and the rare faculties and powers he possessed arose from a quick eye, a clear head, a fine hand, extreme coolness, and undaunted resolution. A gentleman, a very old Meltonian, and a very good judge, came into Warwickshire for two reasons—one to see Mr. Corbet's hounds, and the other to see Mr. R. Canning ride. When he got back into Leicestershire he described him as follows: "The morning was unfavourable, and the scent so bad that we could not get on with our fox, and I saw nothing remarkable in Mr. Canning. At two o'clock we found a fresh one. The hounds went at their very best pace, when Mr. Canning came out of the crowd like a bee out of a hive, and beat every man that was out." Mr. Canning's stud was five or six. He rode Favourite for eight seasons in succession. His best hunter was Knowsley, a stallion, purchased from Mr. Boycott; with him he lost his start in Leicestershire, but afterwards got a front place. What Warwickshire sportsmen can forget his "come-up" when riding his horse over a flooded brook or a tremendous fence.

MR. JOHN LUCY signalised himself by being one of *three* that went the tremendous run Lord Middleton had from out of the Warwickshire Vale country to Ditchley Park, twelve miles from Oxford—every other man being beaten to a standstill, and the hounds taking up their abode for the night in the Duke of Beaufort's kennel at Heythrop. Not one of Lord Middleton's men, capitally mounted as they were, could get in reach of their hounds. There were also a few crack Meltonians at starting, but all, save one, shared

the same fate. One of the best of them declined when I cut it, about six miles from the finish.

I call MR. HAY a capital horseman. In fact, no man need ride better than he did, in every one's opinion, when his hounds hunted Warwickshire—very straightforward and very quick.

MR. BOYCOTT, of Rudgehall, Shropshire, was for many years a very leading man in Warwickshire, in the early period of Mr. Corbet's hunting it.

MR. CHARLES BOULTBEE, brother of Mr. J. Boulton, of Baxterley, near Atherstone, a clipping rider of a great weight. There are but few Charles Boulton's.

MR. HUGO CAMPBELL was a leading man in Warwickshire in Lord Middleton's time.

MR. F. CHARLTON, a superior sportsman in his day, was also a regular attendant, for many years, of the Warwickshire.

MR. HENRY WILLIAMS—better known as Harry Williams—son of the General of that name, is a proper dare-devil over a country, and a very good rider withal. The last time I saw him was in Warwickshire, about six years ago, when he was going in his usual dread-nought style. But do I not remember seeing his father do the same thing? To be sure I do, as the hard riding "Harry Williams of my boyish days, and to whom I looked up, I fear, with more reverence than to any other being, because I had heard that he had swum the river Severn, when bank-full, after hounds." General Williams was, however, one of the best as well as boldest riders of his day in Shropshire and the counties neighbouring to it.

MR. CHARLES GOULD, son of the late Colonel of the Notts militia, and nephew of the late LORD DORMER. He is an excellent horseman, with plenty of nerve, and has shown much judgment in selecting young horses, and perfecting their education as hunters—no bad test of *hand*.

MR. HOLLAND also distinguished himself for the last ten years over Warwickshire. All who saw that fine run with Mr. Hay, from Lighthorne Rough to Edge Hills, can speak of his excellent performances on that day. But he is a hard and good rider.

MR. SHELDON, of Brailles, son of the late R. Sheldon, Esq., of Weston, that perfect sample of an old English gentleman, is one of the best "Warwickshire lads," and a good sportsman withal.

MR. J. HAWKES, of Snitterfield, used to say, "Warwickshire can't show a run—there's no room in it." But I am happy to say I saw this harmless conceit once taken very fairly out of him. We found our fox one day—and let those who know the country follow me—at Walton Wood, Sir J. Mordaunt's, and, passing over the fine lordship of Lighthorne, Long Itchington, and Upton, killed him at Watergall House, about a mile and a half from Southam. Mr. Hawkes rode Featherlegs that day, but he, as well as a very large field, with the exception of three, were beaten out of sight for the last four miles. "Now, then, Mr. Hawkes" (said Mr. R. Canning to him when he came up, raising his voice to the highest pitch), "can Warwickshire show a run?" A finer than this could not be seen, for we had but two momentary checks, and, after the first mile, over grass.

Now what shall I say of the late MR. HANCOX, so many years in Warwickshire, and one of the best horsemen there? Why, he did not see one run in ten. Who put his horse to a fence in a more workmanlike style? No one. And yet, having a bad eye to hounds, and persisting in taking his

own line of country, his general fate was to be beaten. Speaking of him as a horseman, he was, however, decidedly a good one.

There was a very heavy man in Warwickshire some years since, who rode well to hounds. I think he could not be under 20st. I allude to MR. H. ROBERTS, who resided at Stratford-on-Avon, and was for many years a constant attendant on the Warwickshire hounds.

MR. VAUGHTON, who resides near Coventry, is a very good man of his weight, about 18st., and a thrusting rider.

MR. J. VENOUR was one of the best men over Warwickshire in the early part of Mr. Corbet's hunting it. He particularly distinguished himself on a little horse called Hero, which I sold him when in my teens.

MR. BURTON, a tanner, of Nuneaton, on a small animal only 14½ hands high, called Jack, was a match for most men. Tom Smith, when hunting in Leicestershire, dashed at a high timber fence, over which he thought it was not possible anyone else could follow him. The huntsman's horse knocked down the top bar, when Mr. Burton easily jumped over, and, in the next field, was still close at his heels.

BEN HOLLOWAY, an Oxfordshire man, was a good horseman, and well known in Warwickshire. I have now known him upwards of thirty years, and when I saw him last he was in his old place, "close to their heels," as Mat Wilkinson says.

Decidedly the best man Warwickshire ever saw, next to Mr. R. Canning, was MR. H. WYATT, a native of that sporting county, 6ft. 3in. high, and weighing 15st.—Mr. Canning beat him by an inch—who was chiefly conspicuous in the period of Lord Middleton and Mr. Shirley hunting the country, although he commenced in Mr. Corbet's time. A more daring rider than Mr. Wyatt there not only could not be, but need not be, for if it were in the powers of his horse to carry him to hounds, there was nothing wanting on his part, and it is due to him to say that a more gallant horseman England never saw. I have seen him in all situations with hounds. I have seen him on the wrong side of a large cover at starting, and I have seen hounds slip away from him from other causes. I have known him meet with falls and perplexities, and appear in his place again in a trice, as though he had been dropped from the clouds; but I never heard of or saw a good run that, if Henry Wyatt was out, he did not see the best part of it, and made his appearance at the finish. I never shall forget one fence I saw him ride over, after his horse had been going some time. It was a hog-back broken stile, quite as high as his horse's back, on a narrow, slippery footpath, and on a considerable ascent. I certainly did not consider it a practicable fence, situated as it was, and was surprised to see him well landed in the next field. To be sure, he was upon a rare bit of stuff—his Morgan Rattler horse, long and wide, but not tall.

On October 31st the hounds had a brilliant run from Itchington Heath to Chesterton, and from there to Bishop's Itchington, through the covert there, and on to Ladbroke Spinneys; thence through the village, and leaving Southam to the left, they ran near Radbourne Gorse, and lost the fox in Napton Village, after running for an hour and five minutes.

December 2nd, when the meet was at Ilmington, was a memorable day. It was intended to draw Foxcote, but owing to complaints made by some of the farmers near Meon Hill, that a fox in that neighbourhood had taken their poultry, it was decided to draw for him ; this fox was so well known that he had been coursed regularly once a week for the last two months. He did not care for this, as greyhounds were not at this time fast enough to catch a good fox, but at a later period they became much more destructive, whenever this unsportsmanlike pursuit was practised. As soon as the hounds had drawn some of the small coverts on the hill, there was the holloa of a fox gone away, the hounds at once went to it, and got away close to him. He left the hill at once, and took to the Evesham Vale. Leaving Lower Quinton to the right, and Lower Pebworth on his left, he passed through Marston Grounds, over the brook, and between Marston and Dorsington to Hillingdon Farm, where he was hard pressed about the yards and buildings, and again took to the Vale ; and, skirting Pebworth Gorse, he was killed in the open, on the top of Rumer Hill, after a run of an hour and five minutes without a check, the hounds not having been cast once during the whole time. The head of this fox, a present from Mr. Thornhill, was preserved in a glass case and placed in the Hunt room at the Warwick Arms, with an account of the run written underneath it. Only five saw the run : Mr. Thornhill, on his brown horse Rosby, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Smith, Bill Boxall, and Tom Day.

The anxiety, perseverance, and resolution of a huntsman occur to us here. On one occasion Bill Barrow had been thrown out by his hounds, and a gentleman farmer living near the covert in which they were running heard them. He was not out on that day, but he was too good a sportsman to mar the enjoyment of others by heading a fox, so he pulled up his horse and stood still by a hedge-side, and in a few minutes the fox went away, and passed across the field within sight of him ; the hounds were then

but a field behind the fox, going at their best pace, and not a single horseman was within sight of them. In a few minutes Bill Barrow came up alone. "Have you seen the fox, sir?" said he. "Yes." "And the hounds?" "Yes." "Who was with them?" "Nobody," was the reply. "Which way are they gone?" "I see them now," said the yeoman. "Where? Where?" asked Bill, eagerly. "Don't you see them driving up the hill, yonder, as fast as legs can carry them?" "I do, I do," answered Bill, and he instantly dashed, as fast as he could, point blank for the spot; the sun shone at the moment on the hillside, and they could plainly discern the hounds, although the distance was two miles off. Our informant kept his place, and in a few minutes he saw Barrow mount the same hill; he had evidently gained on the hounds, and got up to them soon afterwards. Barrow struck off for the hill in a direct line, he first took a moderate hedge, and next dashed through a strong willow fence, and cleared a brook on the other side. "I thought," said the yeoman, "that no man on horse would dare to attempt such a leap, and expected to see them either fall backward or tumble headlong into the brook. They cleared both with apparent ease. As the willows were too high to top and too strong, as I thought, to give way, I went to see how they had made their way through them. Two of the willows, right and left, much thicker than my wrist, had been twisted nearly off by the force of the horse, and he had dropped fairly on his feet on the opposite side, a great distance from the take-off, without a stumble." The nag Bill rode that day was what I should call a little one, but he was a rare bit of stuff, and I never saw one of his size able to live with him across such a country. His strength, courage, and bottom carried him over everything that came in his way.

In connection with this subject, we may here allude to the celebrated feat, achieved in 1792 by Mr. Bingham, of leaping a horse over the wall of Hyde Park, the height of which was 6½ft. on the inside, and 8ft. on the outside, where a bed of manure was laid to receive the animal. The

high-spirited steed performed the feat twice, merely displacing a few bricks at the last jump.

On December 7th, 1833, a run took place over a splendid country from Debdale, by East Leamington, to

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1833.

MR. W. P. THORNHILL.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.
Bachelor	Myrmidon *	Blossom (27)
Barrister }	Benedict (26)	Prudence (28)
Benedict }	Mr. Muster's Forester	His Amethyst
Fairplay	Mr. Muster's Singer	His Playful
Plunder	Belvoir Cormorant	Benefit (27)
Chastity }		
Comrade }		
Duncan }		
Denmark }	Belvoir Rummager	Daffodil (29)
Dexter }		
Delicate }		
Destiny }		
Ferryman	Mr. Osbaldeston's Ferryman	Vanity (31)
Forester }	Lord Tavistock's Hazard ...	Bonnylass (27)
Frantic }	Lord Tavistock's Hesperus	Brevity (26)
Hesperus		
Halifax }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Boaster...	Harmless (30)
Hasty }		
Honesty }		
Bobadil	Bobadil (26)	Bashful (26)
Morland }	Myrmidon *	Rally (29)
Mystery }		
Myrmidon }	Myrmidon *	Blameless (30)
Mariner }		
Melody }		
Matchless }		
Proctor }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Boaster	Proserpine (24)
Pontiff }		
Pastime }		
Proserpine }		
Wellington }	Champion (29)	Welcome (30)
Waterloo }		
Witchcraft }	Lord Tavistock's Hazard ...	Bonnylass (27)
Wonderful }		
Hazard		

* Lord Tavistock's Marmion—his Hopeful. Bought as a five-year-old, in 1831, by Mr. Russell.

Bunker's Hill, and from thence, leaving Dunchurch to the left, to ground at Crick in an hour and thirty-five minutes. The distance was twelve miles straight, and the time in which it was traversed speaks for the severity of the pace.

THE DEBDALE HUNT.

Attributed to the Hon. R. PLUNKETT, Princethorpe, Jan. 11th, 1834,

Air—"One Bumper at Parting."

Come, Clio, delighting in story,
Come, sing we of Bobby, and how
He was only the next thing in glory
To Sir Guy, or his famous dun cow!
Let the wizard of Abbotsford tell us,
How they could not come up with their stag;
He thought that perhaps he might sell us,
By killing Fitzjames's grey nag.

Chorus—May merry Old England then nourish
Her pristine affection for sport;
For Foxhunting ever shall flourish,
While our Squires lend their ready support.
Here's a health, then, to all the true lovers
Of the Chase, while the wine goes the rounds,
To SIR BIDDULPH, who gave us the covers,—
To THORNHILL himself, and the hounds.

But I sing the last days of Bobby,
Ye Gods! what a classical name!
Perhaps I am wrong, but my hobby
My Pegasus thinks just the same.
Princethorpe was the meet, but the cover
Was Debdale, the gift of SIR THE;
At first, we all thought the red rover
Had determin'd "at home" not to be.

Chorus, ad lib.

But I beg to observe that the greeting
He gave us was just what we ought;
From the very first gate not retreating,
He remained till we came to the spot.
O! his heart, who can yet feel emotion
At the soul-stirring sound "Gone away,"
Can alone form an adequate notion,
Of the feelings that swayed us that day.

Chorus.

"And now a fair field and no favour,"
Thought BIDDULPH, is all that I ask;
Many others might think so, but waver,
Unlike him, when put to the task.

'Tis said so experienc'd a rider
 Never rode a more excellent nag ;
 Close to hounds, never known to cast wider,
 Nor his hunter to uselessly fag.

Chorus.

Who, at starting, next him took his station ?
 'Twas CUNYNGHAME, late of the Twelfth ;
 He cares not for my approbation,
 As he's got the best MEADE for himself.
 But who's this from Combe Abbey ? No Craven ;
 At least if I judge from his place ;
 The one with his hair dark as raven,
 Held on at a desperate pace.

Chorus.

My muse, you've now got beyond BARING,
 But I am not surpris'd at it, too ;
 For to give his proud hunter an airing,
 He thought that ten minutes would do.
 Now fill we our glasses to GRANVILLE,
 The eldest call'd BERNARD, I mean,
 I'll wager a trifle no man will
 Say a much better sportsman has been.

Chorus.

But Warwickshire has yet another,
 As dauntless and skilful as he ;
 The fact is, the man has a brother,
 And nobody else could it be.
 But they tell me your going, my GRANNY,
 And Clio shall bid thee adieu !
 In the heart of your friend is a cranny,
 Where a thought shall long linger of you.

Chorus.

My muse is not given to sentiment,
 Therefore this strain I give o'er ;
 Just remarking, if any such went, I meant
 Not to hunt here any more.
 Shall I pit there against either PARKER ?
 Who both rode right well on that day,
 The one an old steeple-chase larker,
 And rather a varmint, they say.

Chorus.

But give me the guardsman so gallant,
 Who rode like a trooper indeed ;
 I ne'er condescend to a callant,
 To liken a knight of his breed ;
 I know not if nature intended
 That gentlemen only should hunt,
 But seldom the scarlets are blended
 With anything else in the front.

Chorus.

Let the Bard of the North sing "Clan Alpine,"
 Of his "evergreen pine," and all that ;
 Roderick Dhu was a joke to M'ALPINE,
 At a bullfinch who sprung like a cat.
 But talk of a Paddy, there's PLUNKETT,
 Who may think that he rode like a man ;
 But his name sounds so very like *Funk-it*,
 That "*credat*"—believe him who can.

Chorus.

O ! where, and O ! where was my BARNARD ?
 Is the BARNARD yet merged in the *Broke* ?
 He went in, but 'twas only to warn hard
 Riders, ere leaping to look.
 For lo ! by the dogs of St. Bernard,
 Like a bird from the bushes he bounds ;
 I saw him by Lester's Piece barnyard,
 Going well at the heel of the hounds.

Chorus.

There were some men whom I think deserving
 Of a *ducking*, for going with DRAKE ;
 Their riding till next day reserving,—
 No farther allusion I make.
 Now a *fowler* should bring to the larder
 What a *butler* might serve to "mine host ;"
 FOWLER BUTLER, however, rode harder
 Than many who came to the post.

Chorus.

But there's one man who ne'er need look sheepish,
 Although his soft surname is LAMB ;
 That country must be pretty deepish
 Over which CAPTAIN LAMB cannot ram.

And well has young MOSTYN supported
 The sporting renown of his race ;
 The ARUNDELLS, too, are reported
 To have follow'd their friend to the chase.

Chorus.

I am told CHANDOS LEIGH was there also,
 If he was, I am sure he went well ;
 There were other right good 'uns, but all so
 Dispersed, that one scarcely can tell.
 As for the bold CAPTAIN MAGENNIS,
 Who is better distinguished as Dick ;
 Poor man, why it truly a sin is
 To see a good fellow so sick.

Chorus.

Now sing we the praises of THORNHILL,
 Though last, not the least in my song ;
 In a long run, I'll bet no man born will
 Than THORNHILL go better along.
 As master of hounds, 'tis notorious,
 There is hardly a better alive ;
 His career, too, though short, is so glorious,
 That long may he prosper and thrive.

Chorus.

My muse happens to think that the first flight,
 It were rather invidious to name ;
 But then there are some who've the best right,
 So proud a precedence to claim.
 We all know that *Don Ferdinando*,
 Although he's a great man in Spain,
 Yet cannot do more than he can do,
 And never will do it again.

Chorus.

And this handsome JACK would discover,
 Who, tho' not the Colossus of Rhodes,
 On that day could not have strode over
 Much ground, if it were not for roads.
 But where, 'mid the many late comers,
 Was LORD EASTNOR ; i'faith, I forget,
 I know one can scarcely set SOMERS,
 But then one may see *Somer-set*.

Chorus.

Now Clio, revert we to reynard,
 Where away from the covert he broke ;
 As it lately had happened to rain hard,
 The lowlands we thought were no joke.
 SCOTT * says something about his stag bounding
 Across a whole copse at a shy ;
 But altho' it might well be high sounding,
 My fox without wings could not fly. †

Chorus.

Now, away for a start, ride the tailors,
 As tailors invariably do,
 'Tis well they're not also fast sailers,
 Or we ne'er should get rid of the crew ;
 And next came the hounds, by St. Hubert,
 Unequalled in courage and breed ;
 I really wonder how thro' dirt
 (And tailors) they held on their speed.

Chorus.

Loud swells on the gale the glad halloo !
 As we all from the hill saw the fox,
 Away, like a torrent we follow,
 As it flings itself down from the rocks.
 Tell me not 'tis a jockey who's bred to
 The business, alone that can ride ;
 A stout heart, a light hand, a good head, too,
 Must nature have given besides.

Chorus.

First Bob pointed north-west and by westward,
 Then rather to southward inclined,
 He seem'd first to have chosen the best sward,
 And next to have altered his mind.
 How by Leamington Hastings we hasten'd,
 The villagers long shall relate ;
 The deep plough, tho' bid fair to have chastened
 Our pride, and our speed to abate.

Chorus.

* With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
 And, stretching forward free and far,
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Lady of the Lake, Canto I.

† One of Aiken's most amusing sketches represents a sportsman in scarlet high in the air over an enormous stake and bound. "By the Lord Harry," he says, "my chestnut horse can almost fly."

As the plot appeared rather to thicken,
 Towards Kite's Hardwick Bob cast a hawk's eye;
 But perhaps 'twas the ghost of a chicken,
 That afterwards made the fox shy.
 Now he took the high road to this village,
 Yet neglected the turnpike to pay;
 Brass he had when intent upon pillage,
 But copper was not in his way.

Chorus.

To Bunker's Hill Bobby then pointed,
 Like Prospero, the Tempest of Chase;
 Which in taking by storm, disappointed,
 By the left wheeled away from the place.
 Just after we turned from the latter,
 We crossed a great number of rills,
 When we pass'd the canal, tho' the matter
 Was how to get up the long hills.

Chorus.

In short, from where first he broke cover,
 Till at Barby Bob gave up the ghost;
 Twelve miles, at the least, were rode over,
 In fifty-five minutes at most.
 Now BIDDULPH appeared to me, rather
 To have led to the brook from the burst;
 Then THORNHILL, his steed in a lather,
 And afterwards PARKER was first.

Chorus.

My muse, whom no prudence can fetter,
 Swears the LAMB must have carried its horse;
 Than the GRANVILLES * no men could go better,
 And the second was first at the gorse.
 It was truly a sight worth a hundred,
 To see BIDDULPH lead over the brook;
 The stream was so swell'd that we wonder'd
 If the leap would suit anyone's book.

Chorus.

But by far the most sporting achievement
 That ever I knew to have been,
 Was BARNARD's,† who, after bereavement
 Of both stirrups, still forward was seen.

* Mr. Bernard Granville, of Wellesbourne Hall, and the Rev. Gray Granville, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon.

† I have not been able to ascertain who this Mr. Barnard was. I remember asking the late Lord Willoughby whether it was intended for him, and he said he thought not.—W. R. V.

Success, then, to all the fast flyers
 Who rode to the end of the run ;
 And long, too, may Leamington Priors,
 In hunting, be second to none !

Chorus.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1834.

MR. W. P. THORNHILL.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.
Barmaid }	Benedict (26)	Benefit (27)
Bertha }	Benedict (26)	Bashful (27)
Barbara }	Mr. Drake's Vanquish	Brevity (26)
Bolivar }	Nimrod (27)	Blameless (30)
Bridemaid	Belvoir Chanter	Bounty (31)
Bowsprit }	Belvoir Craftsman	Blossom (27)
Boaster }	Mr. Drake's Murmurur	Daffodil (29)
Columbine }	Duke of Beaufort's Abelard	Mr. Horlock's Destiny
Concubine }	Nimrod (27)	Hopeful (31)
Craftsman }	Belvoir Lounger	Rally (29)
Daffodil }	Myrmidon	Whimsey (31)
Dorimont }	Belvoir Chanter	Prudence (28)
Delegate }	Belvoir Chanter	Rosebud (29)
Dalliance }	Bluecap (31)	Viola (29)
Harlequin }	Myrmidon	Woeful (31)
Harmony }		
Hannibal }		
Lelia		
Mermaid }		
Milkmaid }		
Marmion }		
Paxford }		
Prompter }		
Pilgrim }		
Rhapsody }		
Rarity }		
Regina }		
Romulus }		
Rummager }		
Victor }		
Vampire }		
Vagrant }		
Vestris }		
Workman		

In the year 1834 there were 108 packs of foxhounds.—*Sporting Magazine.*

Three famous runs took place from Debdale during the season, and it was ascertained that the fox which was killed at Barby was the same which had been run on the previous 7th of December to Crick, and on the 14th to Ashby

Sallow Beds. On the day of the Debdale Hunt he broke covert from the same spot, and took the same line of country, even through many of the same smēuses in the hedge-rows.

Sir Theophilus Biddulph's keeper well knew the fox, as did Bill Boxall and Tom Day, who viewed him several times. Sir Theophilus came up about ten minutes after the fox was killed, and was presented by Mr. Thornhill with the brush, and the head is preserved in a glass case by the master.

BY "PLINY ENGLISH."

Farnborough, March 20th.

There is a philosophy as well as pleasure in hunting to those who think with the poet and myself that

The proper study of mankind is man.

There is also amusement in the chase beyond the delight of pursuit for those who have a fondness for the study of character. It is said of the elder Pliny that he carried a book with him to the field, in order to instruct his mind during the intervals of the sport. If there was no sporting magazine among the Romans, this was probably only a metaphor. At least, it may have been, since seldom is the book of human life to be read with greater advantage than in the hunting field. I am led to this remark by having witnessed one of the most beautiful assemblages that foxhunting ever perhaps caused at Farnborough, on Thursday. Mr. THORNHILL good naturedly met at a later hour than usual, in order to accommodate the "fantastic toes" that had been "tripping it" at Leamington ball the preceding night. The collection at Warwick races the day before, and the expectation created by two magnificent runs, induced a greater number to assemble than was perhaps ever seen in Warwickshire.

The spot selected for the meet (and it was cheered in temporary effect by a brilliant sun) was a bank near Mr. Holbech's house, sloping from the lawn to the sheet of water below, and from eleven to twelve o'clock the gathering of the sportsmen was of unusual interest and brilliance. Not fewer than from one hundred and ten to twenty redcoats made their appearance on the ground, arriving from time to time, with farmers and others less adorned, in equipages and on horses; some remarkable for their great splendour, some for their neatness, and some even for their eccentricity. The undressing, as I may term the doffing of the upper coat, the shaggy spencer, and fur cravat (I will not, for the credit of sportsmen, call it *boa*) was rather an amusing process, and it not unfrequently happened that on the arrival of a fresh carriage, the observers, curious in menagerie, crowded round to see how each sportsman would stripe, whether into a *green* Duke, a *blue* Duke, a man of *blackmail*, or a *scarlet runner*. In the meantime, to complete the scene, the elegant ladies residing or visiting at Farnborough appeared on the lawn, and Boxall

politely paraded the pack before them along a sunk fence, in order to enable them to have a near view of the hounds.*

Among the sportsmen were three successive masters of the Warwickshire hounds—MR. FELLOWES, MR. RUSSELL, and MR. THORNHILL. In addition to these, I noticed SIE WALTER CAREW, the popular master of a pack in the West of England; LORD EDWARD SOMERSET, from his brother the Duke of Beaufort's country; LORD CLONMELL, with several of MR. DRAKE's men; LORD KINNAIRD, from Melton, &c. It is needless to remark upon the splendid studs which such a meeting collected together, or how desirous everyone felt the sport on this day should bear some proportion to the numbers collected. For some time, particularly on considering the dryness of the ground, there was much anxiety on this point, "mine host" on the island not being at home, and several coverts being drawn with no other result than the opportunity given to old friends of cultivating those kind feelings which belong so peculiarly to foxhunting, and of admiring the striking scenery over which chance carried them. At length, when but few were prepared for the find, and when the mass of the field were far in the rear, a fox broke from a small piece of gorse on the summit of one of the Dassett hills, and went away pointing for Boddington. But this was up-wind, and far too expensive in breath with hounds so near and so determined to kill. Accordingly, making a ring by the Southam Road, and on his return leaving Farnborough on the left, our fox gave us forty-seven minutes down to Itchington, where, in another quarter of an hour in the covert, he poured forth his lofty spirit into the thin air, and instead of taking a "lodging on the cold ground" for his remains, permitted them to be divided among his ardent pursuers. The only take off from the delights of this day was an accident which befel Mr. Holden, whose situation, from a fall on his head, was rendered most alarming.

The last meet this season was on Monday, March 31st, at Eatington Village.

The Warwickshire sport this season has been nothing short of brilliant, which all friends to foxhunting and admirers of sport must rejoice at. Mr. Thornhill, with a handsome subscription of 2250*l.* per annum, started with a zeal and determination that could not fail to command success.

The hounds this season hunted on 106 days, and killed and accounted for eighty-three foxes.

* The huntsman feels a secret pride, an inward feeling of self-gratification, which he does not openly express, when he can ride up to the heels of his hounds in a rapid burst, or at the end of a long and very severe run. He has many difficulties to encounter, and duties to perform, which do not, in common, belong to any other person present; and if he should be fortunate enough to overcome them all, on that day he must be the happiest man in the field. These remarks equally apply to every one of that useful and interesting class of men, who knows his duty, and is determined to do it.

SEASON 1834-35.

Mr. Thornhill continued, for a second season, to be master of the Warwickshire; Will Boxall was huntsman; Tom Day first whip; and Jack Stevens second whip. The stables were furnished with the best cattle, the men well mounted, the hounds in the finest condition, and every arrangement promised to furnish that sport by which this country has become so distinguished.*

Sir Walter Carew, Bart., of Haccombe and Marley, South Devon, was for many years a well-known Meltonian. He was a heavy weight, but a very hard rider, and in his best days nothing could stop him, while in later years, when he hunted a good deal in Warwickshire† with his two daughters, he showed a marvellous knowledge of the country, and had a wonderful knack of getting to hounds. He rode horses of great substance and breeding, one of the best of which was "Old England." When he gave up competing he rode in corduroy trousers with an oak stick, with which he used to fling the gates open, and away he went. He kept hounds in South Devon for many years. He had a celebrated huntsman, Beale, who was quite a character. Beale never would have a whipper-in. He always said hounds were just as much afraid of being lost as men, and that they would come better to his voice and horn without a chap behind rating them on. There was a gentleman in Sir Walter's Hunt who changed his name from Taylor to Tayleur. This gentleman was riding home

* A week or two before the commencement of the present season (November, 1834), Captain Cunynghame, of Wellesbourne, lost four valuable hunters. A fire from the brewhouse, in the dead of the night, partially set fire to the stabling, and the poor horses were suffocated and scorched to death. Captain Cunynghame is a gentleman highly respected, and this accident and misfortune excited the greatest sympathy and regret in this and the neighbouring hunts. A wag, although sorry for the gallant Captain's loss, could not suppress his joke on the occasion, and he wrote:

I've heard of hunters being fir'd,
When ring-bon'd, spavin'd, curb'd, or lame;
But firing all the stud at once
Is what I call a burning shame.—*Tom Pipes.*

† Sir Walter said that in all his Melton days, he never saw three young fellows ride better or straighter to hounds than Mr. W. H. Chamberlayne, Captain E. Raleigh King, and Mr. H. Spencer Lucy used to do with the Warwickshire.

with the pack, and, wishing to make himself out something of a sportsman, asked old Beale the name of a hound. The answer was, "Well, we used to call him Jowler, sir; but now we calls him Jowleur." *

Sir Walter used to get in rather a state of mind if his daughters, who rode very hard and well, did not turn up. One day we found a fox at Ruddybroke, on the edge of Dartmoor, when Mr. Cubitt brought his hounds from Fallapit for a day on the moor, by permission of the late Squire Trelawny. There was such a dense fog that it was not fit to hunt, but the fox took straight over the moor for Piles, and we all disappeared in the mist. Someone asked Sir Walter what was the matter. "Matter enough," he answered; "I have just lost two daughters, a niece, and two nephews, and I shall never see them again." He was a splendid shot, and used often to shoot with the great Sir Richard Sutton, sometimes using his own percussion guns and Sir Richard's flint and steel alternately, without knowing which was going to be put into his hands. He was also very fond of yachting.—W. R. V.

I remember a very old Scotch gillie, who was for some time employed by us, relating that he was with Sir Richard Sutton when he killed a hundred brace of grouse to his own gun on one day, using a muzzle-loader, which he loaded himself. The gillie characteristically added: "I mind varra weel that Sir Richard was much troubled because his companion shot his preincipal dog."—C. M.

BY "WHOO-WHOOP."

February 24th, 1835.—Met at Lighthorne this morning, and found at Chesterton, and ran a fox in the

* In the supplement to the *Sporting Magazine*, November, 1824, there is rather a good story by "Nimrod." The Hon. Newton Fellowes sent his whipper-in, John Noble, with some draft hounds to Dr. Troyte, and amongst them was a hound called Ganymede. Now, in Devonshire, with the provincials the vowel *a* is sounded soft, and vowel *e* broad; so, when the doctor's huntsman heard the name of Ganymede among the draft, and found it was a dog hound, he exclaimed, "Ganymaid! What! call a dog a maid? What the — do you mean by calling a dog a maid? If it was a bitch, there would be some sense in it. It's Ganyboy to be sure!" and Ganyboy he was called ever afterwards.

wood for an hour and killed him. Found a second fox at Itchington Heath, ran to Chesterton and back to the Heath, thence through Gaydon Spinneys and by Northend, over the Burton Hills to Farnborough. Leaving that place to the right, our fox went on to Cropredy, and thence to Bourton and Claydon, where he was lost owing to a false halloo, after a hunting run of three hours and forty-five minutes.

It is recorded that during a good run from Print Hill at this time, Mr. John Biddulph and several others jumped the river Leam when very high, between Dupper's Bridge and Thorpe's Bridge.

On the last day of the season, April 4th, 1835, during another run from Print Hill, the hounds crossed a brook near Weston Mill so flooded that there was from sixteen to eighteen yards of water. Mr. Charles Russell rode at it, and his mare jumped as far as she could in, and then rolled over on to her side owing to the force of the current. Mr. Russell was carried away by it, and only reached the land with great difficulty, and amidst the cheers of the spectators remounted his mare, which had swam out. He came up to the hounds at Cubbington Wood, and after running through Weston and Waverley Woods the fox was killed near Ryton by two couples and a half of hounds only, the remainder having gone after a fresh fox. Mr. Russell threw the fox across his horse, and found the field and huntsman with the rest of the pack running the fresh fox in Waverley Wood.

The hounds were out on 106 days during the season of 1834-1835, and killed and accounted for eighty-three foxes.

SEASON 1835-36.

Mr. Thornhill continued master for the season of 1835-36. As Bill Boxall had left the hounds at the end of the last season, Tom Day was appointed huntsman, Jack Ransom first whip, and Jack Day, son of the huntsman, second whip.

At the beginning of the season of 1835-1836 a large

number of the woodland coverts were given up to Mr. R. Vyner, who resided at Solihull, and established a pack of thirty couples of hounds and hunted them himself. At the beginning of the next season Mr. Vyner had permission to hunt the coverts on the north side of the Avon, and the kennel at Lillington was given up to him.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1835.

MR. W. P. THORNHILL.

NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
Bruiser	Bowman (30)	Viola (29)
Bertram	Dexter (33)	Bashful (26)
Cruiser }	Cheshire Chanter	Willing (31)
Charmer }		
Dragon }	Solomon (32)	Daffodil (34)
Daunter }		
Famous	Woodman (31)	Famous *
Joyful	Bluecap (31)	Jessamy (32)
Lifter	Belvoir Lucifer	Doia †
Lasher }		
Lounger }		
Leader }		
Monarch }		
Mentor }	Mr. Drake's Murmurur	Bounty (31)
Magic }		
Mighty }		
Hermit }		
Harper }	Hymen (31)	Midnight (32)
Hotspur }		
Hoyden }		
Rector	Dexter (33)	Rakish (31)
Tyrant }	Hermit (28)	Termagant ‡
Testy }		
Warble	Bachelor (33)	Warble (26)
Windsor }	Belvoir Rummager	Whimsey (31)
Whipster }		
Watchful }		

* By Mr. Horlock's Farmer—his Banquet. Bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Thornhill in 1834.

† By Mr. Horlock's Dragon—his Dowager. Bought as a two-year-old by Mr. Thornhill in 1833.

‡ By Lord Anson's Dragon—his Twilight. Bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Thornhill in 1833.

No first-class run is recorded during this season, and only a few good days' sport. Scent lay very badly during the whole season, not only in Warwickshire, but throughout the whole country.

A more serious drawback to the wind-up of the season arose from another source. At the beginning of January it became evident that disease had attacked the hounds, and by March nine couples and a half of the best of the bitches and five couples of the dog hounds died. A similar disorder attacked other kennels.

From "*Notitia Venatica*":

Amongst the dog hounds, which were kept in a separate kennel, there was not one single instance of the malady showing itself, although they had been fed from the same trough and breathed the same air. The disease had evidently been introduced amongst them by inoculation, as it was a well-known fact that about three weeks or a month prior to its first appearance, when hunting at Wolford Wood, the hounds were joined by a cur dog, which was observed by the whipper-in to quarrel with and bite several of them. By taking the precaution of separating the hounds when the madness first broke out, the remainder, about fifteen couples of valuable bitches, were saved.

[Jack Boore, kennel huntsman of the Warwickshire, was bitten by a dog in a state of rabies, when administering castor oil to him. He displayed extraordinary and commendable nerve, and never gave way to any dread that he would go mad. A celebrated surgeon told Lord Willoughby de Broke that he attributed the escape of Boore from any evil consequence to the chance that some of the castor oil probably was on his hands at the time. Lord Willoughby provided the men with gloves to wear while the epidemic lasted, but it is thought that they were not always very particular about using them.—W. R. V.]

In the course of this season new and commodious stables and kennels were erected at Shottery, within one mile of Stratford-on-Avon, and after one season at Wellesbourne, the establishment was removed there.

Mr. Thornhill gave up the hounds at the end of this season, and they were taken to Wellesbourne, as the lease of the Butlers Marston Kennels had expired.

The Warwickshire Hunt Ball, for 1836, was held in the Shakspeare Hall, at Stratford-on-Avon, on Tuesday evening, the 12th of January. The meeting was one of unusual splendour and magnificence, being composed of most of the noble and distinguished families in this part of the county. No less than 330 personages were present. The members were dressed in the uniform of the Warwickshire Hunt. Officiating stewards: Joseph Townsend, Esq.; Captain Cunynghame; R. Barnard, Esq.; and Arthur Shirley, Esq.

Amongst the best supporters and fox preservers of the Hunt were Lord Craven and Lord John Scott. The former hunted a pack of staghounds for two seasons, but gave them up for the better sport of hunting the fox.

Captain Ibbert was an ardent friend of the sport, and a bold and good rider. Amongst other noted riders were Lord Howth, Mr. R. Greaves, Mr. H. Horley, Mr. Horride, Mr. Smith, of Pebworth, and Mr. John Dadley.

Mr. Holyoake, of Studley Castle, afterwards Sir F. H. Goodricke, often hunted with the Warwickshire hounds, and he was well known as one of the crack riders in Leicestershire.

"Scrutator" says that Mr. R. Barnard was a bold and skilful rider, and no fence was too high or wide for him that his horse could cover, and that no sportsman measured his ground better or rode with more judgment.

SEASON 1836-37.

The Warwickshire hounds, during the season of 1836-1837, were managed by a committee, consisting of Mr. Shirley, Mr. Townsend, Mr. B. Granville, Mr. Holden, and Mr. Barnard.

Mr. Thornhill's stud of twenty-three hunters were all except one sold at Tattersall's on May 3rd, 1836, and fetched the following prices :

HORSES' NAMES.	PURCHASERS.	GUINEAS.
Golumpus	Mr. Worrall	77
Chance	Mr. Cripp	53
Flirt	Mr. Leichwald	41
Student.....	Mr. Alex. Spiers	43
The Tartar	Mr. Anderson	60
Forester	Bought in at	340
Red Rose.....	Lord Gardiner	210
Fanny	Mr. Massey Stanley	115
Creeper.....	Lord Lilford	220
Lady Jane	Lord Jersey	160
Shamrock.....	Sir Francis Goodricke	350
Labitat.....	Mr. Yates	77
Patrician	Captain Gleg	81
Gainsborough	Lord Alford	81
Cressida	Lord Dorchester	75

HORSES' NAMES.	PURCHASERS.	GUINEAS.
Grimaldi	Lord Darlington	300
Vampyre	Lord Douglas	170
The Architect	Lord Alford	146
The Pony	Mr. Anderson	270
Miss Preston	Mr. Holden	37
The Midge	Mr. Beddoes	45
Dairymaid	Mr. George Payne	76
The Nun	Mr. Fellowes	40

Mr. Bernard Granville,* of Wellesbourne Hall, acted as field-master, and, in fact, as actual master of the hounds. The misfortune which had happened to the pack caused the number of hunting days to be reduced to two a week, with an occasional bye day. Tom Day continued to act as

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1836.

MR. GRANVILLE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Blossom } Brusher }	Mr. Drake's Jangler	Bounty (31)
Danger } Daphne }	Solomon (32)	Daffodil (34)
Dowager ..	Lord Scarborough's Carver	Delicate (33)
Liberty	Lord Lonsdale's Lounger ...	Vestris (34)
Rarity } Racer }	Mr. Osbaldeston's Racer ...	Midnight (32)
Rally	Bowman (30)	Rally (29)
Striver	Belvoir Striver	Hasty (33)
Welcome } Willing }	Lord Scarborough's Carver	Whimsey (31)

huntsman. This was a great change from the long period during which the country had been hunted five, and sometimes six, days in the week, and the sport fell far short of what it had been in former years.

Mr. Bernard Granville was born Feb. 4th, 1804, and died Jan. 6th, 1869. During the years 1836-1839 the Warwickshire were under his management, jointly with

* Bernard Granville, Esq., of Wellesbourne Hall, J.P. and D.L., was the eldest son of Court Granville, Esq., of Calwich Abbey, Staffordshire, and Wellesbourne, Warwickshire, by his wife Maria, daughter of Edward Ferrers, Esq., of Baddesley Clinton, co. Warwick. The Granville family are of very ancient lineage, and their ancestors, both by sea and land, have on numberless occasions maintained the honour of England, and shown their faithful allegiance to the Crown.

**Portrait of Mr. Bernard Granville and the Warwickshire
Hounds; Tom Day, Huntsman; Jack Ransom,
first Whip; Jack Day, second Whip.**

**From the picture
by Webb.**

The property of Major Granville, of Wellesbourne Hall.

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Mr. Shirley, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Holden, and Mr. Barnard. After the retirement of Mr. Thornhill at the end of the season 1835-36, Mr. Granville acted as field-master. The fine quality of the horses during his mastership was particularly noted. The Warwickshire are said to have never previously possessed such a stud for quality. Mr. Granville's own favourite mount was a horse called The Admiral, for which he gave 300 guineas (a large sum in those days), and afterwards sold it for 400 guineas. It was this horse, we are told, that he gave to Tom Day at the foot of Brailes Hill, in the course of a noted run from Wellesbourne, whereby the huntsman was enabled to get up and kill his fox.

Mr. Granville also kept a pack of harriers at Wellesbourne, which went out two days a week, and were hunted by himself.*

On Nov. 30th, 1836, from a meet at Bishop's Itchington, Radbourne Gorse was drawn, and, after running for half an hour in covert, the fox went away, and was killed near Southam after a run of twenty minutes nearly straight at the best pace over grass.

SEASON 1837-38.

The next season was one of the worst yet recorded. During the early part of it sport was very poor, and from Dec. 1st† very severe frost stopped hunting for three months and a half.

The Warwickshire hounds were put into Ufton Wood on Monday, 5th March, where they found a fox immediately. He took them two or three turns round the wood, and then went away across the ploughings for Whitnash Gorse, skirting which, he held on over grass at a good

* Major Bevil Granville, of Wellesbourne Hall, the eldest son of Mr. Bernard Granville, was a capital rider to hounds. He served with great distinction during the Crimean War, and was one of five out of twenty-four officers of the 23rd Welch Fusiliers who was not either killed or wounded at the battle of Alma. He was shot through his coat, and one of his epaulets was carried away by a bullet.

† I was told by the late Mr. Everard, of Ladbroke Hall, that he remembered the great frost of 1837, and that there was no hunting from December 1st until March 10th. —C. M.

pace to Chesterton Wood, through which he ran without dwelling for a moment. On to Verney's Gorse, Fletcher's Coppice, along the Grass Bottoms, to Lighthorne Rough, through which the scent was carried without a check. From thence over grass to Compton Verney, where, entering the gardens, and scaling the wall, a few minutes elapsed before the door could be opened for the hounds,

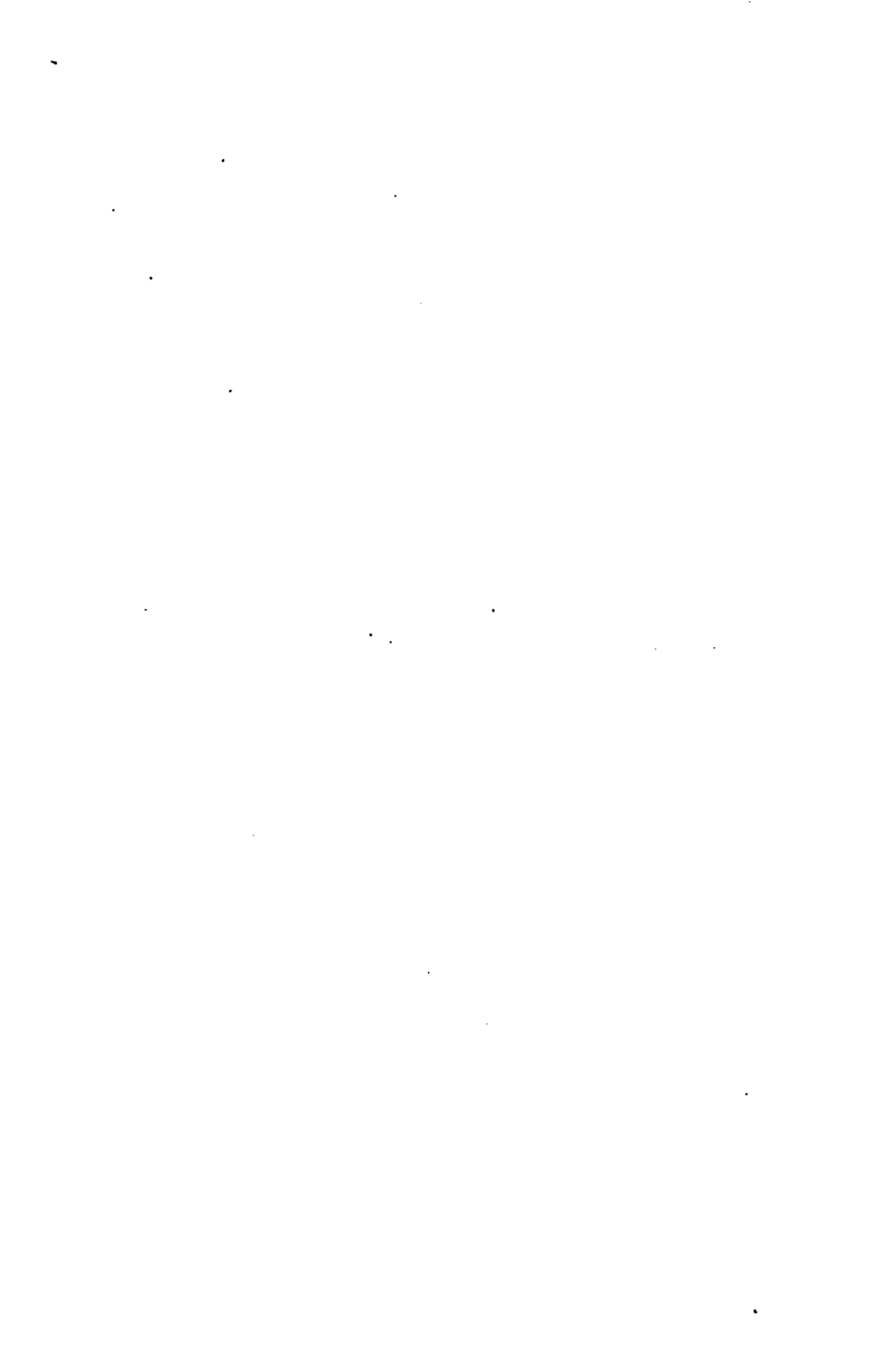
WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1837.

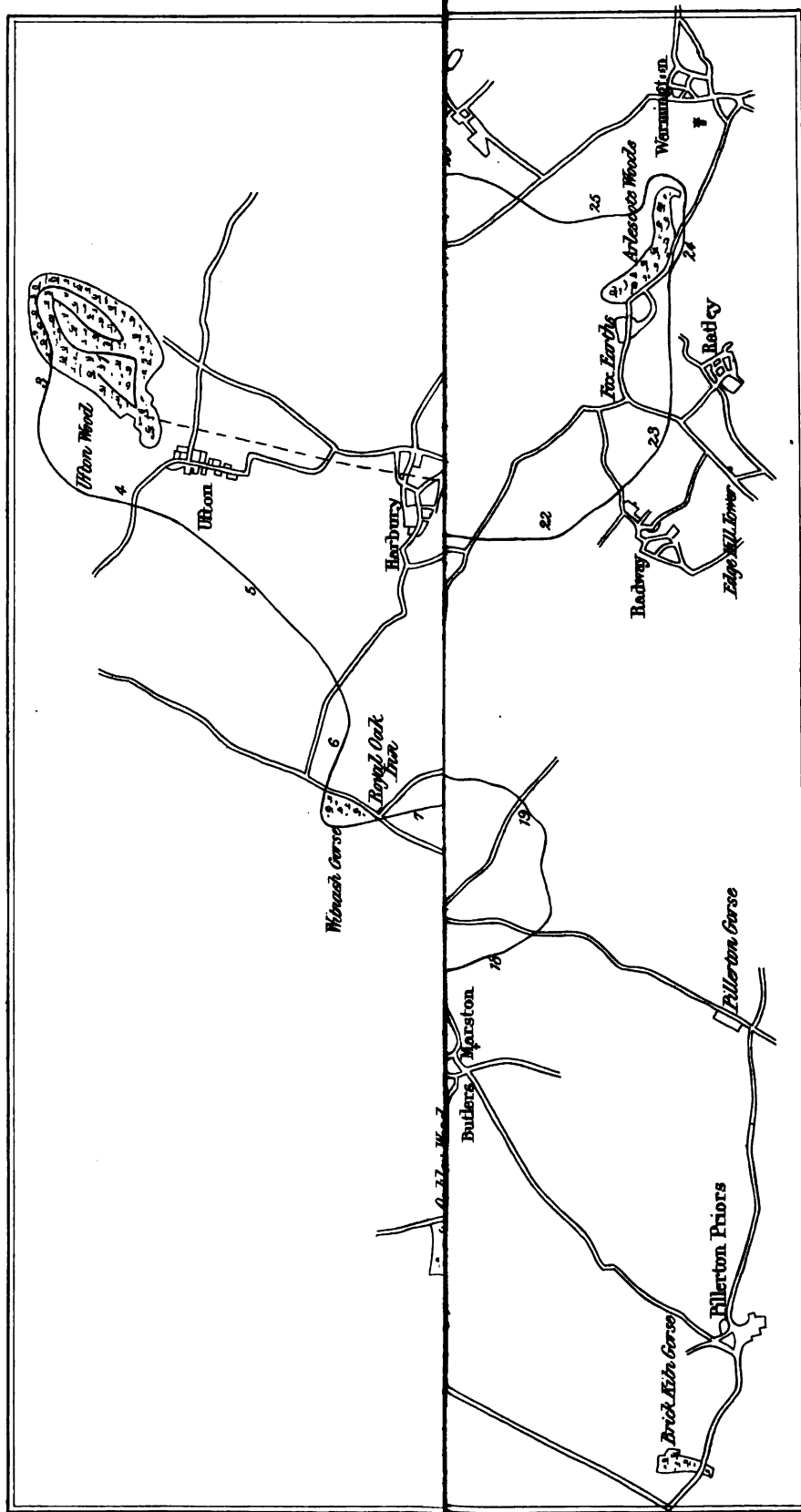
MR. GRANVILLE.

NAMES.	SIRRS.	DAMS.
Boaster }	Woodman (31).....	Brilliant (32)
Brilliant }		
Bertram }	Dexter (33)	Blameless (30)
Blameless }		
Bonnylass }		
Barmaid }		
Barrister }	Bluecap (31)	Whimsey (31)
Brusher }		
Bashful }		
Commodore }		
Cardinal }	Cryer (30).....	Matchless (33)
Cruiser }		
Comely }		
Caroline }		
Crafty }		
Driver }	Bluecap (31)	Delicate (33)
Dabchick }		
Ferryman }	Belvoir Fatal	Bertha (34)
Frantic }		
Famous }	Belvoir Fatal	Woeful (31)
Manager }	Hymen (31)	Midnight (32)
Wonder }	Woodman (31).....	Hopeful (31)
Witchcraft }		
Skilful }	Brocklesby Gambler	Duke of Grafton's Spangle
Windsor }		
Wildfire }	Baronet (30).....	Warspite (31)
Warble }		

which gave pug a chance.* Here there was another fox seen to enter Bowshot Wood, but it was quite evident that the hounds were not baffled by "the stranger" from Ufton, who, ignorant of the proximity of Walton Wood and the woodlands on his right, kept the open country by

* Mr. Jesse Eales, now gamekeeper at Compton Verney, viewed the fox as he passed the gardens at this place.





THE RUN FROM UFTON WOOD ON MARCH 5TH 1838.

Combroke to the brook near Foss Farm (Mr. Sargeant's), where he bore away for the left, along the brook side to Brookhampton, where, crossing, he left Butler's Marston to the right, and, being hard pressed by the hounds, he deviated to the left, over the Moorland's Farm, and on to Owlington (Mr. Whateley's), where, again hard pressed, he altered his course a little to the right over Mr. Cockbill's farm, and straight over Edge Hill, where it was again evident that he was the "stranger," for he passed the earths untried; and the pace, though the best that could be looked for at the end of the twenty-fourth mile, showed that he was unable to run away from the hounds, and they were unable to overtake him. He then again bore to the left, dropped into the valley between Arlescote and Warmington, crossing the meadows for Avon Dassett, which he left to the right; and, continuing his course below the Burton Hills, over the grass country, and Gaydon Hill, he steered straight for Itchington Holt, before entering which cover the hounds were stopped, there being then only the huntsman and some half dozen other men up, with horses unequal to facing the deep country before them at the end of a run of thirty miles, almost without a check, and with a fox clearly anxious to give the hounds another day's work from Ufton Wood.*

The next best day of which there is any record was on March 15th, when the meet was at Long Itchington, and Radbourne Gorse was appointed to be drawn, but as Watergall was only a short distance out of the way, it was decided to draw that covert. The hounds found a fox, and at once went away with him, and ran without a check by Wormleighton and Boddington, leaving the gorse on the left, and skirting Lower Boddington up to Warden Hill, where the fox probably went to ground. The duration of this run is recorded as only twenty minutes, but we who

* Mr. Daniel Serjeant, of Long Itchington, was out in this run, and helped to stop the hounds at the last. He was a notable sportsman, and hunted nearly up to the time of his death, which occurred on Dec. 7th, 1895, at the age of seventy-nine years.

know the country think that this is impossible, even if the hounds had run quite straight, as the distance is seven miles by the Ordnance map as the crow flies. The time occupied was probably thirty-five minutes, making the run so much the more brilliant. In the meantime, a large crowd had assembled at Radbourne to see the famous gorse drawn, but when it was ascertained that the hounds had gone

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1888.

MR. R. BARNARD AND COMMITTEE.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Damper } Denmark } Duchess } Wildboy } Wellington }	Dexter (33)	Bounty (31)
Hermit } Hazard } Harmless } Hasty }	Woodman (31).....	Dairymaid (32)
Romulus } Remus } Rasselas	Lord Segrave's Draco	Hopeful (31)
Rambler } Royster } Rally }	Lord Scarborough's Rasselas	Woeful (31)
Cardinal } Chorister } Cruiser }	Lord Scarborough's Rasselas	Warspite (31)
Careless } Countess }	Mr. Hall's Roderic.....	Barbara (34)
Castor	Mr. Whyndam's Cardinal ...	Bridesmaid (34)
Cruel } Conquest }	Duke of Grafton's Cromwell	Ruby*
Sultan	Sir John Cope's Comus.....	Daffodil (34)
Rival	Mr. Drake's Sultan	Duke of Grafton's Harmony
	Duke of Grafton's Harrogate	His Rival

* Duke of Grafton's Rustic—his Rapid. Bought by Mr. Granville as a two-year-old in 1837.

elsewhere, they went into the covert and beat it throughout with dogs and sticks, the consequence was, that not long afterwards it was drawn blank,* on the occasion of Warwick Race Meeting, when a very large field attended.

* At the present time such a disappointment is not likely to occur, as the best of the rented coverts, such as Ladbroke, Watergall, Welsh Road, and Oxhill Coverts, are looked after by paid watchers.

Leamington, which in Mr. Corbet's time was only a village, had now become a great hunting centre, and its rise was no doubt in a great measure owing to its fine mineral waters. Copp's Hotel was for many years the principal resort of hunting men, although the greater part of the meets of the Warwickshire hounds were a considerable distance from Leamington. In a diary which we have seen, written by Lord Mountgarret, he speaks of hunting regularly on a Tuesday in the Mitford Bridge country, and on Friday above Edge Hill, with more than twenty miles to ride to covert and on Wednesday he rode as far to meet the Pytchley hounds before the railway could assist him, and no doubt many sportsmen had often thirty miles to ride home after hunting with the Warwickshire hounds. Amongst those who hunted there in 1836 were Lord Eastnor, Sir E. Mostyn, Mr. M. Wise, Capt. Laint, Lord Howth, Lord Ongley, Capt. Sanderson, Capt. Magennis,* Lord W. Lennox, Lord Dillon, Capt. Fairley, Lord Cranstoun, Mr. Vaughan, Lord Hopetoun, Capt. Montgomery, Sir J. Hanmer, Mr. Mollineux, Sir A. Brooke, Mr. Ricardo, Capt. Ongley, Mr. W. Beaumont, Sir P. Payne, Capt. Mostyn, Sir D. Baird, Sir H. Titchborne, Lord Ross, Capt. Grant, Capt. Burgess, Mr. Fazakerley, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Bradley,† Sir John Gerard, Mr. Boycott, &c.

A club was started by Lord Eastnor at Copp's Hotel, which in its early days was very successful, and the hotel itself was fitted up at enormous expense. Owing to the medicinal properties which existed in the mineral springs, the population largely increased, having risen from 543 in 1811 to 12,864 in 1841, and in 1851 to 15,724. In 1834 Mr. Robert Vyner, of Eathorpe, established a pack of hounds to hunt part of North Warwickshire. During his first season he resided at Solihull, where he had about

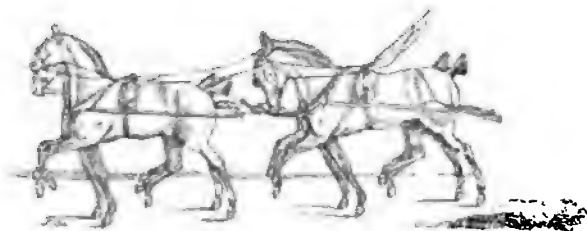
* Captain Magennis rode regularly to hounds with only one arm.

† Mr. Bradley was a very liberal supporter of the chase, and he kept a pack of hounds, which were used as harriers, and sometimes hunted a stag. He had kennels at Leamington (see "Cecil," p. 319, 1854 Ed.), but he afterwards removed his pack to near Southam.

thirty couples of hounds, but next year he removed to Leamington. In 1838 he was succeeded by Mr. Hellier, who hunted the hounds himself until 1843, and the North Warwickshire country as it now exists was not established until about eight years later. In 1850 the well-known Captain Anstruther Thomson, the master of "The Atherstone," hunted the adjoining part of North Warwickshire. This is roughly the foundation of the North Warwickshire country. In 1881 the population of Leamington was 25,856. In 1891 it was 26,930. Many good sportsmen still come out from the Royal Spa, and in spite of having been satirised by the "Gentleman in Black" and other sporting writers, they are fond of a hunt, and are first rate hands at

CHARGING AN OX-FENCE.





" ONLY JUST OUT OF A WALK."

Hark ! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves ! He breaks away ;
Shrill horns proclaim his flight, each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy.—*Somerville.*

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. R. J. BARNARD—THE NEW KENNELS AT KINETON—EDWIN
STEVENS—HIS HUNTING DIARY.

SEASON 1839-40.

MR. R. J. BARNARD, afterwards Lord Willoughby de Broke, succeeded to the mastership of the Warwickshire hounds in 1839, and in doing so he came most opportunely to the assistance of the Hunt at a time of considerable difficulty, for no country can be made the most of or hunted in a satisfactory manner by a committee of management. He had for long past been an ardent supporter of the hounds, and he will always be remembered as a genuine and enthusiastic sportsman, and under his management the country enjoyed a long continuance of fine sport. The subscribers to the hounds and the farmers shortly had an opportunity to show how much they appreciated his determination to show sport, and very able assistance was given to him in his management by his near relations, Mr. Hugh Williams and Mr. Townsend.* With a quick temper

* Mr. Joseph Townsend was in the Engineers, but he left the Army rather early, and lived with his father at Honington, where he married, in 1825, the daughter of Prebendary Barnard, of Lighthorne. In 1835 he had left Wellesbourne, and had settled at Alveston, where he resided till his death. He seems to have had a great share in keeping the hounds going at a rather critical period of their history. He was one of those who helped to pick up Mr. Thornhill when he had a very bad accident, and smashed in the side of his face.

he united the kindest heart, and we well recollect his many actions of thoughtful generosity in the field and on other occasions.

We said just now that at the time when the Warwickshire hounds were managed by a committee (always an unsatisfactory arrangement), and their fortunes were at a low ebb, for they were hunting only two days a week, and perhaps the sport, though we have scarcely any record of it, was not quite up to the mark, Mr. Robert John Barnard came forward, and was chosen as sole master. This seems to have been the turning point in the fortunes of the Hunt, and although the pack have not always maintained since the same high level of sport, yet since that date there has been always an onward flow; and, in spite of the ebbs and flows, the high tide of sport inaugurated by Mr. Barnard and his keen and able huntsman has never since entirely failed. It is an old and true adage, that the more foxes you kill the more you have, and the reason is not far to seek. If a man keeps foxes, he likes to have them hunted, he likes to have them killed; and Mr. Barnard and Ned Stevens were certainly killers—the former represented perhaps the old, or rather transition style, the latter was a new man in every particular and entire essence. Many a good judge has held that, with the exception of a few men like the late Charles Payne, the late Frank Beers, the late Wm. Goodall, and Tom Firr, no huntsman ever got away quicker on the back of his fox, and no one hunted him with more dash and determination. Mr. Barnard was perhaps slower, but he was no less sure, and his great popularity in the county, arising from his own personal character and unaffected good nature and homeliness, added much to his success. A more popular master and a keener huntsman never joined hands in the preservation and destruction of foxes till the present Lord Willoughby took up the double *rôle* in his own person. Mr. Barnard was bred a sportsman. Born at Lighthorne Rectory on Oct. 7th, 1809, his father, Prebendary Barnard, and his

Lord Willoughby de Broke (Mr. R. J. Barnard),

Master of the Warwickshire Hounds,

1839-56 and 1861-62.

**From the engraving by R. J. Lane (1863); after the picture
by Lowes Dickenson, at Compton Verney, Warwickshire.**

From the 1st of January 1901 to the 31st of December 1901
the following amounts were received from the
Government of the Straits Settlements and
F.M.S. for the purpose of the
Public Works Department.



mother a sister of Henry Lord Willoughby de Broke, he was taught to ride almost before he could walk, and many and far were the expeditions he took on his noted donkey about the country. Prebendary Barnard was in many respects a remarkable man. An active magistrate, a respected country clergyman of the old school, a noted partridge shot and walker, and a keen, bold rider—he represented an ideal which is fast passing away. Many tales are still told in Lighthorne of his prowess in the saddle. Tradition says that he rode his old mare over the high double gates out of the stable-yard at Lighthorne Rectory, and though we may well disbelieve this, we can credit the story which says that he jumped every white gate between Lighthorne and Compton Verney on the same animal. No day was too long for him, and no task too hard, till the time when stricken down by an attack of paralysis (which may have originated in the terrible fall he had near Ladbroke, when he was thrown against the branch of a tree), he had to spend the rest of his days in a Bath chair.

Mr. Robert John Barnard was sent to Eton and Oxford. At Eton his chief resort was “old George Hall’s” and many a day’s fishing and bird shooting did the two have together. The present Lord Willoughby and the writer have often sat in old George’s sanctum near the Brocas, and heard them tell of their father and his love for the wild sport with the gun and rod that the river afforded. He afterwards went to Christ Church, and became acquainted, amongst others, with the present Lord Macclesfield, Mr. George Lane Fox, the Duke of Somerset, the late Mr. Thornhill, the late Mr. Golding, and many other noted sportsmen. There was one bond of union between them all, and that was “the road.”

In those days, when the railroad was only just coming into existence, the road was still the great highway of transit; the chorus was still lingering,

Let the steampot hiss till it’s hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy trot

From London to York, from Birmingham to Oxford, from Oxford to Exeter—on all the great high roads, and many others—the coaches were still running, and it was under the tuition of Ward and his cotemporaries that Mr. Robert Barnard and his friends learned coaching in a way in which no amateur of the present day has a chance of acquiring the art—by actual stern experience. No one put his four horses together better than Mr. Barnard, and though his hands on a hunter were never first rate, he had only to be seated on the box with the ribbons, when he seemed to be able to do with his team what he liked. I remember he used to say to us, “Any-one can drive fast, my boy. Look at my horses, they are only just out of a walk, and yet everyone is doing his share;” while I have lots of times seen him hit his near side leader under the bars from the off-side, not such an easy feat as it sounds to be. *Experto crede*. I remember, after a Bullingdon dinner someone essayed to drive the team home. Whether the potency of the old brand was too great, or the “Bol-o’-wax” chorus had been too inspiriting, it was discovered when we got to Tom Gate that old Taylor’s well-trained team of screws had performed the journey unaided by any control from the box, the reins never having been handled from the start! It was not such teams as these that Lord Macclesfield, Lord Algernon St. Maur, Mr. Golding, Mr. Barnard, Sir Walter Carew, or Mr. Fortescue used to drive on the south-western road, by Whitchurch and Salisbury, on a dark, cold night, too, in the snow and rain and wind, and time having to be kept as well. No sport came amiss to Mr. Barnard—hunting, shooting, fishing, driving, farming, yachting—he not only had a try at them all, but generally succeeded, not because he was particularly adapted by strength or physique for any one of them, but because he thoroughly loved the country, and the sporting instinct was, as it were, born with him. He was very nearly killed by his best friend out shooting; he swam the Compton Lake in his clothes after a day’s partridge shooting, just

to know how it would be if you were upset. He never overturned his coach as far as I know, but he was very nearly drowned off the Land's End in the crank *Lancashire Witch*, that most unlucky boat; and he was once brought home senseless from a kick on the head from old "Dun-church," but he was faithful to the sport to the last, and died in harness, a master of hounds, deeply regretted, not only by his family and tenants (he was the kindest of fathers, and the fairest and most considerate of landlords), not only by all true Warwickshire sportsmen, but by men and women of all classes and degrees, who mourned him as a true English gentleman, one of the olden time. "He dwelt amongst his own people," and by them he was universally beloved and honoured.

We have only a few fragments of his diary in Mrs. Barnard's (afterwards Lady Willoughby's) handwriting, from which we give a few characteristic extracts:

1843. *November 4, Wroxton Abbey*.—Did not find till Upton Gorse; ran to an earth that was not stopped. Found again, and did the same.

November 7, Newbold Pacey.—Found at Oakley Wood. After running in the wood for about half an hour, went away very fast to Coppington, where the fox went to ground, the earth only stopped by a little loose straw. Very provoking of Mr. Court, as the fox was only one field before the hounds, and could not have lasted five minutes. The brook was full of people, and a great many falls. Drew Moreton Wood, found; but the scent so bad, owing to the leaves falling, obliged to leave our fox. Drew Bowshot blank. Found in the Dog-kennel Coppice, Compton; ran him to ground in a drain by Russell's house; bolted and killed. Killed another fox, which was brought from Oakley Wood, caught by some foot people.

November 9, Hillmorton.—Found immediately; went away very fast in the direction of Crick, by Yelvertoft and West Haddon, and lost a famous fox; no scent at all. Met a fox in the turnpike road coming towards Dunchurch which crossed the railway for Hillmorton Gorse; came back towards Cooke's Gorse, where he was headed; turned back on the foiled ground, lost at Hillmorton; shocking scent.

Monday, November 13, Easington Village.—Found in Brickkiln Gorse; went away very fast towards Lindon's house, over the turnpike road near Halford Bridge, across Easington Park to the Grove, skirted it, and back by the village to Brickkiln Gorse; out again at the bottom for Walton, where the fox was headed, and killed in the open as he was trying to get back to the gorse; three-quarters of an hour, best pace, the fox being in view the last four fields. Found again at Rough Hill, back to the Grove, and then again to Rough Hill; away at the bottom for West's plantation, on towards Aldermaston; turned to the right, through West's plantation by the keeper's house, on to Fir Grove, where he was run into after thirty minutes, best pace.

Saturday, November 25, Oxhill Village.—Found at Idlicote; took a ring very fast towards the house, where the fox was very near caught in the laurels. He tried to get back to Hell Brake, where he was headed, and put his head straight for Pillerton to Brickkiln Gorse, out at the end towards Walton, and lost, after fifty minutes best pace.

Monday, November 27, Lighthorne Village.—Found at Chesterton Wood; went away very fast through Lighthorne Rough to Hurlestane's house, where the fox was headed short back, and lost, though dead beat, close to the hounds. Twenty-five minutes, best pace.

One of the most auspicious and remarkable events which took place during his mastership happened in 1839, and it must be recorded to the honour of the country as quite unique in the annals of foxhunting. It had become necessary to build new kennels, and these were erected at Kineton in the most commodious and substantial manner, and at the same time at the smallest possible cost, by the generous assistance of all who could help in any part of the undertaking; and so well was the work done that, without having been rebuilt, the same kennels have been repaired and improved at various times, and are there at the present time. The land for the purpose was given by Mr. George Lucy, of Charlecote, and the buildings were designed by Mr. Hugh Williams, who was entirely his own architect. The cost of building was defrayed by a subscription of members of the Warwickshire Hunt. The materials were drawn to Kineton by 180 farmers, who used for the purpose 553 waggons, and this was done at a time of the year when harvest operations had also to be carried on. We have in an earlier chapter taken notice of the splendid spirit shown by the farmers in support of hunting, and it is a great pleasure to find that this has not diminished, and to be able to record such a tribute to the increased popularity of hunting. The first stone of the kennels was laid on July 24th, 1839, and the building was finished on the following 15th of October. The buildings consisted of two good houses for the huntsman and stud-groom, and rooms for other kennel servants and stablemen. The stabling consisted of ten loose boxes, nine stalls, and another stable for four horses, which could be used as two loose boxes. The kennels

consisted of three large lodging rooms and two smaller ones, with feeding rooms, boiling-house, flesh-house, &c.

We think that the following statement of Sir Hugh Williams contains so many interesting particulars that we have given it *verbatim* :

Kineton, May 20th, 1842.

Having been intimately connected with the management of the Warwickshire Hunt since the country has been hunted on its present footing by a committee, and for some time past having held the responsible office of treasurer, I am anxious, now that I have ceased to be so, to give to my friends a short review of how things have been carried on for the last six seasons, and to put before them the present state of their finances. In doing so, I have thought it would give most satisfaction if I embodied the whole of the transactions as managed by my predecessors in office, together with those which I have had more particularly to deal with. I believe my statement to be quite correct, and have vouchers for all matters of detail tied up and ready for the inspection of any gentleman who may wish for further information.

I beg now to thank all supporters of the hounds, and all those who have been kind enough to put an indulgent construction upon my endeavours to serve the Hunt, and to subscribe myself,

Their obedient servant,

HUGH WILLIAMS.

WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.

At a meeting of the subscribers to the Warwickshire Hounds, held at Wellesbourne, on the 7th day of April, 1836, Bernard Granville, Esq., in the chair, it was, among other things, resolved : That a committee, consisting of Evelyn John Shirley, Esq., William Holbech, Esq., Robert John Barnard, Esq., Joseph Townsend, Esq., Hyla Holden, Esq., Bernard Granville, Esq., and Bolton King, Esq., be requested to conduct the future management of the Hunt, until such time as some individual should come forward to hunt the country, upon certain terms agreeable to the subscribers.

In order to carry into effect the wishes of the said meeting, the committee did from time to time meet together, and after fully investigating the resources of the Hunt, they came to the determination, at a meeting held at Mr. Granville's on the 21st of April, of addressing every subscriber to the Hunt individually by a circular, and requesting their attendance at the Warwick Arms, in Warwick, on the 27th of April, to form some definite arrangement as to the future hunting of the country.

A very full meeting of the subscribers was consequently held on the 27th of April, 1836, at the Warwick Arms, Hyla Holden, Esq., being in the chair; when it was determined that the afore-named committee be empowered to keep the hounds, and hunt the country two days a week or more, according to the subscriptions guaranteed to them; and further to make such arrangements as they might think proper with any other gentleman coming forward to hunt any part of their present country that they might not want.

In consequence of the above, Mr. Townsend was deputed to see Mr. Hellier, which he did in company with others, and a great addition to his

country, or rather to that portion of the Warwickshire country that he was then hunting, was made over to him; and the committee thought it expedient for the ends of sporting in general to be liberal on this point, confining their own exertions to the sphere now so well known and defined as the boundaries of their Hunt. Possibly some inconvenience may have been experienced during the cubhunting season from the cession of the large woodlands to the north of Leamington; but, on the whole, the arrangement, it is presumed, has tended to the satisfaction of the public, and undoubtedly Mr. Hellier has done everything in his power to increase the stock of foxes, and maintain the goodwill of occupiers and owners towards the maintenance of hounds in general.

The first arrangement of the committee was to depute one of their body to act for the rest, as master of the hounds in the field, and he has exercised unlimited power over their direction in every point connected with the sport. The fixtures have been made by him, and he has been as completely master of the hounds as any master of any neighbouring pack. Mr. Bernard Granville, Mr. Thornhill, and Mr. Barnard have successively filled this office, and the hunt have much to thank them for. Their second arrangement was to depute another gentleman to act as treasurer, and it has been his office to manage the whole of the finance department connected with the yearly expenditure, and especially to remind gentlemen in red coats, at the cover-side, not to let their subscriptions get into arrear as in former days. I say in former days, for on Mr. Thornhill's retirement from the post of master of the hounds, at the end of the season 1834-5, it was found that the amount of subscriptions guaranteed to him by the country had not, for the whole three years of his mastership, ever been realised at the bank, and that there was a deficiency to be made up of from 600*l.* to 700*l.*, which, through the exertions more particularly of Mr. Townsend and Mr. Holden, has, after a considerable lapse of time, been put straight. Up to the middle of the season, 1839-40, this post of treasurer was filled by Mr. Townsend; and, to show how ably and zealously he performed his part, I need only refer to the state of the exchequer, with a debt as before stated, when he took to it, and the altered state of affairs at the close of the season just ended, 1841-2, with a balance in hand of 203*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* Since his retirement the office has been filled, to the best of his ability, by your humble servant, who now, being also put upon the shelf, is anxious to render an account of his stewardship, and to put before his friends such matters of detail as occur to him, and with which perhaps many of them are not so cognisant as himself.

A third arrangement of the committee was to set on foot a plan for raising a fund for providing a stud for the servants, independent of the annual contribution for keeping up the establishment. This fund, for the first three seasons, was strictly confined to that object, and was under the able management of Mr. Holden; but subsequent to that time it was thought very desirable to establish kennels as the property of the Hunt, and it was agreed by the subscribers that the fund should be made available for the joint purpose of building kennels and providing a stud. Much inconvenience had been experienced up to this time from the want of a fixed kennel. Previous to Mr. Thornhill's retirement, the hounds were kept at Butler's Marston, and the kennels had been allowed to become much dilapidated by the owners of the property, which was so mortgaged that the Hunt had received notice both from the mortgagor and mortgagee to pay the

rent (100*l.* a year) to themselves severally. In order to get away from the lawyers, the committee removed the hounds to temporary kennels at Wellesbourne, where they remained for the season, 1836-7. They were then removed to Stratford-on-Avon, and remained there two seasons, 1837-8 and 1838-9; but this locality was found so very inconvenient, it being quite on the extreme outside of the country, that a strenuous appeal was made to the public, and ultimately funds were raised and the building erected at Kineton, that the establishment now occupies as the freehold of the Hunt. The first stone of these buildings was laid on the 27th of July, 1839, and the whole establishment—men, women, children, horses, and hounds—took up their abode in them on the 19th of October. Although a space of only twelve weeks had been occupied in their erection, there was not a single cold caught by man, horse, or hound, and this circumstance is mentioned as it was thought impossible by so many at the time to build and to season them for occupation in so short a period. The whole of the haulage of material was done by the farmers of the country, and to their credit be it said, that on the first day that their assistance was asked there were sixty-one waggons with four, five, and even six horses in some, all on the ground together. In the whole there was 525 days' haulage, with teams of the above description, contributed by the farmers. The land, two acres, was given by George Lucy, Esq., and the conveyance thereof is also subsequently printed for the information of all subscribers. The total cost of the buildings and property as it now exists was :

On account of material and labour, including roads, drains, fences, fixtures, and kennel furniture. Also, including 50 <i>l.</i> allowed to Mr. Thornhill for fixtures that were in reality worn out before the hounds came to Kineton	} £ s. d. 2623 0 6 525 0 0 200 0 0 16 10 0 <hr/> £3364 10 6
The haulage, as above given by the farmers, and valued at	
The land given by Mr. Lucy, and valued at	
Law expenses of conveyance	

Mr. Holden, as before stated, had for the first three years the management of the fund appropriated to the stud. This fund was raised by shares of 25*l.* each; it was arranged that the stud should be sold at the end of three years, and that it should be then optional on the part of any gentleman to go on with his stock or to claim his money. The stud was consequently sold in the spring of 1839, and the particulars of the sale appear forward. At this time Mr. Holden retired, and Mr. Thornhill took the management, he being also deputed master of the hounds. Under his auspices, the fund became converted from its original purpose to the joint object of providing a stud, and of building kennels, without any limit being set for the after division of it among the subscribers as before. This, however, is to some extent provided for by the deed of conveyance, and to which I must refer you for further information. In the middle of the season 1840-41, Mr. Thornhill gave up the management in consequence of ill-health, and it fell to the lot of your humble servant to succeed him; he thinks, therefore, that he may as well here commence his statement of the management of the fund, as it appears to him upon a careful inspection of the bank and other accounts.

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT STUD.

NAMES OF THE HORSES.	COST PRICE.			WHAT SOLD FOR		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
The Judge	50	0	0	168	0	0
Flacrow	40	0	0	178	10	0
Bay Horse (died)	80	0	0			
Chesnut Horse (lamed)	80	0	0	8	0	0
Black Prince	105	0	0	300	0	0
Miss Preston	38	17	0	25	0	0
Clinker	45	0	0	61	19	0
Master Henry (died)	65	0	0			
Brilliant	100	0	0	336	0	0
Mr. Shirley's Grey	70	0	0	50	0	0
Ditto Black	30	0	0	94	10	0
Frolic	40	0	0	54	12	0
Pilot	35	0	0	38	17	0
Baronet	52	10	0	73	10	0
Cock Robin (died)	40	0	0			
Buck	25	0	0	10	0	0
Hit or Miss	115	0	0	94	10	0
Jerry	65	0	0	79	16	0
Duchess	60	0	0	110	5	0
Jim Crow	80	0	0	88	4	0
Emperor	60	0	0	87	3	0
Victoria	80	0	0	105	0	0
Napoleon	65	0	0	50	0	0
Bay Mare	36	0	0	33	0	0
Barmaid	50	0	0	57	15	0
Sarjeant's Mare	80	0	0	72	9	0
Mr. Tattersall's charges on the sale of stud, May 13, 1839	180	14	0			
Road expenses	46	7	3			
Present to Luke Latham	20	0	0			
Expenses of preparing stud for sale, paid to the Warwickshire Hunt Committee, 1839-40	93	1	4			
Petty expenses, per Mr. Holden	23	18	3			
Ditto per H. Williams	1	4	7			
Harkaway (roarer)	65	0	0	31	10	0
Sailor (unsold)	63	0	0			
Chance	50	0	0	84	0	0
Geoffrey	67	5	0	50	8	0
Forrester (blind)	105	0	0	30	9	0
Sir Francis	68	0	0	150	0	0
Sportsman (died)	100	0	0			
The Nun (lame)	80	0	0	15	0	0
Bay mare	63	0	0	30	0	0
Grey Momus (roarer)	100	0	0	46	4	0
Railroad	80	0	0	330	15	0
Modesty (unsold)	50	0	0			
Greyling	103	0	0	157	0	0
Nimrod	100	0	0	150	0	0
Decider	50	0	0	28	0	0
Harlequin	50	0	0	38	17	0
Sir Rowland (unsold)	79	5	0			
Conductor	68	0	0	73	10	0

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT STUD—*continued.*

NAMES OF THE HORSES.	COST PRICE.	WHAT SOLD FOR.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Irish Mare.....	30 0 0	43 10 0
Ditto	45 0 0	45 0 0
Hack Mare	17 0 0	25 4 0
Mr. Tattersall's charges on sale of stud, 1841	100 19 0	
Road expenses	31 7 3	
Present to Luke Latham	10 0 0	
Expenses of preparing stud for sale, paid to Warwickshire Hunt Committee, 1840-41	81 8 0	
Wentworth	65 0 0	45 0 0
Ruby (lame)	45 0 0	15 0 0
Potter (roarer)	60 0 0	40 0 0
Rocket	45 0 0	25 0 0
Phantom (unsold).....	80 0 0	
Herald (unsold)	69 0 0	
Pilot	55 0 0	60 0 0
Rosamond (unsold)	42 0 0	
Chesnut Horse	55 0 0	55 0 0
Greyling (unsold)	100 0 0	
Brown Horse (dead)	50 0 0	
Grey Mare (unsold).....	47 0 0	
Chesnut Hack	12 0 0	13 0 0
Road expenses	51 1 0	
Total cost of Horses	4385 17 8	3759 8 0
Deduct cash received for Horses sold	3759 8 0	
Amount of cash still invested on account of stud	626 9 8	

Harry Taylor was huntsman to Mr. Barnard in 1839, and he continued to be so until 1842.

The best run, and the only one recorded during that period, took place from Ufton Wood on Oct. 20th, 1840, and at a time when the country which was crossed must have been too blind to ride over. The hounds, after being for some time in the wood, went away with an old fox for Print Hill, but turned back over Mr. H. Horley's farm; and, leaving Harbury to the right, ran on to Ladbroke Village, and through that to Hodnell, and thence to the right as if for Watergall; but before reaching the covert they turned to the left, and ran straight by Wormleighton nearly to Boddington Hill, and here

the fox was headed, and turned short back towards Radbourne Gorse, and before reaching the Southam and Daventry Road he turned right-handed towards Napton, and before reaching the village inclined more to the right towards Shuckburgh, and got to ground in Mr. Drake's country. This run lasted three hours and a half, over the finest country, and very few persevered to the finish, which

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1839.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Jupiter } Jessamy } Racer } Ruby } Racket } Marplot } Millwood } Matchless } Modish } Melody } Termagant Whimsey Warrior Woodbine Virgin Pilot Plunder Victory Comely Jericho } Jewess }	Lord Scarborough's Marplot Bluecap (31) Duke of Grafton's Mortimer Duke of Grafton's Mortimer Bluecap (31) Lord Scarborough's Marplot Woodman (31) Woodman (31) Bluecap (31) Duke of Grafton's Pagan Heythrop Voucher Heythrop Voucher Craftsman (34) Mr. Smythe Owen's Jericho	Joyful (35) Rarity (36) Woeful (31) Bertha (34) Testy (35) Whimsey (31) Dairymaid (32) Destiny (33) Vanity* Daffodil (34) Their Peevish Their Racket Harmony (34) His Jezebel

* By Lord Southampton's Vanguard—Duke of Grafton's Frantic. Bought by Mr. R. Barnard as a five-year-old in 1839.

was seen only by Harry Taylor and the first whip, Mr. H. Horley,* Mr. F. Ward, Mr. W. Brown, and his son.

We were told by the Rev. William Miller that during the season of 1841 he saw a very fine run from Bowshot, through Lighthorne Rough; and from thence through

* Mr. H. Horley was a very hard-riding yeoman and a welter weight. I well remember seeing him still going well many years afterwards, and dressed as he always had been, in a green coat and brass buttons, and wearing a cap.—C. M.

Itchington Holt to North End, and over the Burton Hills, by Farnborough and Claydon, to Edgcote, and from there to Thorpe Mandeville Gorse, but the fox was not marked into it. The fastest part of this run was from North End to Edgcote; the whole of it was over a grass

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1840.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
Bachelor	Bachelor (33)	Dainty *
Bowman	Belvoir Bluecap	Mr. Foljambe's Sprightly
Bluster	Mr. Foljambe's Admiral ...	His Bounty
Cheerly	Mr. Foljambe's Herald	His Columbine
Comrade }	Craftsman (34)	Dairymaid (32)
Conqueror }		
Dowager	Dexter (33)	Diligent †
Furrier }	Brocklesby Furrier	Mermaid (34)
Famous }		
Frantic }		
Flourish }		
Harlequin }	Halifax (33)	Careless (38)
Hazard }		
Hotspur }	Mr. Foljambe's Herald	His Rally
Herald }		
Jealousy	Belvoir Chaser	Joyful (35)
Lavender	Lounger (35)	Bertha (34)
Pagan }	Duke of Grafton's Pagan ...	Daffodil (34)
Pastime }		
Purity }		
Pilot }	Belvoir Prompter	Their Wisdom
Pillager }		
Primrose }		
Prompter }	Craftsman (34)	Resolute ‡
Regent }		
Rubens	Mr. Foljambe's Cruel	His Riot
Tarquin	Belvoir Champion	Testy (35)
Vengeance	Brocklesby Ringwood	Duke of Grafton's Volatile

* By Mr. A. Smith's Vainal—his Dainty. Bought by Mr. R. Barnard as a five-year-old in 1838.

† By Duke of Beaufort's Abelard—Mr. Horlock's Dulcet. Bought by Mr. R. Barnard as a four-year-old in 1839.

‡ By Duke of Grafton's Harrogate—his Rival. Bought as a two-year-old in 1839 by Mr. R. Barnard.

country, and from point to point the distance is nearly seventeen miles, and more than twenty miles as hounds ran.

We were told by the late Mr. Landor, estate agent of Tachbrook, that Bowshot obtained its name under the following circumstances: The land on which the covert is planted belonged formerly to the Mordaunt family. About 400 years ago an ancestor of Lord Willoughby de Broke owned a celebrated greyhound which Mordaunt wished to possess, and it was agreed that the owner of Compton Verney should receive as much land in exchange for the dog as he should shoot an arrow

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1841.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Albert	Mr. Drake's Artist	Duke of Grafton's Captious
Bellman } Bounty }	Mr. Drake's Bachelor	Bertha (34)
Bluecap } Bridesmaid }	Lounger (35)	Barbara (34)
Bugler	Brocklesby Furrier	Bridesmaid (34)
Dauntless	Wildboy (38)	Diligent
Fairplay } Forester }	Brocklesby Ferryman	Destiny (33)
Handmaid } Harrogate }	Mr. Drake's Bachelor	Duke of Grafton's Hostage
Harpy	Halifax (33)	Blameless (37)
Hector	Mr. Drake's Hector	Bonnylass (37)
Jasper } Jovial }	Brocklesby Furrier	Joyful (35)
Lavish } Lively }	Lounger (35)	Welcome (36)
Lucifer } Nautilus	Duke of Grafton's Nero	His Hasty
Victory } Vocal }	Dexter (33)	Vanity

over lengthways and breadthways with two pulls of his bow. Bowshot Covert, half of which still belongs to Lord Willoughby, was planted on this and the adjoining land.

The celebrated Edwin Stevens became huntsman to the Warwickshire hounds in 1842. We have often heard him called the prince of huntsmen, and a few particulars of his career will not be out of place in a work of this

description. His father was in trade, and lived at Hornchurch, in Essex. There were thirteen in the family, and he was one of the youngest. As a boy he had many opportunities of seeing the Essex hounds at exercise, and

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1842.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Candid	The Vine Granby	Mr. A. Smith's Cres- sida
Clamorous	Commodore (37)	Welcome (36)
Comus }	Commodore (37)	Rarity (36)
Crier }	Mr. A. Smith's Chanticleer	His Panic
Constance	Mr. A. Smith's Frederick...	His Bustle
Firebrand	Sir J. Mill's Gambler	Ruby (39)
Gaiety }	The Cheshire General {	Mr. A. Smith's Dia- dem
Governess }	The Vine Granby	Mr. A. Smith's Glory
Gaudy }	Mr. A. Smith's Governor ...	His Victory
Gaylass }	Berkeley Jasper	Harmless (38)
Graceful }	Mr. A. Smith's Admiral ...	His Heedless
Governor }	Berkeley Nelson	Duke of Beaufort's Rosamond
Gulliver }	Duke of Grafton's Paradox	His Parasol
Halifax }	Heythrop Plunder	Racket (39)
Hannibal }	The Vine Pilgrim	Careless (38)
Hector }	The Vine Pilgrim	Rally (38)
Harlot	Mr. A. Smith's Dreadnought	His Rosy
Nimrod	The Cheshire General {	Mr. A. Smith's Tell- tale
Paradox }	Harper (35)	Testy (35)
Prizer }	Mr. Foljambe's Vanguard...	Woodbine (39)
Playful	Duke of Beaufort's Matchless	His Virulent
Pilgrim	Brocklesby Druid {	Duke of Beaufort's Warspite
Rasselas }		
Rhapsody }		
Rosamond }		
Rosy		
Telltale }		
Trinket }		
Tuneful		
Vanguard }		
Vagrant }		
Victor		
Woodman }		
Workman }		

hounds and horses seem to have been all his pleasure and delight, for he would never take much to his books. There were no School Boards or attendance officers then, and, like some other distinguished men, he was what is called a

bad boy to go to school. A quotation will apply from Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man":

The whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

One day his father sent him to school under the charge of the village policeman; we are sorry to say that Edwin fastened on to his custodian's ear. He must have been quite young when he obtained a situation as whip in the Duke of Grafton's establishment. In the year 1842, when only twenty-nine years of age, he came as huntsman to Mr. Barnard, and for nine years he carried the horn with the Warwickshire with never varying success. He owed a good deal of this to his determination always to be with his hounds and to his intense love of the sport, his whole heart being in it, and some say to the way in which he was helped and seconded by Morris, the first whip. It was a well known saying that it must be a good fox which could get away from Ted Stevens and Morris. The latter who, when Mr. Barnard used to hunt the whole country, carried the horn on two days in the northern district, used to act as a sort of telegraphist to Stevens. We have often heard the late Lord Willoughby (Mr. Barnard) say that when hounds were at fault and Stevens had made his casts, if unsuccessful, which was not often, he used to say, "I wonder where Morris is!" and eight times out of ten there was heard the well-known holloa which soon set the ball rolling again, generally to the discomfiture of poor reynard.

When Stevens had been hunting the hounds for about five years, at a meeting of the Leamington Sporting Committee, held at the Bath Hotel on the 20th of May, 1846, it was unanimously resolved: "That the sum of five pounds be given from the fund to open a subscription for the purpose of presenting Stevens, the huntsman of the Warwickshire hounds, with a silver tankard or cup, and the two whippers-in with such presents as the committee

may hereafter determine. That Messrs. George Smith, B. B. Beach, W. Stanley, R. Coates, and Samuel Merry be appointed a committee, with power to add to their number." The following were added to their number: Mr. Trench, Mr. H. Horley, Mr. Cowper, Mr. F. Robbins, jun., Mr. Thomas Taylor. Then follows a list of 135 subscribers, nearly all farmers and tradesmen, showing how popular Stevens was with them, none of the sums exceeding one guinea. We notice amongst them the *Leamington Spa Courier*. The late Mr. Daniel Sarjeant, with Mr. J. Rose, and Mr. Edward Knott, who are still hunting with the Warwickshire hounds, were subscribers to the fund.

The amount subscribed, 79*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*, was thus disposed of:

	£	s.	d.
Stevens' Silver Cup...	21	14	6
„ Cash	20	0	0
Morris (1st whip)	15	0	0
Hicks (2nd whip)	5	0	0
Luke (feeder)	5	5	0
Purses and postage...	0	10	6
Dinner at presentation	4	18	0
Cash to Stevens to treat the men...	6	12	6
	<hr/>		
	£79	0	6

The latter item of 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* was divided amongst twelve kennel men, the last entry being noticeable—kennel boy, Robert Worrall, 10*s.* This must be Robert Worrall, late huntsman to the Old Berkeley and the Vale of White Horse, who before that carried the horn under Squire Lucy, and to whom we shall allude in another place. We have been favoured with a sight of the cup, which is a double-handed silver tankard with a fox on the lid. It is now in the possession of Stevens' daughter, who married, as her second husband, Mr. Middleton, of Tysoe and Kirby Farm, and who now resides at Oxhill, not far from the far-famed Oxhill Gorse. Round the cup are embossed representations of hounds in full cry, with two mounted figures,

evidently huntsman and whip, who have just caught sight of their sinking fox. One is turning round in his saddle to point him out to the other. The inscription is as follows :

Presented by the
Leamington Sporting Committee and other Friends of
FOX HUNTING
to
Mr. E. STEVENS,
Huntsman to the Warwickshire Hounds,
in acknowledgment of his efficient services in that capacity.
1846.

Stevens remained as huntsman to the Warwickshire for four more seasons, and continued to show good sport, and in the year 1851 he went to Lincolnshire as huntsman to Lord Henry Bentinck,* that thorough, but somewhat eccentric sportsman. We have no record of the sport he showed in that country, which he did not like as much as Warwickshire, but he served under a master who understood hunting about as well as any sportsman in England.

* Lord Henry Bentinck was a great sportsman and a remarkable man. I remember his coming to see a hunter belonging to Mr. Cooper, of Farnborough, in the summer, when he was as usual dressed in black with a white tie. When he asked to be allowed to ride the horse, Mr. Cooper, taking him for a Methodist parson, said, " You will never ride him." Lord H. then made himself known, and, greatly to Mr. C.'s astonishment, mounted and rode the horse like the perfect horseman he was, and gave 300*l.* for him. I also remember dining with him alone at Lincoln, where he lived, after a day's hunting with his hounds, and hearing all that he had to relate of a long life of sport; and no man living had seen more or better understood hunting, salmon fishing, and deer stalking, and I learnt much from him that was of use in after years. I asked him on that occasion if he still owned a horse which, when five years old, had been offered to me for sale, but I did not buy him because he stood over to such an extent that his legs were quite crooked. Lord H. replied, " I have still got him, and although I am very particular, I consider him the best horse I ever had." I afterwards saw him sold at Lord H.'s sale, when he had given up hunting, at the age of seventeen, for more than his original price of 130*l.*, for which sum I might have bought him. Lord H. always interviewed his huntsman after dinner, and told him that he ought to have made certain unsuccessful casts in a different direction. Lord H. hunted the whole of Lincolnshire six days a week, carrying the horn on two days himself. He rented what is now two large deer forests, besides a grouse moor and a large part of the Lochy river, living there, as he did elsewhere, almost alone. He, partly on account of fear of the gout and partly to keep himself in training for hard work, drank little else but water, and he carried nothing for luncheon but a single biscuit in his pocket. He died at Saxby Hall, the residence of my friend the late Mr. Hope Barton, and the cause of death was undoubtedly his state of over training, amounting to actual starvation.—C. M.

**Edwin Stevens (Huntsman) on his white mare
jumping a brook.**

From a picture

by

Webb.

The property of Mr. John Arkwright, of Hatton.

Elmer: How much more do you want to

know about me?

Elmer: How much more?

Elmer:

How much?

Elmer: How much more do you want to



There was only one thing Stevens objected to, which was that Lord Henry did a good deal of his business with him on Sunday. If anyone has earned a Sunday's rest it is a huntsman to a six days-a-week pack of hounds. In 1852 he went to London to see the Great Exhibition, and afterwards spent a week at his old haunts at Kineton. On his return to Lincolnshire he was seized with an attack of English cholera, and died very shortly afterwards at the age of thirty-nine. His wife was a relation of the celebrated George Carter, and his grandson, the son of Mrs. Middleton by her first husband, Mr. Ward, is now in the merchant service. If only he was alive now, which he well might be, what a lot more he might have been able to tell us about the grand sport in Warwickshire during Mr. Barnard's mastership, which is now lost, we fear, to our readers for ever. No better or keener huntsman ever blew a horn or cheered hounds on to a sinking fox.

We append the following extract from Fore's "Guide to the Hounds of England" for 1850, as it deals with the period when Stevens was leaving Warwickshire, and the whip referred to in the passage is probably Morris :

NAME OF COUNTRY OR HOUNDS.	MASTER.	HUNTSMAN.	DAYS OF HUNTING.
<p>The Warwickshire</p> <p>Favourite Fixtures :— Ufton Wood, Ladbroke, Bunker's Hill, Mitford Bridge Gorse, Tachbrook Toll Bar, Kineton, Stone- leigh Abbey, Dunchurch. Brickkiln Gorse.</p>	Mr. Barnard	Stevens	Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Saturday

Mr. Barnard has a fine hunting country and a very working pack of hounds, middle sized, and rather deficient in substance. Stevens is said to be a steady, good man ; his kennel discipline is first rate, and the hounds evince a handiness in the field surpassed by none. He came from the Duke of Grafton, having been seven years under George Carter as first whip, and he has now entered upon his eighth season with the Warwickshire, during which time Mr. Barnard has been master.

Leamington is a grand resort for the "visitors" who hunt with these hounds, and they are said to be not a few. The Warwickshire will only hunt

four days this season instead of five, which they have hitherto been accustomed to do; they have fifty-five couples of hounds in the Kineton kennels, and killed forty-four brace of foxes last season. A clever instance of "thought and action" was displayed by the Warwickshire first whip some five seasons ago. A fox had been twice found in a small spinney, and after a brilliant run over a fine grass vale, had saved his life on each occasion by reaching an unstopped earth in a distant part of the country. They found him a third time, and the whip no sooner recognised his friend than, recollecting the earth, he put his horse's head straight for it, and reaching it, jumped in up to his top boots just in time to stop the fox out, who, by-the-bye, almost ran against him with his nose as he passed over, and never went to ground again. The poet, Somerville, author of "The Chase," "lived and hunted" in this country.

Edwin Stevens kept a continuous diary of hunting, which has been kindly lent to us by Mrs. Middleton, and from which we have taken many extracts. Since Warwickshire became a hunting country, there was no better hand than Ted Stevens at

SWISHING A RASPER.





FACING A BROOK.

See! how they range
 Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
 They cross, examining with curious nose
 Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
 Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
 More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
Somerville.

CHAPTER IX.

STEVENS' DIARY*—MR. HUGH WILLIAMS AND LADBROKE
 GORSE—THE HILLMORTON RUN.

THE first extract from Edwin Stevens' diary shows that the first season of his hunting the Warwickshire hounds was 1842, when, during twenty-six days out hunting, he killed twenty foxes, and ran fourteen to ground and left them.

Nov. 5th, 1842, Wroxton Abbey.—Found and ran A ring in the Plantations to ground under A tre. Bolted him and Killed him. Found again in Withecomb Gorse, and crossed the Brook and Left Broughton village and Castle on the Left and Tadmarton and Wiggington on the right Pointing to Great Tow and Bare to the right and Left the Heythrop New gorse covert on the Left and Buttermilk Coverts also to ground in Swarford Park a hour and a half very good hunting run.

21st, Chesterton Mill.—Found A fox in Ladbroock Spinny and Hunted him very Pretty to the New covert at Burton hill to ground 40 Minutes. Found in Itchington Heath and Unted him by verners Gorse and Chadshunt heath to Chadshunt and Turned to the right by Pool and hill fields to

* We give Stevens' diary *verbatim*, exactly as he wrote it, and in his own spelling and vocabulary.

Lighthorne ruff ware he waited for us and ran very hard by Morton and through Morton wood and hell hole and Bowshout and Changed foxes and ran by Walton and frishill and got three foxes before the hounds Stopped them and gave up.

26th Epwell White House drew about Compton Wyniates Blank. Found in Mr. Thornals Gorse and ran very hard up to Compton and back by Tysoe to Upton Edgehill and back through Upton Gorse and over the road by Hornton and Knowl end Alscoate and Old Leys and Burton New covert Pointing to Farnborough and went to A Hollow under Fenny Compton and Lost the fox through it.

December 6th.—Found at Whichford Wood and Broak away by Rollright Hooknorton and Wiggington to Lower Tadmarton and ran him Back and killed him by Wiggington Heath 2 hours hunting run.

20th Hunnington.—Found in hell Break and ran two or three rings about there and away very quick to Compton Winiate and killed him. Found again on Brails Hill and ran A ring on the hill and away by Winderton and Swaclife by Shutford earths to Wroxton Heath were he Waited for us and ran him very hard Back to Shennington Mill and Swaclift and stopped the Hounds at dark Pointing to Epwell White House and we had Been running that fox 2 hours and 3 quarters. A very hard day.

24th Ilmington—had A Blank day.

January 2d 1843 Chesterton Mill.—Found in the Mill Spiney and ran very quick 30 Minutes and Killed him by Bishops Itchington. Drew Ladbrook Spiness and A fox had moved. Found again in Chesterton Wood. Hunted him to Itchington Holt got up to him and ran him by Gaydon coppices and andertons Spiney and Alrescote. Leveing Knowl end on the right down Hornton Bottoms by Whites Bushes and over the Banbury road to ground in Croperday Field in view of the Hounds time one hour and Farty minutes.

28th Wroxton New inn.—A fox Crossed the road before the Hounds and he ran by upton gorse and upton House and Hornton and Arlscote Wood and by Avon Dasset and Farnborough to Claydon hill and killed him one hour 5 minutes. Drew A Spiny by Molington and Hanwell Spinnies Blank. A brace of foxes got up out of A ditch Between Hanwell and Wroxton and we ran very quick Back over the Brook by Hanwell to Borton and lost him.

Febry 28th Mitford Bridge, drew Wolford Heath Barton Grove Blank. Found in Wolford Wood and ran A ring in the wood and away Pointing to Aston Hale and Back by the Spinney through the wood and away over Wolford Heath and by the Four shire stone by Chastleton to ground at Adlesthorp hill with the Hounds close to him. One hour and 23 minutes 36 minits from Wolford heath the Best Pace and no check.

March 9th Harwoods House.—Found in Oakley Wood ran A ring in the wood and away by Staroe all through Highdown Hill and over Radford grounds to Ufton Wood and a ring in the Wood and away over Harbury Field to Ladbrook and by Wartergall to ground at Burton hill..

April 8th the Last of Hunting Havening been out since the First of November, 75 Days and Killed 21 Brace of Foxes and ran 7 Brace to ground and left them.

Total Days Hunted 101.

Foxes Killed 62.

ran to Ground 40.

SEASON 1843-44.

1843 *August 24th*.—Began cub Hunting at Chesterton Wood. Found 4 Brace of cubs and ran about for 4 hours and killed one in Mr Wilkins Barn.

26th Oakley Wood.—Found Plenty of cubs and ran their for 6 hours and Killed one.

This shows the sort of stuff Stevens and his men were made of.

Sept 7th.—Wellesbourne Wood 3 o'clock in the Afternoon.

This must have been an experiment. We do not know

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1843.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Brusher }	Commodore (37)	Brazen *
Brazen }		
Redcap }		Testy (35)
Ragman }		Duke of Buccleuch's Lavish
Flambeau	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	
Gracious }	Commodore (37)	Graceful (42)
Gipsy }		
Guilty }		
Gallant }		
Junket }	Jericho (39)	Hasty (38)
Jubilee }		
Jason }		
Minister }		
Monitor	Commodore (37)	Melody (39)
	Lord Fitzwilliam's Flambeau	Duke of Buccleuch's Merkin
Sailor	Singer †	Rival (38)
Vestris }	Lord Southampton's Sailor	Virgin (39)
Velvet }		
Welcome }		
Windsor }		
Watchman }	Harper (35)	Woodbine (39)
Whipster }		
Warrior }		

* By Sir Tatton Sykes' Brusher—Mr. Foljambe's Willing. Bought by Mr. R. Barnard as a five-year-old in 1840.

† By Mr. Wickstead's Cannibal—his Singer. Bought by Mr. R. Barnard as a four-year-old in 1840.

if it succeeded, as they only found a brace of old foxes, and gave it up. As a general rule this would not answer, one great objection being, besides the absence of dew, that it would throw the men so late with their work.

Last day of cub hunting October 24th. Haveing been 30 times & Killed 26 foxes & ran 8 to ground & Left them.

October 31st Mitford Bridge.—Found in Toddenham Spiny ran very hard by aston Haile to Dracots lost him. Found again in Woolford he Breake away through Leamington copices & aston Haile and Cadley Harbour Pointing Sedgcomb Bore to the Left by Blockley into Bourton Wood 45 Minutes changed Foxes and Stopped the Hounds.

Mr. Barnard's fragment of a diary mentions this day. He says: "Drew Todenham Spinneys; found, after three or four dodges went away very fast in the direction of Aston Hail; lost him after thirty-five minutes good running. Found again, Wolford Wood; very fast forty-five minutes to Bourton Wood; changed foxes, and came home."

November 23rd Bilton Grange.—Drew Captain Hibberts Gorse Cooks Causton & the Sande Pits Leicesters Peice & Frankton Wood Blank & gave it up.

Mr. Barnard's diary: "Thursday, Nov. 23rd, Dunchurch. Blank day."

December 18th Clopton House.—Found in the Balls rough & ran Pointing to Billesley Break curved up to the Left up to Stratford & Leveing Welcome House on the Left and Snitterfield village Pointing to Hampton wood curved to the right Leveing Hatton Rock on the right & over the river into the Osier bed where we left the Hounds 42 minutes & they ran the fox on to Alveston Pastures & Changed foxes after 1 hour & 5 minutes.

Decm 27th redhill.—Found a brace of foxes in Oversley wood & ran A ring in the wood & away by Hazler & Greathorne through Home wood & Spennall Park & away Pointing to Mays wood & curved to the Left by Studley Park & Washford to Ipsley curved to the Left by Studley village through Rough hill to Crabs Cross & Back to Studley Park where we killed him A fox without A Brush the last hour & 14 minutes without A Check.

In 1843 the Heythrop hounds were termed Lord Redesdale's hounds.

January 20th 1844 redhill.—Found in Aston grove & Broak away by Billesley & Back Pointing to Wythecomb & curved to the left over the Turnpik road through redhill wood & away by Drayton pits & Shottrey over the Meadows Pointing to Wire Brook & Curved to the right by the side of the Avon Back by Draton Bushes through redhill wood & the Night Cap & strait through Oversley by Oversley Court curved through exall gorse to West grove & Back through the Devels Night Cap Leveing Oversley wood on the right round by exall gorse Leveing exall village on the left by Drayton Bushes & Shottery to the river Avon & Killed by Bardon hill near Ludington after 4 hours hard work.

February 15th Bilton Grange.—Found at hillmorton & ran A ring of 45.

minutes to ground by Cricke village in the Pitchley country A fox crossed the road by Bilton & the Hounds ran into him in 20 minutes by Hillmorton.

The same day has been mentioned by "Castor," who had received information of the first run only.

February 24th Arlscote Parke.—Found in Brick Kiln gorse & ran him strait as he could up to the Sun Rising 35 minutes Without A Check and along the hill to Knoll end & Killed him 45 Minutes altogether.

March 23rd.—The first notice in Stevens' diary of a meet at Shuckburgh Park, which was (probably about that time) taken away from the Bicester hounds and given to the Warwickshire.

April 3d Ufton Wood—Found & he Broak away by Stoney Thorpe and by Southam Pointing to Tomebys Spinnies Curved to the Left Pointing Back to Ufton Wood but Bore to the right to Long Itchington still Bearing to the right up to the Dunchurch Road & over the canal by Debdale Birdingbury Nearly to Frankton wood & by Bourton to Papehills ware he Waited for us & ran very hard to the Sandpits gorse where we changed our fox he came back to the Papehills & we ran a fresh fox to ground at Causton Lodge in the Garden and gave it up.

The last day Haveing Been out A Hundred & 17 times in the Whole Had 3 Blank days in Regular Hunting & Killed Seventy three Foxes & ran 31 to Ground and Left them.

SEASON 1844-45.

August 12th 1844. Begun Cub Hunting Last day on October 26th Haveing been out 39 times 7 times we found No cubs & Killed 33 Foxes & ran 5 to Ground and Left them.

November 14th Ufton Wood.—Found & broak away to Printhill ran in the cover for some time & away to ground at Radford hill 45 minutes Found again at Nunns Bushes & ran by Stillgoes-Gorse Leveing Knightcote to the right over Burton hill by Old Leys & Arlscote village to Knoll end Changed our fox & ran along Edge hill to Hortins & sunk the hill & away over Tysoe Field Nearly to Oxhill meadows curved to the Right by Herdhill Back to Edgehill & Stopped the Hounds 2 hours altogether.

Ladbroke Gorse and the proposed Worcester and London and Rugby and Oxford Railway.

The following correspondence will explain itself. The proposal to cut a railway through Ladbroke Gorse excited the righteous indignation of Mr. Hugh Williams (afterwards Sir Hugh, agent to Lord Willoughby de Broke and secretary to the Warwickshire Hunt Club), and Warwickshire sportsmen of the present day are deeply indebted to

him for the prompt and characteristic zeal with which such a proposal was met and defeated. It does not seem, however, very clear whither the proposed railway was to run, or how its route could have been through the gorse, unless it was a sort of east and west junction which was never carried out. It seems, however, the line would have been from Rugby to Oxford :

As secretary to the Warwickshire Hunt Club, I think it right to send you a copy of a letter just received by me from Messrs Munton, Draper, and Munton, and my answer to it ; and I hope I may calculate upon your cordial assistance in maintaining the rights of the Hunt against the railway proprietors.—I am, yours faithfully,

HUGH WILLIAMS.

Kineton, Nov. 24th. 1844.

[COPY.]

Banbury, Nov. 22nd, 1844.

SIR,—In order to comply with the Standing Orders of Parliament in reference to the proposed Worcester and London and Rugby and Oxford Railway, we find it necessary to inquire of you whose names (Christian names and residences at full length) we ought to return as the occupiers of the Fox Cover at Ladbroke, for which you pay rent to Mr. John Mann. Ought we to describe yourself, Mr. Barnard, and Mr. Little as a Committee on behalf of the Warwickshire Hunt?—We are, Sir, your very obedient servants,

MUNTON, DRAPER, AND MUNTON.

To HUGH WILLIAMS, Esq., Kineton.

Nov. 23rd, 1844.

GENTLEMEN.—Your letter of yesterday's date has greatly alarmed me as secretary to the Warwickshire Hunt, as I gather from it your intention of interfering with our Fox Cover of fifteen acres, at Ladbroke.

After an enormous outlay, and perseverance for several years in establishing the cover, now that we look to finding foxes in it (in the finest grass country in Europe) you contemplate bringing a railway, either through it, or close by, and thus blasting all our hopes.

In common fairness I therefore call upon you, if the above is your intention, to pay us down without loss of time at least a thousand pounds to go elsewhere, and do the best we can in forming another cover. No time should be lost, for it will require us four or five years to mature a cover such as you deprive us of; and we shall be losers even then, putting out of the question our grievous disappointment, which I value to the Hunt at more than you will ever pay. Hoping you will put the case strongly before the directors, or at any rate lay this, my letter, before them, I will, in courtesy to you, subjoin a list of the Club, which I consider will be the best way of answering your letter with regard to "Christian names and residences at full length," of the whole of the gentlemen interested in the tenancy, for it is rented by the Warwickshire Hunt Club; Mr. Little, Mr. Barnard, and

myself being mere members of it, but being known personally to Mr. Mann, are on that account more particularly looked to by him for the rent. I am yours, &c.,

HUGH WILLIAMS.

List of Members of the Warwickshire Hunt Club.

Evelyn John Shirley, Esq., of Easington Park.
 Edward Bolton King, Esq., of Umberslade.
 Lord Willoughby de Broke, of Compton Verney.
 John Drinkwater, Esq., of Sherborne.
 Bernard Granville, Esq., of Wellesbourne Hall.
 William Holbech, Esq., of Farnborough.
 Joseph Townsend, Esq., of Alveston.
 John Townsend, Esq., of Honington.
 The Rev. John Lucy, of Hampton Lucy.
 Lord Redesdale, of Batsford Park.
 Kelynge Greenway, Esq., of Warwick.
 Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey.
 Henry Christopher Wise, Esq., of Woodcote.
 Matthew Wise, Esq., of Shrublands.
 William Pole Thornhill, Esq., of Stanton.
 George Philips, Esq., of Weston House.
 William Henry Wilson, Esq., of Olton Hall.
 William Judd Harding, Esq., of Baraset.
 Robert John Barnard, Esq., of Kineton.
 John Fullerton, Esq., of Stretton.
 Charles Woodmass, Esq., of Tiddington.
 John Little, Esq., of Newbold Pacey.
 Washington Hibbert, Esq., of Bilton Grange.
 John Barnard, Esq., of Dunchurch.
 Hugh Holbech, Esq., of Coleshill.
 Robert John Atty, Esq., of Ingon Hall.
 Thomas Shaw Hellier, Esq., of Woodhouse.
 Gustavus Thomas Smith, Esq., of Goldicote.
 James Roberts West, of Alscot Park.
 Charles Thomas Warde, Esq., of Clopton House.
 Charles Harding, Esq., of Wellesbourne.
 Darwin Galton, Esq., of Edstone Hall.
 Robert Reid, Esq., of Alveston.
 Sir Francis Lyttleton Holyoake Goodricke, Bart., of Studley Castle.
 John Sidney North, Esq., of Wroxton Abbey.
 Sir John Robert Cave Brown Cave, Bart., of Kenilworth.
 Christopher Musgrave, Esq., of Leamington.
 Viscount Villiers, of Upton House.
 Robert Philips, Esq., of Snitterfield.
 The Hon. William Henry Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey.
 Walter Cowan, Esq., of Offchurch-Bury.
 Viscount Duncan, of Camperdown.
 Maxwell Steele, Esq., of Mickelton House.
 Carrington Smythe, Esq., of Wooton Wawen.
 William Thomas Hitchins, Esq., of Idlicote House.

Chandos Wren Hoskyns, Esq., of Wraxhall.
 Stephen Newman Kershaw, Esq., of Leamington.
 Corbett Holland Corbett, Esq., of Admington.
 Henry Norris, Esq., of Wroxton.
 Hugh Williams, Esq., of Kineton.

To Messrs. MUNTON, DRAPER, and MUNTON, Banbury.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1844.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRMS.	DAMS.
Amorous	Albert (41)	Brilliant (37) ..
Buxom	Mr. Drake's Bachelor	Vengeance (40)
Barrister	Duke of Buccleuch's Boxer	Priestess*
Crafty	Tarquin (40)	Cruel (38)
Freedom }	Belvoir Fatal	Virgin (39)
Faithless }		
Frantic }		
Fugleman }		
Fatal }		
Fearnought	Harrogate (41)	Flourish (40)
Flasher	Mr. Smith's Frederick	Duke of Grafton's Gertrude
Harmony }	Mr. Villebois' Hannibal	Melody (39)
Hopeful }	Berkeley Jasper	Careless (38)
Jessy }		
Jewess }	Mr. Drake's Furrier	Jealousy (40)
Joyful	Mr. Drake's Ferryman	His Jargon
Justice }	Mr. Villebois' Hannibal	Racket (39)
Lawless }		
Legacy }		
Lofly }	Belvoir Fatal	Mr. Drake's Prudence
Pliant }		
Prudence	Hermit (38)	Pastime (40)
Rakish	Mr. Villebois' Hannibal	Racket (39)
Ranter	Mr. A. Smith's Rattler	Duke of Grafton's Volatile
Ransom }	Tarquin (40)	Rally (38)
Rustic }		
Singer	Singer	Harlot (42)
Sultan	Mr. Drake's Warbler	His Syren
Talisman }	Mr. Drake's Artist	His Trinket
Tudor }		
Topper }	Lord Lonsdale's Harlequin {	Sir W. Maxwell's Termagant
Toilet }		
Tomboy }		
Testy	Hotspur (40)	Testy (35)
Tragedy }	Mr. Villebois' Hannibal	Termagant (39)
Trifle }		
Trouncer	Duke of Grafton's Talisman	His Florence
Pickwick	Vine Grampion	Their Panic
Demon ...	Sir R. Sutton's Dorimont ...	Oakley Caroline

* By Lord Lonsdale's Platoff Sir Tatton Sykes' Playful. Bought by Mr. R. Barnard as a brood bitch in 1844.

Stevens' diary :

November 22d Compton Verney.—Found in Lighthorne Rough & ran very quick to Lighthorne grounds & Bore to the Left Pointing to Oakly wood Stil Bearing to the Left by Newbold Pacy to Mr Wheatleys to Friseshill up to Bowshate Changed our fox & ran by Compton & Walton wood Thornton Breake uper Goldicote Houndshill & the Fir Plantation by Alderminster over crimscode field Skirting the downs by the village to quinton village to Meanhill to ground at Jarrats Brow time up to Compton 50 minutes from there A hour & 35 minutes.

Nov. 28th, Bilton Grange.—"Gave it up on account of the Field overriding the Hounds."

December 2d Gaydon Inn.—Found in Ladbroke New Covert & ran by Radbourne to Fenny Compton. No scent with him. Drew Burton cover Blank Found 3 foxes in Itchington Heath & ran quick by Kingston through Fletchers cops & verners gorse & the fox ran up towards Mr Whitemans & Turned Back & Governess had Fairley hold of him & Let him go we ran quick on to Lighthorne rough & had the fox in the Spiny by the road & Mr Barnard Would not let me Kill him & we let him go away & lost him.

THE HILLMORTON RUN

Bilton Grange—January 16th 1845.—Found in the Gorse by the House and ran very hard Pointing to Braston Cleve Curved to the Left and Killed at Hillmorton. Found again in Hillmorton gorse and ran over Crick Field and Yelvertoft Field to Hemplow Hills and away Pointing to Stamford Hall curved to the Right over Walts he Leveing Welford on the Left Back to the Hills and Killed him time 1 hour and 25 minutes.

Letter from W. B. Fortescue Esq., of Octon, Torquay, formerly squire of Fallapit, South Devon, Mr. Barnard's brother-in-law, to the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney :

The task you have set me is rather like writing ancient history, but I will do all I can to jot down a few particulars that I have thought over respecting the Hillmorton run. You are right as to the first run from Bilton Grange on the day in question, but we had lost our fox and were on our way to draw Hillmorton, when the hounds suddenly threw up their heads, and began to run, doubtless our hunted fox. Had they not done this, the fox might have reached the gorse, and so spoilt the run (*par excellence*). I did not know the line we took with this fox, as the country was new to me, but they ran very fast for fifty-two minutes to the Hemplow Hills, then ran their fox up and down the fences, the fields there being small, and eventually ran into him in the middle of a large grass field.

It was computed that there were 300 out at the meet, but I cannot say much respecting the riders in the first run. I was riding a horse called *Guy*,* which I bought of Henry Carew, and it was my first ride on him in a

**Guy* was sold by Mr. Fortescue to Mr. Barnard, and he told him that the horse was not good at water; Mr. Barnard mounted Stevens on him with the Heythrop Hounds, when they met at the Fox, North Aston. They found, and Stevens, seeing Jem Hills gallop down to the brook, thought, of course, that he knew of a good place to jump it, but when Jem came to the brook he jumped off his horse, having had a plank placed across the water, and mounted his second horse on the other side. Stevens was bound to ride at the brook, and got into it.

flying country. He jumped me into a brook in the first run, but happily the bottom was hard, and we were soon out and going again. In the second run he never put his foot wrong, and carried me brilliantly. At the first check, on the Hemplow Hills, I counted those up, and the number was twelve; but, of course, many stragglers came up and saw the finish. I did not know many of those who were out, but I think Lord Howth, Johnny Maddocks, a hard riding man called Wilson, and Sir John Brownrigg, and the late Lord Knightley* were in the run. The last named was riding a horse which he had lately bought of Lord Chesterfield, and I saw him jump the biggest splashed fence I ever saw jumped.† Uncle Fitz (the Rev. J. Fitzwilliam Taylor, of East Ogwell Rectory, South Devon) stopped his horse some distance from the check, thoroughly pumped out. Thirteen horses died that night, in part killed by bleeding, the old-fashioned way of dealing with tired horses, and a sure way of killing them. I never saw such a sight as the stableyard at Dunchurch, buckets of blood on all sides; and I remember my servant's first anxious question, "How's the horse?" I do not remember what horse Stevens rode on this memorable day, but I think your father was riding Comet, and gave him to Stevens to finish on. Your father and Uncle Fitz and self got back to Compton about 9.30, and we had dinner at a little table set for us apart from the large table. I think you know about Hugh Williams' cry of victory, and his waving his table napkin over his head when he heard we had killed, and the old lord's rejoinder, "Sit down, Hugh; you make as much fuss as if we had gained a great naval engagement."‡

I was told by Lord Mountgarret, who was out, that a fox crossed the road as the hounds were on the way to Hillmorton, and this coincides with Mr. Fortescue's account. This seems the more likely, because the fox had probably only just gone by, and the hounds began to run at once, faster than they would have when, after drawing

* THE LATE LORD KNIGHTLEY.—Lord Knightley, of Fawsley, whose death was announced at the end of last week, was the son of Sir Charles Knightley, the second baronet. He was born in 1819, and was educated first at Eton, and afterwards by a private tutor. He succeeded his father in the representation of South Northamptonshire in 1852, and retained the seat uninterruptedly until the Redistribution of 1895, when he was returned for that portion of his old constituency that bore the old name. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1864, and was created a peer in 1892. Lord Knightley was senior member of the Pytchley Hunt, and was a famous whist player.—From the *Graphic*, December 28th, 1895.

Lord Knightley is described in Mr. Charles Clarke's book, "Crumbs from a Sportsman's Table," under the sobriquet of the Hon. Peregrine Bayard.

† The late Rev. Henry Knightley, who was also in the run, told us that he saw Lord Knightley (then Sir Rainald Knightley) jump this fence, and that it was so high that his horse jumped on to the top of it and off again, thus clearing the wide ditch on the other side. The name of this horse which he rode through the run was "I Spy I."

‡ Lord Willoughby was a great naval enthusiast, and the Louthembourg pictures of the battles of the Nile and Camperdown hang in the dining room at Compton. In the Camperdown picture you can just see the figure of "Jack Crawford" on the Admiral's ship nailing England's colours to the mast. It was really done with the butt end of a pistol, though here a hammer is represented. This feat gave origin to the expression, "Nailing one's colours to the mast."

a covert, they had to be got away from it with a large field out. Many of the field may have thus been taken quite unawares, and, not getting a start, never caught the hounds. There can be no doubt that the great run lasted about fifty minutes, up to the first check on the Hemplows, and that the time of one hour and twenty-five minutes in Stevens' diary was taken up by the pack running this stout fox again from the hills, in the direction of Stamford Hall and Welford and back again, before killing him. I remember Mr. Barnard telling me several years afterwards, when I was first out hunting, that this was the best run the Warwickshire hounds had during his mastership, and it was over about the finest country in England, and over so wild a line of country that Yelvertoft is the only place marked on the Ordnance map between Hillmorton and the Hemplows. The distance between these two points is seven miles straight. The head of the fox was preserved for many years in the Muniment room at Compton Verney.—C. M.

In those days there certainly were

SOME BOLD RIDERS.





THE KENNELS, KINETON.

CHAPTER X.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

EDWIN STEVENS' DIARY CONTINUED—CAPTAIN JENNINGS AND
JACK HICKS—PUBLIC DINNER TO MR. R. J. BARNARD—
OTHER NOTED RIDERS.

I REMEMBER at this time, when at home for the holidays, going out hunting on a pony, and a fox, which undoubtedly was a bagman, was enlarged in Bath Hill and killed after running over two fields. I ascertained in time, as soon as I got to understand hunting, that foxes had been systematically killed at Walton by the keepers, and that the farm bailiff was perfectly aware of this. I shortly had the keepers discharged without a character, and we soon began to find plenty of foxes.

January 21st 1845 Weston House.—Found and coped a fox in the Fathest Combe. Found again in the Combe & ran Pointing to Withford Curved up the hill Leveing Roleright on the right Pointing to Swerford Curved to the right to Heythorpe Park to ground 36 minutes as hard as hounds could go.

After the first fox had been chopped, no doubt another was found in one of the Rollwright Coombs, and this was a very fast and brilliant run. The hounds went at best pace over the boundary high road, which Jem Hills said the

Warwickshire never could cross. They were in the same field with the fox close to Heythrop, when Morris rode at him and tried to turn him, but he got over a stone wall and went to ground.

28th Mitford Bridge.—Found in Woolford wood & ran A ring in the wood & away over the Heath Pointing to Barton. Bore to the right by Norton into the wood again & ran there some time & away by the 4 Shire Stone & A ring through Mr Jones Spinnees Back to the Stone & by Norton to ground by Chaseldon in the Heythorpe Hunt. Lord Redesdale was there & gave us Leave to have him dug out & killed him.

February 27th Teachbrook Village.—Found in Oakley Wood & ran through Chesterton Wood over old Such-by & Yaw field up to Harbury Heath Bore to the left over Harbury Field. Pointing to Chesterton Mill turned to the right through Whitnash Gorse Pointing to Radford Turned Back through the gorse to Chesterton Wood & through Pointing to Lighthorne Bore to the Left & we Killed him by Checkleys Brake in Old Such 2 hours & 10 minutes. Found again in Itchington Holt & hunted him to Pool Fields & gave him up.

28th Shuckburgh Park.—Found & ran away down Pointing to the Sande Pits curved back to Shuckburgh & gave him up. Found again at Ladbroke New Covert & Broake away by Mr. Manns Pointing to Napton curved to the Left by the hill Leveing Ladbroke House on the right & Nunns Bushes & Mr Stillgoes crossed and recrossed the Turnpike Road & by Watergall to Fenny Compton over Knightcote Field. Curved to the Left to Northend over Burton Hill & Old Leys & arlscotes Bottoms Leveing Knowle End over Radway Field & Kineton Field. Leveing the Holt on the right to Hardwick turned to the Left up the hill to ground by Hortins on Edge Hill time 1 hour & 35 minutes.

March 12th Wellesbourne.—Drew Wellesbourne & all round to Bowshot. Found A Brace & ran through hell hole to Friz hill by Wellesbourne turnpike through Morton wood & through Lighthorne Rough & Itchington Holt to North end through the new covert & Harbages gorse by Farnborough Claydon & Appletree Pointing to Chippen Warden & gave him up.

26th Compton Verney.—drew Bowshot & the rough Found in Chesterton Wood & Breake away over old Sush through Itchington Holt Strait over Burton hill by Farnborough & Croperday & over the Canal & up to Edgecott & through the Park. Changed our fox & ran on by Griffins gorse & Furnhill and gave it up at Wardington.

April 19th—Tile Hill for the Last day for the Season Haveing Been out hunting since the 28th of October 87 times had 3 Blank days Killed 53 old foxes. Total days hunted 126 times total Foxes Killed 86 & ran to ground & Left them 29.

SEASON 1845-46.

1845.—First days Cub Hunting August 23d at Chesterton Wood Last day at Walton Wood October 31st Haveing been out 36 days & Killed 32 foxes & ran 11 to ground & Left them.

November 10th Newbold Pacey.—Found & Broke away by Middle hill & Cappenham & Wasperton to Charlecote mill. Bore to the Left by

Charlecote House over the Avon and Back over the Park to the Gardens & Killed him 30 minutes. Found again at the Brick Kiln end of Wellesbourne Wood & ran by Chapmans house Smathly Breake Pointing to Thornton curved to the left by Foss Bridge over the road by Blacke Land by Moreland and Storn all & Hardwicke & Westcote through Radway Gorse over Edge Hill by Ratley to Warmington Mill changed the fox at Edge Hill gave him up.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY. 1845.

MR. R. BARNAED.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Barrister } Benedict }	Belvoir Fatal	Bounty (41)
Bauble	Mr. Drake's Satelite	His Bauble
Bajazet	Mr. Drake's Bachelor	His Mindful
Clasper } Craftsman }	Commodore (37)	Harlot (42)
Comedy } Chaser }	Jericho (39)	Cruel (38)
Charmer } Counsellor }	Belvoir Clasper	Jealousy (40)
Countless	Belvoir Fatal	Playful (42)
Fencer } Famous }	Mr. Drake's Gainsborough	His Flourish
Freeman	Belvoir Fatal	Governess (42)
General	Mr. Drake's Vaultor	His Laudable
Loyalist		
Marplot } Magic }	Marplot (39)	Rosamond (42)
Mischief } Milliner }		
Piper } Pagan }	Belvoir Clasper	Pastime (40)
Proserpine } Racer }	Rector*	Velvet (43)
Roxlerick } Rachel }		
Rosebud }	Rector	Melody (39)
Raudom	Albert (41)	Ruby (39)
Rumsey	Albert (41)	Woodbine (39)
Wisdom		

* By Mr. Foljambe's Richmond—His Promise. Bought as a two-year-old in 1840 by Mr. R. Barnard.

Decembe 24th Cubington Gate. —A By day. Found in Cubington Wood & ran A ring in the wood crossed the road Broake away Pointing to the Roundels was Headed Back through the wood & Weston wood. Skirted Waverley & Ryton Woods by Hell Coppices & Stretton to Lines Spiney Changed Foxes had 3 there & ran hard to Fulham wood & over Wolston heath to Frankton wood and 2 rings round the wood & away Pointing to the Bulland Butcher wood Curved the right & back up to Lines Spiney

curved to the left to Fulham wood & ran ten minutes in the wood & killed him. Time 4 hours & 7 minutes from the Finde.

January 5th 1846 Lighthorne Village.—Drew Chesterton Wood & Spinnies Blank. Found in Ufton Wood and ran in the wood 20 minutes and away over Bascote Heath by Stonelhorpe over Southam Grounds through Nunns bushes to Stilagos curved to the Left by Ladbroke Skirted the New Gorse Leveing the old Radbourne & Marston Doles on the Left up to Priors Marston and Curved to the Left to Shuckburgh to Ground.

6th Mitford Bridge.—Found in Woolford & ran over Morton Common Curved to the Right through Dunson Leveing Tadingham on the right Down to Mitford Bridge & up to Willington & over Brailes Hill to ground by Brailes House.

20th Mitford Bridge.—Found in the Little Barton Grove & ran Over the hill & through the grove over the hill again Pointing to Roleright Combes Curved to the Left under Long Compton to Ground Bolted him & ran Pointing to Woolford Heath Curved to the Right through Weston Spinnies by Cherrington by Stourton mill & Lower Brailes & Brailes Building Leveing the Warren on the Left & Killed him by Cottage pointing to Shutford—a hour and 15 minutes.

26th Wellesbourne.—Drew the wood Blank Found in redhill wood & ran about there & Wellesbourne wood 45 minutes & Killed him. Found again in 9 mans mass* & ran through Compton Rides & Bowshote Lighthorne Rough Chesterton Wood & Itchington Holt & Over Knightcote Field Pointing to Watergall & gave him up.

Mr. Pitt, of Wellesbourne, from whom we have heard an account of this run, says that they found in Eight Men's Marth at Walton, and ran nearly without a check for an hour and a quarter. After leaving Chesterton Wood only Mr. Blundle, of Kenilworth, Mr. John Brown, V.S., Mr. Pitt, and Stevens, remained with the hounds to the finish. Mr. Pitt rode a famous brown horse by Shaver, which he hunted for six seasons.

29th Dunchurch.—Found at Hillmorton & ran very quick into Crick Village & Hunted him turning about to Yelvertoft Got up to him & ran very quick to Winwick Warren to ground in the main earth.

February 12th Grandborough.—Found at Mr Bradleys Gorse & crossed the Brooke up to the Cannal & ran parallal Pointing to Flecknoe Curved to the Right by Sawbridge Leveing Grandborough on the Left over Eushun hill crossed the Leam through Bunker Hill & over the Dunchurch Turnpike road under Bilton Grange to Ground in Cooks Earth time 43 minutes without A Check.

During this season they had what we should call nowadays some very long draws. On February 5th, from a meet at Ufton Wood, they drew Chesterton Wood, Itchington

* Eight Men's Marth. So called because "eight men mowed the meadow below it in one day."

Holt, Fletcher's Coppice, Chadshunt Coppices, Poolfields Gorse, Lighthorne Rough, and Bowshot, all blank.

27th Hillmorton Village.—Found in the Gorse ran hard to Catthorpe & Swinford on the Left through Lilbourne Gorse & ran Parallal with the Watling snet [street] road nearly to Crick and crossed the road again & the Railroad & Killed him by Barby 43 minutes. Found again in Bradleys Gorse & ran by Sawbridge Leveing it on the Right & Back through Gorcoru Spiny to ground at Shuckburgh.

The *Leamington Courier* gives an account of these runs, and adds that Mr. Laurence's horse broke his back in the first run, and three other horses were staked, and that the ugly brook stopped "the three Leicesters" (presumably not the celebrated sheep, but Meltonians). All took to the road for a time, when about seven were able to keep near the flying hounds.

March 6th Eatington.—Found in Alveston Pastures & Broke away by Loxley Could not run drew Wellesbourne Wood Blank. Found again in Walton wood & ran by Walton House Curved to the right through Barthill & Compton rides along the Water side over the Bridge & through the Rough and Chesterton Wood & over Harbery Field down to the Brooke Pointing to Ladbroke Curved to the Left and ran Parallal with the Brooke to Stone-thorpe & Killed him 1 hour & 50 minutes.

20th Wroxton New Inn.—A deep Snow went at one o'clock & drew Alveston Pastures Blank. Found in Brick Kiln Gorse & ran A ring in the gorse & away by Pillerton Heardhill Marston Curved to the right by ——— to Ground at Edgehill time 33 minutes in all 28 minutes from the Gorse.

24th Chesterton Mill.—Found in Ladbroke gorse & ran by old Radbourne over the Canal by Priors marston Pointing to ———. Curved to the Left over Newbold grounds to Shuckburgh to ground drew Burton Hill & Faruborough Blank & gave it up.

Last days Hunting.—April 14th at Henley Days Hunted 109 Regular.

Cub Hunted 36 Total 145 had 2 Blank days & Stopped 1 day by snow & 2 by Frost makes 140 days. Foxes Killed 101.

Ran to ground 43 accounting for 144 Foxes.

Although it is certain, owing to the number of coverts drawn blank during this season, that there were not a great quantity of foxes, yet Stevens and Morris were death upon them. This feat of killing fifty brace of foxes was, we believe, only twice equalled afterwards, when Jones, huntsman to the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, killed the same number, and the present Lord Willoughby, hunting his own hounds, killed 101 foxes in the season of 1893-1894.

SEASON 1846-47.

Cubhunting began in 1846 on Aug. 10th, at Hampton Wood, and ended on October 28th at Frankton Wood, on which day Stevens' diary records :

A Fox Stole away drew Lines Spinny Blank Found in Fulham Wood & Hunted him Aboute there for A hour. Found again in Bunkershill & ran

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1846.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Archer } Artist } Atlas }	Albert (41)	Harlot (42)
Actæon	{ Duke of Buccleuch's Sportsman	His Adelaide
Blossom	Tarquin (40)	Buxom (44)
Comodoro } Cardinal } Crafty }	Duke of Rutland's Render...	Clamorous (42)
Dexter	Whipster (43)	Dowager*
Needless	The Vine Pickwick	Hopeful (44)
Monarch } Music } Melody }		
Pedlar } Prior }	Paradox (42)	Jewel (44)
Rally } Rampish }	Fatal (44)	Rally (38)
Rebel } Rapture }	Belvoir Victor	Redcap (43)
Traveller	Tarquin (40)	Rakish (44)
Trojan } Tracer }		
Trueman } Tuneful }	Belvoir Trueman	Rhapsody (42)
Tiffany } Wonder	Whipster (43)	Vocal (41)

* By Belvoir Render—Puckeridge Dairymaid. Bought by Mr. Barnard as a four-year-old in 1844.

by Dunchurch Straite through Causton Spinnies Left Lines Spiny & Fulham Wood to the Left over the Railroad to Church Lawford and Killed him 55 minutes.

The Last day of Cubhunting Haveing been out 39 times & Killed 29 Foxes & ran 4 to Ground and Left them.

November 3rd, Mitford Bridge.—Found 3 brace of Foxes & ran one very hard to ground was Hollowed on A Fox & ran aboute there 2 hours & away over Morton common Aston Haile & Leveing Aston village on the Left by Cadley Harbour Back to the Hail & Killed him 3 hours & 20 minutes.

7th Goldicote. — Found in Alveston Pastures and ran 45 minutes to ground. Found in Brick Kiln gorse and ran a ring away over by Pillerton Field down to Walton Wood Curved Shorte Back by Thornton by the Gorse & Upper Pillerton Crossed the Banbury Road Pointing to Oxhill Curved to the Left by Herdhill Pointing to the Sun Rising curved Shorte to the Left by Radway to Ground.

December 9th Gaydon Inn. — Found in Itchington Holt and ran a ring in the Covert & away by Kingstone through Chesterton Wood by Harewoods House & along the Foss a mile over Whitnash Field to Teachbrooke & back to Chesterton Pool & Kingstone & Itchington Holt to Ground at Gaydon Hill Bolted and Killed him 2 hours & 10 minutes.

19th. — Went to Alveston Pastures with 57 couples & $\frac{1}{2}$ of Hounds & found A Fox there the riding so bad I was not Near them they ran a ring up to Fir Grove & I Believe they Killed a Fox there they ran on again through the Pastures by Upper Goldicote and Houndshill to Eatington road and Stopped the Hounds.

January 1st 1847 Church Tysoe. — Found at Bromehill & ran very hard 37 minutes to Ground at Edgehill. Found again in Upton Gorse & ran up to Shenington Village curved to the right over Sheington & Tysoe Field by Compton Mill Pointing to Widderton curved to the right through hell Break & Honington Spiny's by Idlicote House down to the Brook. Turned Back through the Breake up to St Denis by Honington and Idlicote unto Pillerton Field Pointing to Pillerton Prior Stopped the Hounds at Darke.

January 2d Hunningham Hill. — Drew it & Ethorpe & Debdale Blank — Found in Ufton Wood & ran A ring in the wood & away over Bascote Heath & Stoney thorpe Pointing to Southam. Curved to the right over Harbury Field & Heath by Chesterton Church & through the wood Down by Oakley Wood & Lost him. We Found our first fox in Ufton Wood & ran 25 minutes verry hard to Ground at Ratford & Left him.

9th Ufton Wood. — Found & ran in the wood some time & away through the rough to Stoney Thorpe & Back through the wood & away by Ufton village Pointing to Harbury Turned to the right over Mr Horleys Farme & over the Foss to Ratford Hill where the Plough Land carried & we could hunt him no Father. Found again in Ladbroke Gorse and ran in the Gorse 20 minutes & away over Ladbroke Hill to Napton Folly & Strait up the Hill Pointing to schuckburgh Curved to the Left over the Southam road by Caldicote Pointing to Tomblow Spinnies & gave him up at Darke.

From the *Leamington Courier*, January 9th, 1847 :

HUNT BALL HELD AT WARWICK. — Nearly 400 invitations to this assembly were accepted, and the brilliant affair was such as might be expected from the well-known liberality of the gentlemen of the Hunt. The decorations of the civic building were replete with good taste, elegance, and judgment, the hall and supper room being temporarily draped and lighted in the best possible style.*

* 'Tween women and wine, Sir, man's lot is to smart,
For wine makes his head ache, and women his heart.

Sporting Magazine.

At a provincial hunt ball a man was seen dancing with his own wife. A Melton man observed that "It was all very well in a plough country, but on the grass it would be thought dead slow." — *Ibid.* — H. C. N.

From Vyner's "Notitia Venatica: "

The following anecdote of a fox having been actually roasted and served up at table by one of the greatest *bon vivants* of his day is undoubtedly true, as I have heard it from no less than four different persons: The Rev. Charles Curtis, the rector for many years of Solihull, in Warwickshire, was no less celebrated for his attachment to field sports than for his unbounded hospitality and for the excellent table which he always kept. So fond was he of the chase that for many years he kept a pack of harriers himself, with which he sometimes drew for a fox, as there were no foxhounds in those days which regularly hunted in that neighbourhood. On one occasion, when the hounds accidentally crossed the line of poor reynard as he was on his travels, and had given him a dressing of upwards of two hours in the old-fashioned style, which had found the bottom of most of the nags, and amongst them had completely sewed up that of the sporting divine, who, finding it almost dark, himself unable to proceed, and that "although the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak," he gave them a parting cheer, and declared to old Joe Pitchford, his huntsman, that if he succeeded in bringing home the brush he would, without fail, have the carcass dressed for dinner; in which he was as good as his promise, for after running their fox hard for a considerable time longer, the hounds gloriously vanquished him; and accordingly he was actually roasted and brought up to table, where a considerable portion of him was eaten, there being a large party to dinner on that day.

A master of harriers, mentioned in the *Sporting Magazine* for 1824, entertained a somewhat different idea as to the claim of a fox to be regarded as a delicacy. His hounds one day got on the line of a fox, whereupon the master called out lustily to his whipper-in, "Stop them! Stop them! He's nae meat"—*meat*.

Stevens' diary :

26th Hunnington Toll gate.—Found 3 Foxes on Brailes Hill & ran A very quick ring round the hill 25 minutes & Killed him. Drewe Compton Winiate Blauk Found in Hitchcox Gorse & ran Pointing to Compton Curved Shorte Back by Epewell village & Mill Leveing shutford earths on the right over Wroxton Field by Taylors Bushes to Hornton village he waited for us & ran very hard the last 10 minutes & Killed him in the road by Ratley 1 hour & 25 minutes.

28th Lower Shuckburgh village.—Found 5 Brace of Foxes & Killed A Brace at the Hill & hunted A Fox over New Bold grounds & Hellidon Hill to Griffins Gorse & very quick back to Shuckburgh & A ring at the hill & away over Fleckno Field Pointing to Willoughby but whent to ground in Fleckno Field.

29th Chesterton Mill 12 o'clock.—Found in Ladbrook Gorse & the fox Broake away Pointing to Napton. Mr Barnard ordered me to take the Hounds home as the field over rode them Shameful drew Ufton did not Finde a fox Disturbed from there.

This was no doubt the day after some ball at Leamington or Warwick. The "dancers" must have been in great force. Mr. Barnard apparently relented afterwards, as they drew Ufton Wood.

About this time Stevens had a very bad fall, and there is no entry in the diary between February 6th and the 15th; but the hounds were hunted during the interval by Morris, and had a splendid run on the 10th, the following account of which has been given to us by Captain Jennings (late of the 7th Madras Cavalry):

On February 10th, 1847, the meet was at Wroxton Abbey, and Morris, in the absence of Stevens, hunted the hounds. They found at Withycombe, and ran very fast by North Newington and Broughton Castle to Wykham Brook, where there was a check. Morris cast the hounds to the left, but one couple crossed the brook and hit off the line of the fox on the other side, and as soon as they were joined by the rest they again began to run hard. Had it not been for the check, perhaps more of the riders would have got over the water, which was bank high and is at all times a very big jump.* As it was, Captain Jennings alone jumped it clear, and Jack Hicks, the second whip, got over with a fall. The latter told Captain Jennings that he thought he had better stop the hounds, but he replied: "You had much better not do so, because they may kill their fox after a fine run, and you will get the credit of it." So Jack left them alone, and they ran on without a check by Wiggington Heath to Swerford, and from thence through Great Tew Park, and they killed their fox three miles beyond it in the open close to Enstone, in the Heythrop country, having run thirteen miles from point to point in an hour and a half with only one check. Mr. Barnard alone came up after an interval of twenty minutes. Captain Jennings rode an Irish grey horse, only 15 hands high, a portrait of which we have seen in his house at Milverton Farm. After resting the horse for an hour at Banbury, he rode him back to Leamington, a distance of thirty-two miles from Enstone, and he did not reach home until ten

* It was very unfortunate for Morris that he did not get over the Wykham Brook, and we should have much liked to have heard the account of the run (certainly the best of the season) given by Jack Hicks to Stevens and Morris, and how he had killed the fox far into Jem Hills' country—a rare event in the annals of the Warwickshire hounds.

o'clock. He had ridden the horse to covert from Leamington in the morning, and could not have ridden this rare little animal less than seventy miles during the day, which including such a run was an extraordinary performance for one horse. Captain Jennings was one of few who could ride a young horse with skill and judgment, and he hunted until over eighty years of age. He still rides to a near meet at the age of ninety-one.*

Stevens' diary was continued on February 15th.

February 18th Hillmorton Village.—Found a fox or a fox Found for us† wheut away Pointing to Crick & turned to the right & we Killed him in Hillmorton Field. Found again in Cooks Gorse and ran Parallel with Rainsbrook for A mile Curved to the right Strait over the canal Leveing Kilsby on the Left on to Barby Hill to Ground 20 minutes very fast. Found again in Willoughby Gorse & ran by Sawbridge Pointing to Bunkershill & the Hounds ran into him in 12 minutes in the middle of A large Grass Field.

There must have been a rare scent on this day, and yet it was just before a storm.

23rd, Wichford Village.—Drew the wood and Combs & Spinnies Blank. Found on Brailes hill & ran a ring under the hill & away Leveing St Denis to the right to Hunnington hill Pointing to Idlicote House Curved to the Left by Hunnington village to the Back of Shipstone & Willington & over Brailes hill to ground by Cherrington mill & Left him.

To draw Whichford Wood blank is a very rare event.

26th, Church Tysoe.—Found at Compton & could not run on the hills Drew Pillerton Gorse B. Found a Brace in Kineton Holte & very quick up to the hill & along by Knowl end & over arlescote Field by Mr William Ledbrokes up to the Burton road Headed Shorte Back & ran by Mr Andertons up to Chadshunt 1 hour very good & he Beat us,

March 4th, Princethorpe.—Drew Frankton Blank & Fulam wood & lines Spiny. Found in Paphills & 2 rings & away by Bourton & Frankton Village through Frankton wood & Bull & Butcher woods & Killed him one hour. Found again in Debdale & ran up to Birbery Wafe over the Dunchurch Road Pointing to Twemlow Spinneys was headed Shorte Back & we Lost him.

13th Henley in arden.—Found in Mockley Wood & ran in the wood 15 minutes to ground. Found again in Upper Skilts & ran Pointing to Morton Bagot Curved to the Left through Mockley wood over Renals green through the Gardens at Henley in arden & over the road by Wooton Hall & ran into him Pointing to Austy wood 55 minutes.

* I saw him at Ufton Wood in December, 1895.—W. R. V.

† This probably means another bagman turned down at the same place as the one enlarged previous to the great run from Hillmorton on Jan. 16th, 1845, and rather confirms the truth of the statement made at that time.

20th Cubbington Gate.—Drew Cubbington & Weston & Waverley spring & Righton woods Blank Found in Wappenbury & ran in the woods 20 minutes & away by Righton village and Larford Lodge Woolstone & Lines Spinney Pointing to Causton curved to the Left & we Killed him at Lawford 1 hour and 10 minutes.

26th Wroxton New Inn.—Drew Claydon Hill & the coverts about the abbey & Wyckham Park Blank. Found in Gullivers Bushes & ran very quick to J. Atkin's gorse & Killed him Found again on Bloxams Side & ran through the Heath Pointing to Swackeliffe turned by Tadmartin & Milcote & Barford to Halls of Buttermilk & Hawk gorse into Great Tew Park & gave him up.

April 1st, Ufton Wood.—Drew it blank. Found it set full of wyres by the railroaders at Harbury.

April 5th Chadshunt.—Run a fox from the Coppices to Ground in Mr. Bulls Field Drew Pool Field Chadshunt Heath Taylors Bushes Itchington Blank Found in Burton hill & ran by Fenney Compton & Harbbadges gorse & Farborough Mollington hill Curtis gorse got up to him again at Edgehill & ran by Ratley mill over the Bottoms & over J. Garretts Farme by Warmington & Curtis gorse by Shotswell to Horley Crossed the Banbury road again by Hanwell to ground Between the Spinney & Councell Spiny to ground and dug him out dead 1 hour 15 minutes from the hills.

16th Epwell.—Meet at Oxhill Insted to hunt Mr. Ward's fox Liying on his Farme Found him in Pillerton gors & ran very quick over Oxhill Meadows to Whatecote Field Curved to the Left by Kirby and Thornals gorse he was headed & we hunted him on by Compton & Bromehill and Epwell to Shutford hill & Killed him, was Hollowed on another fox & ran to Mr. Painters drain Bolted & Killed her a vixen. Found again in Wiggington Heath & ran very Pretty a ring by Milcote to Gullivers Bushes where the Hounds Divided & we had 3 Foxes on Foot Stopped them & gave it up.

20th Solihul.—The Last day haveing been out since Regular Hunting 86 days and Killed in all 79 Foxes & ran 29 to ground & Left them.

SEASON 1847-48.

1847 August 19th.—Began Cubhunting at Oakley Wood Last day of Cubhunting at Cubbington Gate on October 29th haveing been out 36 times. & killed 21 Foxes & ran 15 to Ground & Left them.

The first day of regular hunting was at the Kennels on Nov. 1st.

November 6th Church Tysoe.—Found at compton Wyniate & ran over Broomhill & Epwell Field by Shennington Mill & over Wroxton Field to Horton & Killed him 55 minutes. Found again at Knowle end & could not run hunted him aboute Ratley and by Arlescote Pointing to Burton hill & gave it up.

19th Epwell Village.—Found in Hitchcox Gorse & ran by Shutford clump & village over Mr. Greaves Farme by Tadmartin & Bloxam up to Tadmartin Heath & away by Wiggington Village to Milcome & Bloxam Spinnies Nearly to Atterbury village & Back to the thither Farm & Killed him.

23rd Mitford Bridge.—A fox Stole away from Woolford by Barton village Nearly to Witchford Mill Turned to the right up to the grove & 2 rings there and away over the hill Leveing Little Compton on the right to ground A fox was Hollowed & we ran along the hill to the top of Rolleright Comb where we had 2 lines we turned to the right over the hill to Over Norton Park & turned to the right Pointing to Salford where he was ran by 2 Sheepe Dogs & we Never could run him after 52 minutes.

26th Kineton.—Found in the holt & ran over Kineton & Radway Fields over the Banbury Turnpike road Leveing Old Leys on the Left Pointing to Burton Hill curved to the right by W. Ledbrokes Pointing to hunts gorse Leveing Avon Dasset on the left Pointing to Farnborough Curved to the Left by Harbadges gorse to the railroad Pointing to Mollington Spinnies and Killed him 50 minutes. Drew Mollington hill Curtis gorse Upton gorse Blank Edghill gorse Blank and gave it up.

This run is also mentioned in Lord Mountgarret's diary as a brilliant fifty minutes over the Vale without a check, and he adds that the place where the fox was killed was close to the G.W.R., and the navvies, who were then making the new line, came in numbers down the embankment to see the fox broken up by the pack.

December 3rd Wroxton Abbey.—Found in Greaves Spiney & ran very quick to Claydon hill & Back & Killed him. Found again in Wigington Heath & ran over Atkins Farme & over to Wigington village curved to the right over Mr. Pearces farme Nearly to Swacliffe grange & Curved to the Left by Over Norton and he whent to ground in Hook Norton Field 40 minutes very quick.

6th Grove Park.—Found a Brace of foxes in the gorse & ran a ring by the Back of Hatton & by Calverdon through ganaway grove by Norton over Warwick common into the Park Changed our fox & ran by Oakley wood & gave him up Pointing for Chesterton.

7th Mitford Bridge.—Drew Woolford wood Barton Spinnies & grove Blank found in Witchford wood and ran by Weston Spiny Leveing Stourton & Cherrington & Sutton mill to the Left along the Brooke side by Witchford mill curved to the right Pointing to the village & turned Shorte Back & we Stoped the Hounds Pointing to Swacliffe.

A blank draw of Wolford Wood is rarely related in this diary or at any other time.

9th Harbury Village.—Found in Ladbroke gorse & ran by Mr. Manns & all over by marston Dole Leveing Priors Marston to the right Shuckburgh to the Left up to Hellidon Church yard where he was Headed back & we Killed heim one Field frome the village 55 minutes.

14th Mitford Bridge.—Found in Witeford (Whichford) wood & come away by the village and stourton by Sutton mill & along the side of the hill over the road by Brailes Building & Sheldons gorse Pointing to Shutford turned to the right & by Sibford & Lost him in Hook Norton Field. Found again in Wigington Heath & away by Swacliffe grange & Hook

Norton Lodge & over Bury Field Pointing to Rolleright Comb Curved to the right along the top of Witchford wood & Long Compton Wood to ground between the wood & the village Bolted him and Killed him a hour & 5 minutes,

23d Cubbington Gate.—Drew Cubington & Weston & Waverley Spiny Wappenbury Dukes & Princethorpe & Frankton Woods Blank Found in Debdale & ran over Birdingbury Field by the Wafe to tomentors spiny Curved to the Left Pointing to Grandborough by Shuckburgh village through

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1847.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Antelope } Alderman } Artful } Bachelor } Beatrice } Brenda } Draco } Driver } Dairymaid } Dashaway } Destiny } Frolic } Fashion } Hecuba	Albert (41) The Heythrop Albert..... Trouncer (44) Quorn Fleecer { Mr. Drake's Artist..... Lord Fitzwilliam's Fencer...	Clamorous (42) Brazen (43) Dauntless (41) Mr. F. Smith's Dashaway Freedom (44) Sir W. W. Wynn's Handmaid Matchless (39) Prudence (44)
Monitor..... Pyrrhus..... Pontiff..... Pilot } Pansy } Pleasant } Priestess } Rufus } Royalist } Rapid } Riot } Rival } Ruby }	Rustic (44) Tarquin (40) Tarquin (40) Regent (40) Whipster (43)	Proserpine (45) Governess (42) Redcap (43)

the hill and over Newbold ground to Catesby Lodge Curved to the Left to Ground under Helidon Hill one hour & a half.

This run is also mentioned in the diary of Lord Mountgarret, who gives the time as fifty-eight minutes, without a check; probably the first part of it. The distance is nine miles straight, and considerably more as hounds ran.

24th Sun Rising Edgehill.—Found in the oak Fields & ran by Whats Spiny and Radway over Knowle end by Warmington through Molington

hill over Farnborough Field & Back by Fenney Compton & North End & Mr. Fairbrothers & along Arlescote Bottoms to Edgehill & Changed our fox & ran to ground by Tysoe road & ran on to the Tysoe & Chipping Norton road & Stopped the Hounds Pointing to Compton the First run 2 hours verrey good.

January 1st 1848 Goldicote.—Found in the Pastures & ran by Stratford Heath up to Fir Grove & by Tucker House and Curved to the Left through the New Plantations & rough hill & Eatington grove by Upper Eatington through Thornton break Pointing to Smatchley Curved to the Left through Oakham & Wellesbourne Wood under Loxley back to the Pastures & Changed our fox and ran a ring round the Goldicote Spinnies & back into the Pastures & in the Wood half an hour & away through the Spiny and again by Loxley & Wellesbourne & Little Hill & Cappington & Middle Hill & Heathcote into Oakley Wood & got a Fresh fox and Stopped the Hounds at Dark.

4th Mitford Bridge.—Found in Witchford wood & ran aboute there some time & Lost him & Found again in the wood and ran by the village & Spinnies & by the mill & by Greenhill gorse over the Brailes road Pointing to Compton Pike & Lost him. Found again by Compton Pike & ran by the mill to Tysoe & curved to the Left by Thornals gorse & Kirby & St Harrods Pointing to Brick hill gorse curved to the Left by Idlicote & over Harford Field to the village along the water side Pointing to Honnington was Headed by Mr. Harlfords & stoped the Hounds at dark.

7th Church Tysoe.—Found at Broomehill & ran over Epwell Field & by Sheuington Mill & Balcote Leveing Claydon Hill on the right to Wroxton Parke & turned to the Left through the Garden and on Pointing to Haunall & gave him up. Found again in Counciller Spiney & ran a ring & back through the Spiney & away over the railroad Pointing to Chacombhill & curved to the Left by Little Borton & Big Ditto & Croperdy Pointing to Faruborough and Turned Shorte back by Hanwell to Neighthorpe to ground on Mr. Goldings Farm Bolted him & Killed him.

February 5th Goldicote.—Found in the Pastures & ran a very quick ring Pointing to Fir Grove & Back into the Covert again Changed foxes & ran by Loxley through Wellesbourne Wood by Walton to Frisshill trotted on to the rough drew it B. Found in Oakley Wood & ran a ring in the wood & away over Teachbrooke Field through Highdown over Whitnash Field & over the road at Ufton hill by Offchurch village & through the grove by Cubbington wood & Crossed the road by Weston Pointing to Waverley & turned to the right by Wappenbury skirted Ryton & Killed him on Mr Hailes Farme Near Brandon Station.*

An account of the latter fine run has been given to us by Mr. Darwin Galton from his diary. It was a wet day, and they found at Oakley Wood at 2 o'clock, and ran the exact line recorded in Stevens' diary, and killed the fox in the open, near Wolston, after running for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Out of a large field about seventeen

* Mr. Vyner describes a run in "Notitia Venatica" which was very much on these lines, only run the reverse way.

were up, among whom were Mr. Barnard, Stevens, Jack Hicks, Mr. Bolton King, Mr. Spencer Lucy, Mr. Corbett, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Frank Galton, Mr. John Arkwright, Mr. Horrocks, Sir Charles Rowley, Messrs. Hanbury, Harry Horley, Russell of Hodnell, Palmer, Smith of Alderminster,* and Mr. Darwin Galton. Of this gallant number, alas! how few remain. The Rev. Fitzwilliam Taylor, of East Oghwell, only died in July, 1896. Mr. John Arkwright still joins the chase, and Mr. Darwin Galton still drives four horses, and Mr. Frank Galton is alive, but we fancy the rest must be gone over to the majority. There is Mr. Corbett, indeed, but this was not the Squire of Admington, but his predecessor, the uncle of our friend.

In connection with this run I have received the following letter from Mr. John Arkwright, of Hatton House :

MY DEAR VEENEY,

I return you the list as furnished to you by Darwin Galton of the names of those who saw the end of the fine run from Oakley Wood in 1848 . . . I believe I am the only man still hunting . . . You may notice there are no names of men then hunting from Leamington, such as Charles Earle, Lord Mountgarret, "Jemmy" Montgomery, Campbell of Monzie, Saunderson, Hyde Clarke, and the rest. I think there were a strong party of young ones located at the Bedford of those days, such as Mytton, Clifton, Sir William Don, Sir Henry Bruce, Brooks, "Peg-leg" Bruce (afterwards ordained); most of these have long been dead. However, the reason why none of these names appear is ——— the Atherstone met at Coombe or thereabouts on that day, and all had gone to hunt with them, and just as we killed our fox in the open, they were coming along the road on their way home after a very poor day.

Yours very truly,

JOHN T. ARKWRIGHT.

Stevens' diary :

10th Shuckburgh Park.—Drew the hill Blank Found at Willoughby and ran over the brooke & over Fleckno Field Pointing to Shuckburgh Hill Curved to the Left over Staverton Bottom & through the wood & Killed him at the Back of Badby Lodge 37 minutes.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

Shuckburgh was the fixture on Thursday, February 10th. The Park was

* This Smith, of Alderminster, was probably Robert Smith, and was no relation of "our George Smith." He was a very hard rider, but died when only thirty years of age.

drawn blank. A fox was found in Willoughby Gorse, and went away by the Spa in the direction of Shuckburgh, turned to the left by Staverton, and crossed the brook, which only a select few charged, Mr. James Montgomery taking the lead, and clearing it in beautiful style. Seven or eight others managed to make *terra firma*, either by jumping or fording. One gentleman, more unfortunate, fell, with his horse upon him, into the brook, and had it not been for the timely assistance of his friends would certainly have been drowned. They ran through the plantations, crossed the road, and killed in a meadow after a very fast run of thirty-five minutes.

Stevens' diary:

18th Shenington Mill.—Drew Shutford Spineys & Hitchcox gorse B. Found in Swalcliffe Osier bed 3 foxes Broake away Pointing to Claydonhill Curved to the Left by Shutford clump Leveing Epwell Mill to the Left Bearing a Little to the right over shenly hill & along the top of the hill to the sun Riseing where he sunk into the vale by Bricksfield and Hardwick where we had a Check hunted him on over Oxhill & Pillerton Fields Pointing to Brickhill Gorse Curved to the right Pointing to Walton wood into Marston Field where he waited for the hounds and ran very hard 10 minutes & Killed him at Tubs End time one hour and Fifty minutes.

19th Eaton Park.—Found in rough hill a leshe of foxes & ran over Wards hill through the Park by Lambcote through Brickhill gorse & over Pillerton Field and Marston Field by Compton Lodge & Poolefields gorse to Chadshunt heath where he waited for us and ran verely hard back to Hill Field where he got in some where Found again in Bathhill and ran over Mr. Dixons Farme through Bowshote by Combroke & the oxhouse over Pillerton Field to the Brooke Pointing to Idlicote Curved to the right by Pillerton Priors through Brickhill gorse over Eaton Field & Park to Talton & a ring over Wards hill & round by ——— & Killed him 1 hour $\frac{1}{2}$.

March 2nd Kytes Hardwick.—Found in Leicesters Peice & ran up to Thurleston & found he was 15 minutes gone & gave him up.* Found again in Cooks gorse & away over the Brooke & turned to the right Pointing to Willoughby then Curved to the Left over the Canal up to Barby hill & curved to the right by ashby Lodge to ashby Stt Ledgers where we changed our fox and ran on to Welton Place & aboute the Spineys & a ring Pointing to Kilby & Back by Welton & by Dunsland Reservoir into Daintrey & Killed him 2 hours 52 minutes very Fast.†

10th Kennels Kineton.—Found in the holt & ran to Mr. Arches the fox turned & I thought it was a vixen. Found again in Pillerton gorse & ran over Oxhill Field Pointing to Edgehill Curved to the Left over Lines Farme by Mountfords & Marston Field by Brookehampton & Combroke & over the Water at Compton into Bowshote & a ring by redhill to ground in a tree at Walton House & Left him. A tremendous hail storme.

* This a very characteristic entry. Stevens never liked being far behind a fox.

† Lord Forester, of Willey Park, Shropshire, was the author of the well-known saying "It is the pace that kills." When Mr. Forester he was a distinguished rider to hounds in Leicestershire, and with his friend, "Flying Childe," of Kinlet, is said to have introduced the fashion of hard riding, which has increased up to a more recent date.—[*"Cecil,"* p. 241, 1854 Ed.]

21st.—A Deep Snow Could not hunt.*

24th *Church Tysoe*.—Found in Wigington Heath & ran aboute there some time & a ring by Nell gorse & Back & Left him. Found again in Gullivers gorse & ran by Bloxam & Wiganton & South Newington & Tew down Pointing to Worton (Worton) & curved Back by Hawkhill & Tew down over South Newington Field to ground by Bloxam under the road Leading to Atterbury Bolted him & Killed him.

27th *Redhill*.—Drew West Grove Oversley Rolls wood redhill gorse Wythecomb Aston Grove Blank Found in Little alne gorse & ran very quick through alne wood just skirted Spurnal Park curved to the left through some Coppices by Studley mill & village by Coughton Park & Cold Comfort through 3 Oakhills to ground in the Old Parks one hour and 5 minutes very good.

30th *Princethorpe*.—Found in Frankton wood & ran a ring in the wood & away Pointing to Borton Curved to the Left by Thurlstone Pointing to Custon turned by Thurlstone again Pointing to Leicesters Peice was Headed & we Killed him at Knightlow hill 45 minutes very Fast Found again in Ryton wood & ran to ground in view at Wolstone 35 minutes very quicke.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, April 8th :

We understand that a numerous meeting of gentlemen in connection with the Warwickshire hounds took place at the Kennels, Kineton, on Friday week, when a statement of receipts and disbursements was laid before them, after which we rejoice to state many of our country gentlemen and others liberally increased their subscriptions to meet the heavy expenses incidental to the proper maintenance of a pack of hounds. This is as it should be, and we hope that the gentry and tradesmen of the Royal Spa will imitate the example. We are quite sure that our townsmen cannot be ignorant of the many advantages accruing to Leamington from its proximity to the Hunt. It is, therefore, the duty, as well as the interest of those who benefit by the sport, to render all assistance in their power. We have experienced unusual pleasure in recording many of the brilliant runs which have invariably characterised the late season under the able and efficient mastership of that highly esteemed gentleman, R. J. Barnard, Esq.

One of the most remarkable characters belonging to the Warwickshire Hunt was the Rev. John Hawkes, of Talton. He once married a couple, christened a baby, had his fortune told, and was in at the death of a fox before one o'clock. It is said that the Bishop finally dispensed with his services for killing rats on Sunday.

Stevens' diary :

April 20th Coughton Courte.—Drew Wyre Break & rough hill & Coughton Court Blank Found in 3 Oakhills & ran aboute those woods for a hour & a half to ground in Old Parks got him out and Eate him

* This snow no doubt damped the ground well, and they seem to have had some good runs up to the end of the month.

the last day for the haveing been out since Regular Hunting 1001 days (sic) & Killed 70 Foxes & ran 26 to ground & left them———had 2 Blank Days.

April 30th 1848 Ed Stevens.

We have not heard of anything resembling Stevens. 1001 days since the 1001 nights in the "Arabian Nights."

SEASON 1848-49.

August 17th 1848.—Began Cubhunting Whent to Chesterton wood Found a good Show of Cubs & ran there 4 hours & Killed one.

Last day of Cubhunting October 28th. Haveing been out 30 times & killed 25 Cubs & ran 12 to ground & Left them,

October 30th first day of regular hunting.

Kineton Kennel.—Found in Pool Field gorse & ran through Chadshunt gorse Fletchers Coppice Itchington Holt & by the back of the village to Chesterton Poole over Harbury Field to Whituash gorse Turned & was headed at the Railroad & we ran verry hard into the village of Harbury & Lost him a hour & a half good Hunting run Found again in Atkins gorse & ran to Fletchers Coppices was Headed at the road Back through the holt over Knightcote Field Leveing North End to the right Skirted the end of Burton hill over Fenney Compton Field to ground at Farnborough a hour and 5 minutes.

6th Newbold Pacy.—Found in Oakley wood & ran a ring over Teachbrooke Field & Back through the wood & away by Mr. Cummings & Heathcutt to ground under a Tree at Middlehill Left him Found again 2 brace of Foxes in Chesterton Wood & ran in the wood half a hour & away by Mr Smiths & over Mr W Pratts Farme by Jessy Bradleys through Itchington holt by Gilmans. & by Mill pit over the Railroad to Ladbroke village was Headed Back 2 Fields & Killed him 40 minutes frome the wood very good Hunting run.

7th November, Stevens' notes—"there was 3 or 4 brace of Foxes running aboute " round Idlicote House.

13th Offchurch Dury.—Found in Print hill & Broak away Pointing to Snowford Bridge curved to the right by Offchurch Wafe to Radford hill was Head at the road & ran back by the Brooke through the Bottom of Itchington wood & a ring by Stoneythorpe & Back into the rough & away over Mr (Davis?) Farme & over the Warwick road & the Dunchurch road & over Southam Field Pointing to Roomlow Spinney & curved to the right Pointing to Napton & Killed him on the Southam & Daventry road after a hour & 25 minutes good Hunting run.

We have received an account of the same run from Lord Mountgarret, and through Mr. James Montgomery, and it is described as much more severe than it is recorded to have been in Stevens' diary. It relates that after finding in Print Hill the hounds ran as far as Berricote Wood and back again by Offchurch. After that time no one else was with the hounds up till the finish except Stevens and Mr.

James Montgomery. Either the severity of the pace or else the country being, as usual, very blind at this time, caused the field entirely to lose the hounds. Lord Mountgarret followed on their line to Stoney Thorpe, but never caught them. Mr. James Montgomery says that when they were in a large grass field near Napton, Stevens saw the fox lying down, and that there was only one couple of hounds left, so great had been the pace. Stevens asked Mr. Montgomery to watch the fox while he went back to try and collect more hounds. Mr. Montgomery rode round the fox in a circle, and whenever he came any nearer than a certain distance the fox, without getting up, snapped his teeth at him. Stevens eventually brought up a sufficient number of hounds to kill this gallant fox. The distance from Berricote Wood to the point where he was killed, between Napton and Priors Hardwick, is fifteen miles, and the hounds could not have run less than twenty miles. Captain Jennings has told us that Mr. James Montgomery on this occasion rode a famous horse called Dusty Bob, and he often talked to him of the run. We remember Mr. Barnard told us that shortly before Mr. James Montgomery came to hunt at Leamington he was at the Duke of Buccleuch's kennels, and the duke's huntsman said to him: "There is a chiel coming into your country who will do ye more harum (harm) than all the railroads and modern invintions." Mr. James Montgomery hunted for many years at Leamington, and died at the age of eighty-seven. He was a very hard and jealous rider, and on one occasion had a serious quarrel with Mr. Campbell, of Monzie, who was just such another rider. Each claimed to have had the best of a particular run, and it ended in Mr. Campbell calling out Mr. Montgomery, and the matter was referred to Captain Jennings, who settled it after a good deal of difficulty.

November 27th Edstone Hall.—Drew austy & Edgewell Blank Found 2 or 3 Foxes in Mayswood & ran through Foreign & 5 ackers & Pointing to Banhams Curved to the right through owls wood & over Barrells Park Pointing to mockley he was ran by a Dog by Renals Rainge & Lost him Found again in mockley wood & ran in the wood 20 minutes & away by

Tanworth & through the umberslade woods to the Cannal oppersite Mockley House & ran Paralall with the Cannal to Salterstrett Lodge & Killed him.

Stevens often used to say that he would rather go down "Birmingham way" than on to the grass near Ladbroke, because the former country carried a better scent, and we have often heard other huntsmen and masters of hounds say the same thing. Stevens seems to have been death on foxes. His peculiar system, which was not altogether approved of by Mr. Barnard, helped him very much in this. He used to keep some hounds always near him or at his horse's heels, and the moment a fox broke covert, away went Stevens after him, clapped his leading hounds on his back, never waiting a moment for the others to be brought up.* Thus he burst his fox at first, and so generally accounted for him. A great deal of the fine sport he showed was owing to this, but he was a terrible fellow to ride, and well mounted as he was by Mr. Barnard nothing stopped him. He would go tearing through Ufton Wood on his hack; out he would come with his face running down with blood; he would jump off his hack on the first horse that offered, till he got his own, and away he went.† A very good judge, who hunted for many years with the Pytchley and Warwickshire, has told us that he thinks

* This system is, of course, open to much question. It is not, of course, the same thing as allowing two or three couples of hounds to slip away by themselves, which should never be suffered. "Cecil" [p. 211, 1854 Ed.] says, speaking of Lord Fitzharding's hounds: "The wonderful head they carry is another subject for admiration. I could not fail, on one occasion last season, observing the judicious system adopted to ensure this important property, and which is universally practised with them. The hounds had been running their fox some little time in covert, when he broke over a large grass field, and was viewed by one of the second horsemen, who hallooed him, upon which two couples of hounds got to the halloo in advance of the pack. Coming up at the moment, and therefore enabled to see this, Ayris (the huntsman) stopped them from going on with the scent till the body of the pack arrived—a plan which I am satisfied is perfectly correct, although I have seen many huntsmen of celebrity who would go on with one or two couples of hounds, leaving the remainder to be brought forward by the whipper-in. The motive for doing so is, that one or two couples of hounds being allowed to carry on the scent, will show the line the fox has taken; yet it must be remembered that hounds will not run so fast single-handed as when they are in a body." From what "Cecil" says, it appears that the point may be an open question, but I fancy that Stevens' plan was more likely to kill his fox, and that's what we come out for after all.—W. R. V.

† I remember that Stevens always sat very far back in the saddle when his horse was taking off at a big fence.—C. M.

him, next to old Charles Payne,* the finest huntsman, and the keenest, quickest man after a fox he ever saw. Beers was a good huntsman, and no one knew the run of a fox better, or got his hounds quicker to him, but he had not, perhaps, the fire, dash, and enthusiasm of Stevens, Payne, and the late William Goodall.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY. 1848.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Albion	Albert (41)	Wilful*
Banker		
Bramshal }		
Barbara }	Singer (44)	Buxom (44)
Boscobel }		
Bashful }		
Bridal }		
Brilliant	Tarquin (40)	Brazen (43)
Duster }	Mr. Drake's Duster	Harlot (42)
Dorcas }		
Grasper }	Mr. Drake's Grasper	Clamorous (42)
Garland }		
Hasty	Mr. Drake's Hector	Gracious (43)
Lounger }	Earl Fitzwilliam's Mentor...	Lawless (44)
Languish }		
Mentor	Earl Fitzwilliam's Mentor...	Romsey (45)
Purity	Earl Fitzwilliam's Mentor...	Proserpine (45)
Rutland	Mr. Horlock's Rutland	Freedom (44)
Songstress	Singer (44)	Guilty (43)
Telltale }	Earl Fitzwilliam's Mentor...	Testy (44)
Trinket }		
Termagant }	Tarquin (40)	Tragedy (44)
Trimbush }		

* By the Belvoir Fatal—Mr. Drake's Wayward. Bought as a two-year-old by Mr. Barnard in 1844.

28th Weston House.—Found in Witchford wood & ran about there 4 hours and Killed a fox in Longcompton wood after running about all day.

It is curious how history of this kind repeats itself. Here is a regular typical Weston House day.

30th Gaydon Inn.—Found in Ladbroke gorse a Brace of Foxes one went away but the Hounds were running a Nother fox at the same time ran him about the gorse half an hour & away 3 Fields & Killed him. Found

* Charles Payne had the same habit as Stevens of keeping some hounds always near him, and I remember seeing a very fine run from Kilworth Sticks to Bitteswell with only seven couples of hounds.—C. M.

again in Itchington Holt & ran verely quick to Poolfields was Headed Back to Verneys gorse and we dun no more good with him.

December 1st Epewell village.—Found in Swacliffe ozier bed & ran by the mill up Mr Greaves hill was headed by Mr Painters by his stone pit & by Mr Greaves spinney & by William Pages & North Newington & Mr J. Greaves spinney & over Wroxton Park into the Gardens was hollowed on to the fox & ran the Heel way of him & Lost him Drew Claydon Hill Blank Found betwn Swacliffe Park & the Heath & ran verely quick through the lower part of Wigington Heath and by Lampit House over the road pointing to Broughton was Headed back to Lampit House & ran Back to Broughton Castle Killed him between the Castle and the Church Clasper and the Fox a Fine site in the Water.

In Mr. Darwin Galton's account of the same run, in his diary, we find "Clasper seized the fox whilst swimming across the moat, and brought him alive to the rest of the pack." Stevens, being in an ecstasy, shouting out, "I would forfeit half a year's salary rather than have missed seeing Clasper catching that fox in the moat." Clasper was appropriately named for the occasion.

15th Wroxton Abbey.—Found in Wythecomb gorse & ran very quick up to the Chipping Norton Turnpike road was Headed down by Crouch hill to Broughton & the rain washed the Hounds off the scente. Found again in Wigington Heath & ran there 20 minutes to ground Found again in Swacliffe Spiny two foxes & ran by the hill Pointing to Sheldons gorse turned to the Left by Epwell mill over Shutford hill by Mr Bennets by Mosshills stone pit to Sheuington village over the Field nearly to Upton gorse turned to the Left by Mr Andertons & Sheuington Hill over Tysoe Field by Compton Wynate Pointing to the Scrubs turned over Winderton Field Leveing the village on the right by Brailes Building Pointing to Galby hill turned to the right by Brailes village to ground in a Draine Pointing to Cherington & Left him.

January 12th 1849 Wroxton Abbey.—A Frost on the hills Drew Pillerton gorse found & ran over Pointing to Oxhill Curved to the right by Pillerton through Brickhill gorse over Eatington Field by Thornton & Loxley through Wellesbourne wood to ground in Charlecote Park & Left him Found again in Wellesbourne wood & ran there till Darke & stoped the Hounds.

15th Billesley Hall.—Drew Arston Grove Wythecomb & Redhill Found in West grove & ran aboute there 2 hours & Lost him Found again in Alne gorse & ran in the gorse half a hour & away by Shelfield through Spernal Park Pointing to Studley Curved to the Left over the river to middle Town Pointing to Coughton Park was Headed and we stoped the Hounds gowing Back over the river at Dark.

23d Mitford Bridge.—Drew Woolford wood Blank Found in Barton Grove & ran over the hill Leveing Little Compton to the right through the Plantations Adlestrophe & by Bledenton through Oddington up to ——— to ground 55 minutes.

February 2d Kennels.—Found in Pillerton gorse & the fox was Headed & Killed there Found again in Brickhill gorse & ran there 20 minutes &

away between the 2 Pillertons to Oxhill mill Turned to the Left by Mumfords Spiny into the Oak Fields & one ring there & away by W Brailes & over Kineton & Marston Field Pointing to Pillerton gorse Curved to the Left by Oxhill mill to Hadhill & Curved to the Left into Kineton Holt & ran there a hour & Killed him there 2 hours 45 minutes.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, Feb. 10th :

The Warwickshire hounds met at Woodcote on Monday last, and a greater number of red coats never assembled in this locality. Fern Hill was drawn blank, but on reaching Long Meadow out bolted a gallant fox, heading in a straight direction for about twenty miles to Mr. Newdigate's, Arbury Hall, where he turned, and was killed near Kersley Church, five miles beyond Coventry, the run occupying two hours and twenty minutes. There were a nice few up at the finish, but many horses had to be sent home by train. This is but one among the many good things by which the Warwickshire keep up their established reputation.

We copy the following from the diary as an instance of an unusually blank day :

25th Wroston New Inn.—Drew Taylors Bushes & Wilcox & Garreta Bushes and Hanwell Spiny & Counseller Curtis's gorse Mollington hill Harbages gorse Edgehill Kineton Holt & the Oak Field Blank & had a Blank day.

March 12th Little Alne.—Drew the gorse Blank Found in Spernal Park & ran there 20 minutes & away to the gorse & away by Alne village & by the mill over the Canal by the Golden Cross & into the Cow Bower where he Waited for us & ran verely hard through the Bushes & along the Meadows Pointing to Bladons wood & ran into him 2 hours.

22d Snitterfield.—Drew Luscomb wood & Linge Furlong Blank Found in Calloways rough & ran aboute a hour gave it up for a vixen Found again in Beirly Bushes & Broake away through Cow Bower & through by the Golden Cross acrosst Edstone Park Skirted the Corner of Austy wood acrot Mr. Whittingtons farm, Curved to the Left over the Canal through the Reids Wooton Hall & along the meadows nearly to Henley & over the Birmingham road through mays wood & Banhams into Spernal Park to ground 1 hour 30 minutes got him out & Killed.

23d Epwell Village.—Found in a small Patch of gorse by the cottage & ran in and aboute Wigington Heath a hour to ground got him out & Turned him Down at hell gorse & ran him 5 or 6 Fields & Killed him Found again in the Hook Norton Spiny & ran by Aston & Witchford village into the wood & 3 rings in the wood & away through Long Compton wood Haywoods gorse & over the Field by Barton & through the old Cover & along the top of Woolford wood curved to the right through Leamington Coppices Pointing to Todenham Curved to the Left through Dunson by Leamington Pointing arston Haile & Killed him one Field from the Morton road.

On the 27th, according to Stevens' diary, the hounds ran by "where Thornals gorse was," and we hear no more of it. [I fancy it was in Kirby field, near where my father planted a gorse covert, which came to nothing.—W. R. V.]

30th Burton Toll Gate.—Drew the hills Blank Found at Ladbroke & ran by Hodnell & round the hill by Ladbroke Village through Nunns Bushes by the lime Pits & Bishops Itchington Pointing to Harbury turned to the Left by Xinis (Christmas) hill through the Sallow Bed by Kingstone & Checkleys Break over old Such (Sitch) through Chesterton Wood and Killed him by Mr. Smith's 1 hour 5 minutes.

April 20th Coughton.—The last day of the Season Haveing Been out Since Regular Hunting 89 days and Killed 62 Foxes and one Found Dead supposed to have been Killed by the Hounds Hunted altogether 125 days & Killed 88 Foxes & ran 47 to ground & Left them & had 2 Blank days.

SEASON 1849-50.

August 23d 1849.—Began Cubhunting at Oakley Wood Found 3 or 4 Cubs but could not run them to do any good no Scent.

November 2d Compton Wyniate.—Found & ran a ring there and away through Tysoe Village & Lost him Found again in Upton gorse & ran over the Irons by the Sun Riseing along Edgehill to Hortins Down the hill to Kington Oak Fields & the Holt & Back through the Oak Fields & by Mumfords Spiny & Oxhill Mill on the right over Hardwick Big grounds & over Tysoe Field up to the Mill and Strait to Broomhill where we got 3 Foxes & Changed & Hunted the Line to Hailmore & Stopped them and gave it up.

22nd Dunchurch.—Found in Hillmorton & Hunted the fox to Crick gorse to ground & from there to ground just under the village Found again in Hillmorton gorse & Hunted him Pointing to the village turned to the right Parallal with the Canal & turned to the Left Pointing to Rugby was Headed at the Canal & ran Parallal with the Railroad to Clifton on Dunsmore & ran into a Taylors Shope & killed him there.

26th Napton on the Hill.—Drew the New gorse a fox Stole away Troted on to Debdale & drew it Blank Found again in Upon (Ufton) wood & Breoke away by Basket village Pointing to Stockton Lime Kilns Curved to the right over the Dunchurch rode & Southam Field Leveing Southam on the right over the Welsh road to Ladbroke hill & Bore to the Left by old Radbourne as was up to the Canal & ran Parallal to Womleighton where he was Headed Back to Ladbroke gorse witch he did not Enter but Curved to the right by Mr. Manns House and by Old Radbourne over Napton Field by the village to Lower Shuckburgh Curved to the right through the hill & away by Priors Marston to Grifins gorse Pointing to Bodington Gorse where he Turned to the right by Bodington Hill to Charwelton Hill Bore to the right Pointing to Preston was Headed & Killed under Charwelton Hill after 3 hours & 10 minutes the First 50 minutes Fast & the Other all a good Hunting Pace.

This was a run, about as good a one, except for pace all through, as the Pool Field Osiers run, and over more ground even.

This must be the run recorded by "Castor." It was over the finest part of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, and would have been still better if the fox had not been constantly headed. The distance from point to point was twelve miles, and the hounds probably ran twenty miles.

Horses were beaten to a standstill long before the finish. Stevens rode the Dutchman and Tom Browne, but he had to borrow a farmer's horse before the fox was killed,

27th and 29th.—Were stopped by an early frost.*

It is remarkable to notice in the whole of Stevens' diary what a few days they were stopped by frost during nine years.

We have often heard Mr. Barnard say that "hounds could only run in Warwickshire when the water splashed up in the furrows." It was a sort of cycle of wet, damp seasons. On wet days, however, Stevens often records that there was no scent. Probably many good runs were seen on fine days with a rising barometer, when the country was thoroughly wet through by previous rain.

30th Church Tysoe.—Found in the Warrin & ran aboute a hour & hunted him to Sibford & gave him up Drew Lampit Spiny & Nell gorse blank was Hollowed a fox frome Wigington Heath & ran to Hook Norton to ground under the road Drew the Heath Blank Found in ——— and ran a ring into Swacliffe village & round by the ozier bed & mill by Wigington heath & Hook Norton Lodge to Lampit gorse & to ——— and to Swerford Park to round 1 hour & 25 minutes.

From the *Leamington Courier*, Dec. 1st :

The annual dinner of the Warwickshire Hunt Club took place at the Warwick Arms on Friday, Nov. 24th. The respected master, R. J. Barnard, Esq., occupied the chair; C. Bolton King, Esq., undertook the duties of the vice-chair. Amongst those present were Lord Guernsey, M.P., Viscount Villiers, the Hon. W. H. Leigh, Hon. C. Finch, Rev. J. Lucy, Messrs. Wise, Mark Philips, Parker, H. W. Allfrey, Gladstone, Darwin, Galton, Cowan, Earle, Sheldon, Arkwright, Ramsay, Clark, &c. The question of removing the Hunt Ball from Stratford-on-Avon to Warwick was discussed, when, a difference of opinion arising, the question was put to the vote. A majority of twelve to eight decided in favour of the county town. The reason given for the alteration being the extreme eligibility of the county hall for the purpose of the assembly. The Ball was fixed for Jan. 16th.

Stevens' diary :

December 4th Weston House.—Found 2 or 3 foxes in Witchford wood & Hunted one a ring by the Combs & over the hill by ——— over Bury Field

* "Cecil" says: "This was a bad season generally; there was a considerable quantity of frost. It is a general opinion, if the scent has not been good, and a frost commences, that it will improve afterwards; but I do not find that the opinion is borne out by facts" [p. 365, 1854 Ed.]. I must say I agree with the *general opinion*, and not with "Cecil," especially if rain succeeds.—W. R. V.

Pointing to Hook Norton Spiny gave him up and whent Back to Whichford Did not Finde Found in Barton Grove & ran over the hill by Salford Spinnies & up to Bolters Barn was Headed & ran Back by Salford Pointing to Walk gorse Bearing to the right to Chipping Norton Towns End to ground under a gate way one hour 20 minutes.

It is worthy of remark that Barton Grove seems to have been a very favourite covert in the Warwickshire Hunt ; a very sure find, and a great many good runs started from it.

We also notice how very seldom the foxes ran up

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1849.

MR. R. BAERNARD.

NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMS.
Bedford }	Benedict (45)	Clamorous (42)
Blossom }	Lord Redesdale's Agent ...	Dauntless (41)
Dauntless		
Fortune }	Oakley Factor.....	Priestess (47)
Flighty }		
Factor }		
Gainsborough } Drake's Gainsborough	Rally (46)
Gaylass }	Mr	
Governess }		
Hazard }	Lord Southampton's Hazard	Tuneful (46)
Herald }		
Hector }		
Herod }		
Handmaid }		
Heroine }		
Hymen }	Hannibal (42)	Bauble (45)
Hermit }	Benedict (45)	Pastime (40)
Parasol }		
Random }	Mr. Drake's Fugleman	Rachel (45)
Regent }		
Rosamond }		
Ruin }	Lord Redesdale's Guardsman	Ransom (44)
Remnant	Fatal (44)	Joyful (44)
Joker	Whipster (43)	Velvet (43)
Velvet	Whipster (43)	Proserpine (45)
Woodman		

into the Heythrop country without coming back, thus accounting for Jem Hills' boast that the Warwickshire hounds could not kill a fox over the Rollwright Road. We have not yet come to the account of the day when Mr. Greaves' huntsman accomplished this fact, and sent Jem Hills the tongue for his supper.

December 10th Newbold Pacey.—Found in Oakley Wood & away by Mr Hurlestons over the Brooke by Middlehill and over the Brooke again by Mr. Hurlestons; over the Barford road into Warwick Park to ground 1 hour 15 minutes. Found again in Chadshunt Copse & ran to ground in Pool Fields gorse 3 or 4 more foxes there & away by Chadshunt to Gaydon & over the Vale Pointing to North End Curved to the Left over Knightcote Field & by Bishops Itchington & Kingstone Pointing to Chesterton Curved to the Left up the Brooke side through Itchington Holt to the Gaydon road Pointing to Gaydon Spiny Stopped them at dark 1 hour 35 minutes.

A very hard day without blood, and they came all the way from Warwick Park to Chadshunt to find, running to ground, and finding again in Pool Fields, from which covert the great run took place in February, 1884. Stevens rode Red Rose and Gayman. It is a curious fact, that with these terrible long days he only records about twice, or at most three times, that his horse was tired.

They were prevented hunting by frost from Jan. 1st till the 24th.

1850 February 7th Eatington Village.—Found in rough hill & ran a ring by the Grove and over Eatington Park by Lambeot & Back to the Grove Drew Alveston Pastures Blank Found in Wellesbourne wood & ran through Red hill up to the Keepers house was Headed Back across the Fields through the top of Smatchley Break by Mount Pleasant to Walton wood Never entered the wood ran Parall with the Brooke over the Foss road to Pillerton Curved to the Left over G. Fennels Farme to the Oxhovels Farme Turned to the right and ran the Brooke side to within one Field of the Marston road witch he crossed by Mr. Parkers Barn & on over Marston & Pillerton Fields Leveing Oxhill on his Left by Kirby & Thornels gorse* & compton Wyniates up to Broom hill where we Killed him one hour & 36 minutes a good Hunting run.

14th Dunchurch.—Found in Coocks gorse & ran by ——— Spinney & Barby to ash be St Legers & away by Barby Mill Pointing to Coocks gorse again Curved along the side of the hill down to Hillmorton Warfe & Turned to the right over the railroad up to the ——— road & Lost him a hour & 38 minutes Found again in Hillmorton gorse & ran verrey quick Pointing to Lilbourne Curved to the right by Winch village & along the Bottom & up the hill to ground at Mr. Lovels Earths 45 minutes.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, Feb. 23rd :

The Warwickshire hounds met at Napton-on-the-Hill on Monday last; the attendance was large and the weather fine. A fox was found in Ladbroke Gorse, and soon broke away across the Banbury road to the site of the old Watergall Covert; re-crossing the road near Fenny Compton Wharf, he made away for Wormleighton Village and Boddington Gorse a short distance in front of the hounds, but after running through the gorse he escaped. The run lasted one hour and five minutes, over the cream of the Warwickshire country.

* No doubt where Thornhill's gorse had been.

Stevens' diary :

25th Ufton Wood.—Found & ran over Radford hill to Whit Nash Field Could not run him on the Plough held on to Chesterton wood hit the Line into the wood & away over ——— Farme to Wigband wood where he was Headed by Mr. ——— & Highdown into Whitnash Field Pointing to Ufton wood Could not hunt him held them on to ufton wood got on him again & ran him verely hard for 20 minutes & Killed by the old Bridge Pointing to Print.

March 4th Boot Inn Honily.—Found in Wroxall Spinys & ran into Haywood & away Pointing to Badsley was Headed through the wood & Spinys to Frogmore ran a cerkle Pointing to Longmeadow wood through Block & Haxlehill by Honily & Wakefield wood by the Bogs to Newlands & down to the mill & up on to Hatton & Killed 2 hours 15 minutes.

7th Bourton Hill.—Drew Papehills and Bagshaws gorse & Leicesters Pice Bunkers hill & Suttons gorse Blank. Found in Deepdale & ran very quick Pointing to Eathorpe Curved to the right under Birbury Leveing it on the left and Deepdale on the right Leamington Hastings and hill on the Left over the Southam and Dunchurch road Pointing to Shuckburgh Curved to the Left over Grandborough Field Leveing Sutton's gorse on the right and Bunkershill on the Left and over the London road by ——— Bridge along the Brooke side Pointing to Barby Curved to the Left Leveing Cocks gorse on the right through Bilton gorse by the grange to Cawston Spiny and Killed him one hour 2 minutes.

March 27th Wroxton Abbey.—"To meet Lord Gough."

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, March 2nd.

An interview was held on Wednesday last at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, between R. J. Barnard, Esq., the respected master of the Warwickshire hounds, and the Leamington Town Committee. We hear that the hunting announcement for next week will be on a far more extended scale than heretofore, and that the whole country appertaining to the Hunt in the northern and southern district will be hunted six days a week.

To effect this, Mr. Barnard has consented to establish a suitable stud of horses, and a second or considerably increased pack of hounds, for the reception of which stables and kennels contiguous to the Spa, lately occupied by H. Bradley Esq., will be put in proper repair. We are also informed that Mr. Barnard has accepted the invitation of the Leamington Committee to a public dinner, which is fixed to take place at the Regent Hotel on Wednesday, the 13th instant.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, March 16th :

PUBLIC DINNER TO R. J. BARNARD, ESQ.

Kickshaws and trifles is the Gallic plan,
Good beef and porter suit the Englishman.

OLD SONG, *Sporting Magazine*.

"No Fox, No Potts."

This was held at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, on Wednesday, March 13th. Soon after 6 o'clock the band in attendance struck up the welcome air "Bright Chanticleer proclaims," and C. Earle, Esq., accompanied by R. J.

Barnard, Esq., and several other gentlemen of the Hunt, all of them wearing the accustomed uniform, entered the dining room, the former gentleman taking the chair, John Hitchman, Esq., occupying the vice-chair. On the removal of the cloth, the Chairman proposed "Her Majesty the Queen," which was drunk with three times three. The Chairman then rose to propose the toast of the evening, the "Health of his friend, R. J. Barnard, Esq." He would mention that he had received letters from Lord John Scott, Lord Leigh, Lord Villiers, and several other gentlemen of the Hunt, all expressing their extreme regret that unavoidable causes prevented their attendance. The letter of Lord Leigh was as follows: "Stoneleigh Abbey, March 9th, 1850. DEAR MR. EARLE,—I am afraid I shall not be able to be present at the dinner to be given to Mr. Barnard, to which you have kindly invited me, but I am most grateful for the invitation, and am glad to hear (though my hunting has long ceased) that you are going to have an additional day in the neighbourhood of Leamington. I am sure Mr. Barnard's zeal, activity, and perseverance as master of the Warwickshire hounds are deserving of the highest praise and the gratitude of all Warwickshire sportsmen. I hope in all my woods abundance of foxes will be found, and I am sure that my keeper, Potts, will take care that foxes are preserved. I cannot forget how highly in former days I enjoyed hunting in Warwickshire under the dynasties that preceded Mr. Barnard, nor am I unmindful of the fondness of the sport that is shown by my son. With every wish for the happiness and prosperity of Mr. Barnard and the sportsmen who support the Warwickshire, I remain, dear Mr. Earle, yours most faithfully, LEIGH." (Cheers.) His friend, Mr. Barnard, reminded him of a circumstance which occurred some years ago, and showed how extremely anxious Lord Leigh was that there should be always a fox in his coverts. His lordship on one occasion sent for his keeper, Potts, and a short conversation took place between them to this effect: "I understand you want me, my lord," said Potts. "I only want to say one thing," said his lordship. "No Fox, no Potts." (Laughter.) He (the Chairman) begged to echo every sentiment contained in that letter with reference to Mr. Barnard. He had had the pleasure of his acquaintance for years, and ever found him animated with one sincere desire not only to promote the sport of the county, but in every respect to meet the wishes of his supporters in all parts of the country. Some persons imagine that to be a master of a pack of foxhounds was a complete sinecure, that he had only to get on his horse, enjoy his out, and, on his return home, his dinner. There was an old saying, "After the feast comes the reckoning." Such a run as they had from Debdale last Thursday might be likened to the feast; the reckoning consisted of lame hounds and horses, damage done, and claims for compensation, and many other matters not particularly conducive to the comfort and happiness of the master. The first Lord of the Treasury might as well attempt to satisfy every one of Her Majesty's subjects as an M.F.H. to satisfy everyone. All he could say of their master was that he did his best. (Cheers.) Proprietors in different parts of the country were naturally anxious to have their coverts drawn. There was his old friend Mr. Musgrave, whom they all knew was very fond of shooting, and many of them knew from experience that he was still fonder of giving his shooting to his friends. He felt persuaded that that gentleman would rather lose all his pheasants than sign the death warrant of one fox. He knew that Mr. Musgrave had written to the Master of Hounds: "Pray

come and rout out my foxes, they are really so numerous that my keepers scarcely dare go into the coverts ; " and then, with that felicity of illustration which so distinguishes him, related many anecdotes of the boldness of the foxes, that they " sit down in the riding and stare me out of countenance." The fact was that the country was too wide for four days a week, but, by the liberality of the inhabitants and visitors of Leamington, a remedy had been found for the evil, viz., that the county will be hunted six days a week. He had no doubt Mr. Barnard would do his utmost to promote the sport and meet the wishes of gentlemen in the district, and that the county shall be fairly hunted. He had, therefore, much pleasure in proposing, with all the honours, the "Health of his esteemed friend, Mr. Barnard." (Three times three.) Mr. Barnard arose amid loud and oft-repeated applause. He commenced his speech by stating "that he could assure them he felt extremely embarrassed in returning thanks for the great compliment they had just paid him, and also in inviting him to become a guest at their hospitable board, but first he begged to thank their worthy Chairman for the kind and flattering way he had proposed the toast, and also the gentlemen present for the kindness with which they had responded to it. He assured them that the compliment paid him that day was as gratifying as it was unexpected. They must recollect that the post which he held as master of foxhounds was not one of his own seeking, and indeed, some years since, he had not the most distant idea that he should ever be called on to hold such an office, but after his friend, Mr. Granville, had succeeded Mr. Thornhill, and that gentleman was obliged to relinquish the office by ill-health, a master was wanted. At that time he had not the slightest idea that he should be required to fill the post, until one day, when he was out hunting, his friend, Mr. Hugh Williams, said: "Barnard, we want a master, the county looks to you." After that he felt obliged to respond to it, and he was duly installed in his office. He believed it was going on to thirteen seasons since he became master, and during the last eight years he had had the sole management of them. When he began office the funds were not in a flourishing state, all that they could raise in the county was 1300*l.* per annum, and from that, and different causes, there was not the same sort of good feeling, which he hoped would continue to exist for many years between the gentlemen of Warwickshire and the inhabitants and visitors of Leamington. He trusted *that* good feeling would never be interrupted. (Cheers.) He had said that at that time all the money they could raise was about 1300*l.*, but from different causes, in about three years, the subscriptions in the county increased to 1800*l.*, and those from the visitors to Leamington to 1400*l.*, and that instead of reducing the hunting to three days a week, he had been enabled, through the kindness of many gentlemen he saw around him, to increase it to five days, a course which had been adopted for three successive seasons. Unfortunately, the year of famine had made prices dearer, and he was obliged to give up the latter experiment, but he assured them he gave up hunting this side of the county with very great reluctance, and that it would afford him much pleasure to hunt it again. (Cheers.) He was aware it was not a first rate grass country, but he looked forward to the Chase Woods and other coverts in the neighbourhood, which had long been celebrated for their runs, to maintain their character next season. He believed these woods were full of foxes, and that they had not been so well preserved for many years as they were now, and therefore, thanks to Lord Leigh and Lord Guernsey, there

would be no lack of foxes. On that head, therefore, their sport for next season was very promising. (Cheers.) He cordially thanked the company for the kind manner in which they had met his wishes relative to the two extra days, and he could assure them that he would do everything he could in return to promote the sport. They had not tied him down to any particular day in the week, they had left it to him to arrange the fixtures as he might think best, and he would endeavour to make them with due regard to all parties, so that the county might be fairly hunted. (Cheers.) Before he sat down he must allude to the kind feeling with which he had always been received by the gentlemen owners of the land and the farmers of Warwickshire. He could not be thankful enough to them for the kindness shown him while riding over their land, as well as the handsome manner in which they preserved the foxes. He thought, that if the farmers were ever obliged to give up that favour, which he trusted they never would be, it would have a very detrimental effect upon the hunting. He again begged to thank them for the kind compliment they had paid him in inviting him that day, and to drink all their good healths. (Cheers.)

Stevens' diary:

April 4th Gaydon Inn.—Found in Ladbroke gorse and ran Leveing Hodnal a mile on the right by Water gall into Fenney Compton Field Nearly up to Burton hill Turned to the right Leveing North end on his Left over Knightcote Field by Bishops Itchington village Leveing Christmas hill on the Left and Harbury Heath on the right Pointing to Chesterton Turned to the Left up Kingstone Bottoms through Itchington Holt Pointing to North end was Headed back into the Holt and lost *after the Best hour I ever saw.*

April 17th.—Last day of regular hunting at Alcester Were out 79 days and Killed 72 foxes and ran 34 to ground.

Total 92 foxes during the entire season and 41 run to ground and left.

SEASON 1850-51.

1850 August 12th.—First day of Cubhunting at Oakley. Killed 14 foxes and ran 4 to ground up to September 24th.

But there is no record of October, and this is the only gap in the diary.

The first day of regular hunting was on Oct. 28th at the kennels, and there is no good day recorded in the diary before Nov. 21st. The sport during this season was not so brilliant as it had been previously.

Morris began to hunt the hounds on an extra day in the north and west of the country.

Nov. 8th.—A long ringing day on the Hills "My horse tierd."

November 21st Compton Verney.—Drew the rough Blank Found in Bishops gorse & ran to Chadshunt Copse & ran 30 minutes & Killed him in the big ground got on the Line of a fox frome Itchington Holt & Hunted him by Kingstone and Verneys gorse to Bishops gorse & gave him up Found again in Bowshot & ran verey quick over Mr. Dixons Farme to

Morton Wood Headed back through Hurlstons Bank & the rough over Moreton field Turned to the Left & Pointing to Chesterton was Headed by Harewoods house back by ——— Leveing Wigland wood on the Left

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1850.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMs.
Aider	Sir W. W. Wynn's Admiral	His Proserpine
Bachelor }	Benedict (45)	Bauble (45)
Bloomer }		
Buxom }	Belvoir Gamester	Mr. Drake's
Blissful }		Brilliant
Crazy }	Mr. Drake's Pontiff	His Chantress
Client }		
Clamorous	Lord Southampton's Marplot	Mr. Drake's
		Constant
Gaudy	Mr. Drake's Grasper	His Cambric
Hebe	Mr. Drake's Hazard	His Probity
Manager }		
Mindful }	Mr. Drake's Monarch	Tuneful (46)
Mermaid }		
Messmate }		
Pastime	Grasper (48)	Pastime (40)
Prizer	Monitor (47)	Prudence (44)
Partial }	Mr. Drake's President	His Gratitude
Prodigal }		
Rampant	Benedict (45)	Rosebud (45)
Rallywood	Lord Southampton's Hazard	Rachel (45)
Remus	Singer (44)	Rally (46)
Rocket	Sir W. W. Wynn's Regent	His Rarity
Sampson }	Singer (44)	Music (46)
Songster }		
Saladin	Mr. Foljambe's Stormer ..	Mr. Drake's
		Chaplet
Stormer	Mr. Foljambe's Stormer.....	Mr. Drake's
		Termagant
Sunbeam	Mr. A. Smith's Saffron	Mr. Morrell's
		Gratitude
Tapster	Earl Fitzharding's Wamba	Testy (44)
Tempest	Belvoir Raglan	Tragedy (44)
Villager	Mr. Morrel's Wonderer	Velvet (43)
Workman }	Earl Fitzharding's Resolute	Wisdom (45)
Woodbine }		
Warbler }		
Wonderer }	Brocklesby Herald	Mr. Drake's
Wishful }		Welcome
Willing }		
Wilful }	Whipster (45)	Tiffany (46)

Crossed the Warwick road by ——— and we ran into him between Hogbrooke and ——— 57 minutes.

26th Mitford Bridge.—Found Lots of Foxes in woolford wood & ran 2 or 3 then Settled to one & ran him one ring in the wood & away by — & Dunson Down to the Brooke & upto the Back of Todenham Turned to the

Left by Ditchford mill up to the Foss road where he was Headed Back over the Stour & through Dunson into Woolford again where we Changed him for a mange Brute & Killed him in ——— Spiny one hour 4 minutes Found again in Barton grove & ran there verely hard 20 minutes & away over the hill to ground on Mr ——— Farme Bolted & ran through the Grove Pointing to Chastleton Curved to the Left & we Killed him at Little Compton after 30 minutes frome the drain & 30 minutes Before he whent into it.

28th Offchurch Bury.—"I got in the Brooke."

December 12th Lower Shuckburgh.—Drew the hill & Cawcote Spiny & Ladbroke gorse Blank Found 3 or 4 foxes in Itchington Holt & ran there 20 minutes & away to verneys gorse through Gaydon gorse by the village to ——— turned Shorte Back by Chadshunt through Fletchers copse & Gaydon gorse & the Same ring again & Killed him at the Back of Gaydon 1 hour 10 minutes.

16th Newbold Pacy.—Drew Oakley wood Blank & Moreton wood Found in Lighthorne rough & over the hills Field by Chadshunt & over Castle Farme to Kineton & then sent for the Bourton fox & into Mr. Williams & Hands & Griffin into Pig sty Caught him & Turned him down in the Big Field & ran by Whats & Lines through the oak Fields by Crabs Castle & Bayliss by the Diamant Spiny & Griffins Plantation by Tomlius over Mr. Kings Farme Leveing Gaydon on the Left to Gaydon Spiny & there we Changed Foxes & ran through Fletchers Copse & over old such (Sitch) & a ring by Jew (Ewe) Field & Checkleys Break Pointing to Itchington Holt and gave it up.

Decr. 18th to 25th.—a Frost.

1851 January 7th Whatcote.—William Willson Saw a fox at the Back of Idlicote & ran aboute there a hour & a half ran 3 Foxes & Lost them all Drew Brailes Blank was Hollowed onto a fox on Winderton Warrin & they ran verely quick to Compton House & Curved to the Left over Winderton Field to Sheldons gorse Curved to the right & crossed the Banbury & Brailes Turnpike road by ——— Pointing to Greenhill gorse was Headed to the right over Mr. ——— Farme to the Oxhill road where I gave it up the Horses all Being Tiard 1 hour 10 minutes.

9th Hillmorton Village.—Found in the gorse & ran verely Pretty upto Lilbourne over the Railroad & Water upto Shawell Wood through it & to Misterton gorse Left it on the Left & Hunted him to Within a few Fields of Misterton Reids and Lost him Found 6 or 7 Foxes in Bilton gorse and ran one by Cooeks gorse over the Canaal to ground by Willoughby was Hollowed on to a Nother fox and Hunted him to Branstane Cleve and gave it up.

13th Goldicote.—Drew the Pastures Blank Found in Fir Grove and ran verely hard over Stratford Heath Pointing to Clifford Curved to the right through the Pastures & Wellesborne Wood & redhill by Walton village through Frizhill & Hurlstones Bank to Mr. Oldhams Field Barne at Moreton Morrell & Killed him 1 hour & 15 minutes.

The following records a terrible blank day :

16th Lower Shuckburgh Village.—Drew the hill & Cawcote Spinney Deepdale Ufton Wood & Chesterton wood Blank & had a Blank day.

Probably bad earth stopping more than scarcity of

foxes caused such an extent of country to be drawn blank.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, January 25th, 1851 :

On Saturday last the meet took place at Henley in Arden, and seldom has there been seen such a large number of sportsmen present (250 or 300). A fox was found in May's wood, about half a mile distant, which gave nearly two hours' excellent sport, and was eventually lost. Many of the horsemen would have to record some falling event of the day; some with their heads bound, others with their scarlet turned to clay, and here and there could be seen chemists busily engaged bandaging some favourite animal which had done its best but was obliged to yield to Reynard's pace. It is reported that if the fox had been killed it would have been the best day this season with the aristocratic pack.*

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

February 1st, 1851, Saturday.—Met at Red Hill. Drew Aston Grove, Withycomb Wood, and Oversley Wood all blank. Found one of the right sort in Spennall Park, and went away to Barnham Wood, Brown's Wood, and into Barrell's Park, which he crossed. Reynard now made his way towards Tamworth, and went straight for Umberslade Park. Here he was viewed two fields ahead of the hounds, and the pace grew so severe that few could live with them. He then ran a circle round the Park and down the meadows, as if making for Lapworth, when Morris was compelled to stop the hounds owing to the darkness. Had he been fortunate enough to kill, it would have been the best run this country has afforded for some years. Time, 2½ hours. Distance, 20 miles. Morris went extremely well, also the Marquis of Tweeddale, Colonel Shirley, and a few others.

Stevens' diary :

February 10th Grove Park.—Found & ran by the village of Hampton on the Hill to the Warwick road where the fox was Headed & ran over the race Course to the Back of Hatton & from there by Mr. Arkwrights farm & Calverdon to austy wood & a ring in the wood & killed him there 2 hours.

15th Foxcote—Found 3 foxes in Stoke wood & ran 2 white rings & Back to ground by Stoke wood 2 hours good Hunting Pace & Killed him.

24th Lower Shuckburgh.—Drew the hill and Cawcote Spiny Blank Found in Ladbroke gorse and ran through Nunns Bushes Leveing Dufers Bridge on the right through ufton wood to the Canal Pointing to Printhill he was Headed got on a fox in Printhill and ran verely quick & Killed one field frome ufton wood 2 hours altogether.

25th Sutton Bridge.—"Mr Davis Headed the fox and we lost him."

March 11th Mitford Bridge.—Found in Woolford Wood & ran in the wood and Heath 30 minutes & away to Chaseltan Grove & a ring in the grove & away Pointing to Barton grove Curved to the Left again into the wood ran 2 rings in the wood & away through the Newcombs to ground at Chaseltan grove a hour & 45 minutes Hunting Drew Barton Grove & the Coombs Blank Found in Witchford wood & ran aboute there & Woolford Heath & Weston Gardens a hour & Killed the fox in a Spiny.

* No doubt Morris was hunting the hounds on this day.

20th *Grove Park*.—Drew it Blank Found in Austy wood & had a good Hunting run of 2 hours to ground on Mr Cannings farm at Sherborne & Left him.

April 11th *Pile Hill*.—Found in the wood & ran ringing about frome wood to wood for above 2 hours & Killed at Last in Featherstone grove Mr. King of Leek Wooton the Brush.

March of this year was a bad month for poor Stevens, who was also leaving. We suppose the earths were

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1851.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Bauble } Barmaid } Bonnylass } Commodore } Cardinal } Freedom Guider } Gaiety } Hero Matchless } Magic } Matron } Marksman }	Benedict (45) Benedict (45) Mr. Lumley's Foiler Counsellor (45) .. Mr. Drake's Herald Piper (45) { Earl Fitzwilliam's Rich- } mond Mr. A. Smith's Saffron Piper (45)..... Lord Redesdale's Statesman Traveller (46) Rallywood (50)	Bauble (45) Crafty (46) Tiffany (46) Gaylass (49) Toilet * Mindful (50) Telltale (48) Tuneful (46) Songstress (48) Proserpine (45) Prudence (44) Harlot (42)

* By Lord Lonsdale's *Harlequin*—Sir William Maxwell's *Termagant*. Bought by Mr. R. Barnard as a five-year-old in 1846.

† A very good looking tan dog, and very good in his work. The sire of many hounds in the Duke of Beaufort's, Sir W. W. Wynn's, the Badsworth, the Albrighton, Col. Clowes', Mr. Garth's, and other kennels.

Mr. T. A. Smith's *Saffron* was by Belvoir *Splendour*—Duke of Grafton's *Parasol*.

unstopped all over the country, as he only handled one fox, but ran nine to ground and had one blank day at Snitterfield. He got three foxes in April.

The hounds were out altogether regular hunting

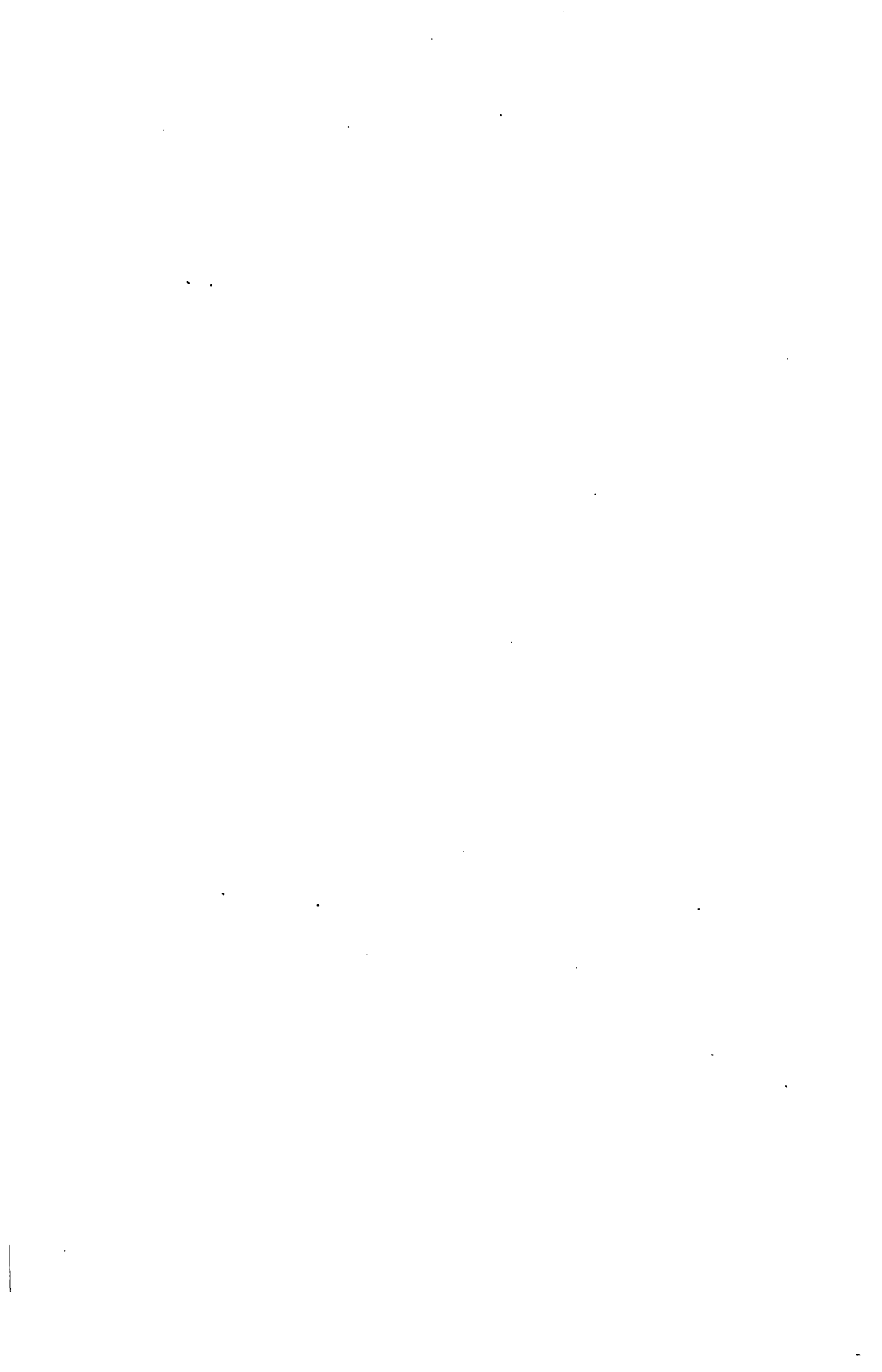
Portrait of Saffron.

Artist unknown.

From the picture at Kineton House.







eighty-four days—they killed fifty foxes, and ran thirty-one to ground and left them, and had two blank days.

Morris was out twenty-eight days and had three blank days. He did not have the pick of the country, as far as grass and small coverts were concerned ; but the Birmingham country and much of the woodlands always carried a good scent.

There is included in Stevens' diary a list of the horses which he rode on each day's hunting, two of the best of which were Greyling and Harlequin.

On the 8th of May, 1851, a meeting of the supporters of the Warwickshire hounds was held at Wellesbourne. It was unanimously agreed that a circular should be sent to all the principal landowners in the Warwickshire Hunt, requesting them most respectfully, but most strongly, to use their best exertions in their respective neighbourhoods for the preservation of foxes. It was stated by Mr. Barnard, and was well known to the meeting, that it would be impossible for himself or for any other person to show sport unless there are more foxes than there were last season ; and as it was the opinion of the meeting that it would be a subject of very general regret if the country should not be hunted, it is hoped that every exertion will be made by preserving foxes to enable Mr. Barnard to continue to hold the situation he now does, and to prevent the hounds being given up. In some coverts foxes are always found, but in others (no doubt often unknown to the owners) foxes are killed by rabbit traps and other means,* which it is earnestly to be hoped will be discontinued when once attention is generally called to this subject.

There can be no doubt that the circular which had been sent to the principal landowners throughout the

* The following appeared in the *Scotch Reformer's Gazette* : The largest dog fox that has been killed in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire was shot on Thursday near Lanark by a young country boy while it was in the act of cursing a hare. He weighed 18lb., and measured from tip of nose to rump, $29\frac{1}{2}$ inches ; length of brush, 18 inches ; entire length, $47\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Length of stretch from tip of fore legs to extremity of hind legs, 2in. more.

Hunt, together with Mr. Barnard having threatened to give up the hounds unless foxes were better preserved, had the desired effect. From that time there was a marked improvement in the preservation of foxes, which continued until, during the mastership of the present Lord Willoughby, there were more foxes than had ever before been seen in the country, and from this period we shall hardly ever have to record a blank day. The greatest enemy to hunting was a farmer named Heath, who lived at Harbury, and began to kill foxes in Mr. Barnard's time, and continued to do so up to the time of his death. Unlike most Warwickshire men, he disliked fox hunting, and had no delight in seeing a good sportsman

CHARGING A FLIGHT OF RAILS AND COMING WELL INTO THE NEXT FIELD.





THE FIRST FLIGHT.

CHAPTER XI.

May merry old England then nourish
Her pristine affection for sport ;
For foxhunting ever shall flourish,
While our squires lend their ready support.

“The laws of foxhunting are guided by that high sense of honourable dealing between gentleman and gentleman, which is more stringent than any legal enactment.”—*Sporting Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN HUNTING FROM LEAMINGTON — WARWICKSHIRE
SPORTSMEN—SQUIRE LITTLE—MR. BOLTON KING—MR.
BROMLEY DAVENPORT—REV. W. S. MILLER—MR. GEORGE
HAWKES—BANGALORE CUNNINGHAM—LORD LEIGH, ETC.,
ETC.—HUNTING FARMERS—DIVISION OF THE COUNTRY—
CONSTITUTION OF THE PACK — GEORGE RIDLER’S
OVEN, ETC.

AMONGST those who hunted at this time from Leamington were Mr. Charles Earle, Mr. Campbell, of Monzie, Mr. J. Saunderson, Mr. J. Montgomery, Sir William Don, Mr. Clifton, Jack Mytton, Sir W. Hyde Parker, Captain Jennings, Sir Hervey Bruce, J. Bruce (Peg-leg), Captain Brooke, and Captain Weekes.

Mr. Charles Earle was always riding “the very best horse I ever had.” He was a good sportsman, a perfect

gentleman, and the most kind hearted genial companion. He was kind to us schoolboys, and always had a cheery word for us in the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Campbell, of Monzie, whom we have before mentioned, was a very hard rider, "and took care to let people know it."

Mr. Ansell, the father of Messrs. Ansell, of Leamington, was his stud groom, and one of the sons told me the story of how Mr. Campbell jumped the Leam, near Grandborough, on a horse which he rode for the first time. Ansell had been riding it, and told him what a good horse it was. They went to measure the place next day, and it was 28ft. He gave the shepherd a sovereign for a spur he lost at the place, so he probably got over with a fall or scramble. They got talking of it at the club, and one gentleman, whose name is lost, made a bet that he had four horses who would jump it. They all tried, and several others, and all failed, though young Mr. Ansell says he thinks he has heard his father say that one got over with a fall. A Captain Williams jumped this place not so long ago. Where Squire Lucy jumped, it was much nearer Birdingbury Hall. I have walked down and spotted this very place. I believe the late Lord Somerville also jumped it. These are the only four I ever heard of.—W. R. V.

Sir William Don, of Newton Don, belonged to an old Scottish family, and was known as the "eccentric baronet" and when he had spent his fortune on hunting and racing he took to the stage. As he was sitting with others after dinner at an hotel at Leamington, the conversation led to various feats which had been performed across country and on the road. Sir William offered to bet 500*l.* that he would ride from Leamington to London before 8 o'clock the next morning. The bet was taken, and at five minutes before eleven, in his evening dress, he mounted a grey horse belonging to Jack Mytton, and rode him for the first fifty-five miles of the road. A poster was then hired, and carried him twenty miles, and he next rode a pony for the remainder of the distance, arriving at the Burlington

Hotel, Piccadilly, at half-past seven on the following morning. The distance was ninety-seven miles, and included eighteen toll-gates, and was performed in the middle of a February night, on a road with which he was not acquainted, without any change of his dress.

Jack Mytton, of Halston*, Shropshire, hunted often at Leamington, and was a celebrated sporting character and a very daring rider. There is a well known portrait of him at a meet of hounds, riding his hunter over a large sunk fence out of the garden of the house into the field where the hounds met.† He used often not to go to bed until he had been out at daylight on a winter morning to wait for wildfowl, and when snow was on the ground he did this with a night-shirt put on over his clothes, so that he could be seen as little as possible.

General Wallington was persuaded by the "young bloods" of Leamington to ride in a steeplechase. He ordered his new colours down from London. He arrayed himself in them before the "cheval glass," and said to his valet: "Thomas, about this time to-morrow you will be joining in the cry all down the course, 'The General wins! the General wins!'" One of the "young bloods" knocked him head over heels at the first fence.

A meeting was held in 1853 for the purpose of considering the best method of disposing of a subscription liberally presented by some gentlemen resident during the hunting season at Leamington to the Warwickshire hounds, the following gentlemen being members of the committee: E. Sheldon, J. Naper, J. Russell, J. M.

* I know Halston well, and have often dined there in the late Mr. Wright's time. Jack Mytton's ghost is supposed to be heard walking somewhere near the lodge gate which opens into the Ellesmere Road. I never believed much in this, as Jack Mytton was more of a rider and a driver than a walker. I tested the ghost theory, and believe that the superstition has arisen from a peculiar echo which sounds in the semi-circular wall on each side of the entrance gate.—W. R. V.

† A friend of mine once told me at Halston that he had run the very railings to ground, over which, in the well-known print published in the life of Jack Mytton by Nimrod, he is depicted as flying with his arm in a sling. They were not in their original position, as they had been supplanted by others of a later date, but he found the original railings, represented in Alken's picture, put away round some odd corner of the house.—W. R. V.

Boulton, Rev. W. C. Brant, J. Skipwith, Captain Gould, J. Knightley. The subscription in 1845-1846 amounted to 1195*l.*, and afterwards, up to the year 1853, to nearly 500*l.* It was resolved that the amount of the said subscriptions be disposed of in the following manner: "That a faggot covert be made at Watergall; also another at Compton Wyniat; that if any part of this subscription remain in hand, it should be distributed to gamekeepers and those persons who take care of coverts; that the residue of the original Warwickshire subscription for coverts be applied to the inclosing and sowing seven acres with gorse seed at Watergall."

Amongst those who hunted with the Warwickshire Hounds at this time, were Mr. John Lucy, Mr. John Little, Mr. Mark Philips, Mr. Darwin Galton, Mr. Bolton King, Colonel North, Mr. H. J. Sheldon, Lord Villiers, Lord Vaux, Lord Mountgarret, Lord Leigh, Lord Aylesford, Mr. Gustavus Smith, Mr. H. Allfrey, Mr. W. Cowan, Mr. Bromley Davenport, Rev. H. C. Knightley, Mr. Edward Greaves,* Mr. Richard Greaves, Mr. George Hawkes, Rev. J. Hawkes, Mr. Hugh Williams (afterwards Sir Hugh), Mr. William Williams, Colonel Shirley, Mr. Charles Earle, Captain Cunningham, Captain Dallas.

Mr. J. Little, usually known as Squire Little, of Newbold Pacey, was a great sportsman and a remarkable character. He hunted for a great many years before this period, and subsequently up to the age of seventy-five. He owned some celebrated steeplechase horses and fine hunters, and there is an excellent portrait at Newbold Pacey of two grey horses, which were his best hunters. His manners were, to say the least of it, abrupt, and he was very much in the habit of "calling a spade a spade." On one occasion, when he was hunting at Mitford Bridge, he was riding one of his steeplechase horses, which, besides being very good looking, had the best manners. The late Sir

* The death of a Mr. Greaves, through an accident with the Warwickshire Yeomanry at Meriden, is mentioned in the *Sporting Magazine* of June, 1788.

Robert Peel, at that time at Oxford, was out on the same day, and having been introduced to Squire Little, expressed great admiration of his horse, and asked for his pedigree, which was given him; and Sir Robert then said, "May I ask what his name is?" The Squire's countenance at once expressed displeasure, and he replied, "Name, do you want to know his name? I call him 'Apostate' after your ——— father." Squire Little was a thorough going Tory, and he had never forgiven the late Sir Robert Peel for having repealed the Corn Laws. On another occasion the Squire got into a railway carriage, in which only one other gentleman was travelling, and found that both windows were shut; he asked to be allowed to open one of them, but his request was refused, so, without further ado, he put his umbrella through the window next which his fellow passenger was sitting!

Mr. Darwin Galton, of Edstone Hall and Claverdon Leys, hunted for more than thirty years with the Warwickshire hounds. He was a genuine sportsman and a good rider, and a thoroughly representative country gentleman and a great favourite with all who knew him. We are much indebted to him for extracts from his hunting diary and other information. He was a very good authority on all matters connected with agriculture, and had some of the best pedigree stock, of which there was no better judge.

Mr. Bolton King was one of the oldest and best supporters of the Warwickshire Hunt, and hunted for more than thirty years with the hounds, up to the age of seventy. He lived at Chadshunt, and was for a long period secretary to the Hunt. He was a hard rider, and a good horseman, always knowing what hounds were doing, and not over riding them; he could ride on any sort of horse as near them as possible. He was well known and much liked amongst the farmers, and he represented South Warwickshire for a short period in Parliament. Towards the close of his career he had many bad falls (one over a croquet hoop, a game he detested), and broke many bones, but he was game to the last. Of him it can be truly said that he

was a fine old English gentleman,* and dearly loved the chase. His son, Captain Edward Raleigh King, was also a very fine rider, and he always liked the pace.

Mr. H. Allfrey, of Hemingford, succeeded Mr. Bolton King as secretary to the Hunt, and retained that office for fifteen years. He was very fond of hunting, but was not a hard rider; he enjoyed painting horses quite as much as riding them, and employed a great deal of his time as an amateur artist.

Mr. Mark Philips lived at Snitterfield, where Mr. Sanders lives now. He always had a jovial party of sportsmen to dine with him on his birthday. It was his brother, Mr. Robert Philips, who built the large mansion at Welcomb, and the obelisk was raised by him in memory of Mr. Mark Philips.

Colonel North was Colonel J. Sidney Doyle. He married Baroness North, and took the name of North. He was a fine old fellow, and much beloved. He represented Oxfordshire in Parliament for many years.

Mr. H. J. Sheldon is, alas, the last representative of the fine old English family, the Sheldons of Weston and Brailes. Agricultural depression has, indeed, much to answer for. Mr. Sheldon is well known as a successful breeder of shorthorns.

Lord Villiers lived at Upton House, now the property of Lord Chesham. He was a fine-looking man, and rode nicely to hounds.

Lord Leigh was a welter weight, but he was very fond of hunting, and, like all the Leighs, nothing stopped him when hounds were running, and sometimes when they were not. I remember once he rode over on his cob to a farmer's to see a horse. He asked the farmer to put it over some fences, which was done; but the temptation was too strong for his lordship, who got his cob by the head, and set off in pursuit. At the second fence he was laid out for dead.

Mr. Gustavus Smith married the Dowager Lady Mordaunt, and hunted for a good many years from

* He was for many years Lieutenant-Colonel of the Warwickshire Yeomanry, of which he took command in the field.—C. M.

Goldicote, which was afterwards bought by Mr. C. H. Joliffe, who hunts from there now.

The Rev. H. C. Knightley, Vicar of Combroke and Compton Verney, was a great sportsman, as all the Knightleys are. He was in the great Hillmorton run, and went to the end. He was a capital man on a young horse, as he was so determined, with good seat and hands. He was a first-rate shot, but rather too keen.

Mr. W. Cowan, of Alveston, was a good sportsman, and used to take a cold bath in the Avon every day of the year.

The two brothers, Edward and Richard Greaves, were great riders. Edward Greaves was a welter weight, but nothing stopped him. He always rode in a swallow-tailed coat, with a cutting whip, and what he could not go over he went through. They founded the bank at Warwick, which afterwards came to such an unfortunate end; but it was safe enough when the Greaves had it.

Colonel Shirley's sporting career is too well known to need any comment. He was a fine rider to hounds.

Captain Dallas hunted for many years from the Manor House, Kineton. He was a most popular sportsman. He married Charles Earle's daughter, the charming Miss Earle.

Amongst the farmers the following were some of the best riders to hounds at this time:

Mr. Cowper, of Farnborough, who was a heavy weight, and bred some capital hunters, which he made himself, and often sold for long prices.

Mr. Harry Over, of Pittern Hill, was a famous rider, and would always be with hounds on any sort of horse. We remember seeing him go wonderfully on a small animal of not more than fourteen hands, and when riding him his legs seemed nearly to touch the ground.

Mr. Gulliver,* of Swalcliffe, was a noted all-round sportsman, and took great pains in preserving foxes in the coverts on his farm, one of which has always been called Gulliver's Osiers. He rode well to hounds with only one arm, on perfect horses, and with a snaffle

* For further account of Mr. Gulliver see p. 226.

bridle; he hunted for many years, and was the owner of several celebrated racehorses and steeplechase horses, which he trained himself at Swalcliffe. The best of these was Big Ben, a thoroughbred stallion, a very good-looking dark brown horse, standing more than sixteen hands high. In 1860 he started thirteen times, and won six times; and the next year he started twice, and won both times. Mr. Gulliver's best hunter was a grey horse, which he sold to Lord Willoughby de Broke.

Mr. Russell, of Hodnell, was a very sporting farmer, and rode well up to late in life.

Mr. Bromley Davenport, of Bagington Hall, Warwickshire, and Capesthorpe, Cheshire, was for a long time a noted character as a sportsman. He was always capittally mounted, and I think he was the most daring short-sighted rider I have ever seen. I remember on one occasion, in Leicestershire, coming with him and others to a locked gate; those who intended riding over it turned their horses round for the purpose of giving them the necessary run at it, but Bromley, anxious to be first over, only reined his horse back five yards, and got such a fall that he was carried on a hurdle insensible to the nearest farmhouse. He wrote some famous hunting poems, "Loseby Hall" the most noted, amongst others. Also some very interesting records of his fishing in Norway. He made an attempt to ascend the Romsdal Horn, which is beyond a certain point an inaccessible precipice. I have been as far as the shoulder and have seen the place up which Bromley managed to ascend twenty feet, and the Norwegian guide, who was above him, then said, "Bromley, I cannot go further, because the mountain overhangs and is more than perpendicular, and I shall fall on to you." This meant a fall of 3000 feet on either side into two different valleys. Bromley told me himself afterwards that he would have given all he possessed to know that he could descend those twenty feet of slippery rock, a matter which was accomplished with the utmost difficulty

and at frightful risk. On the way further down, Bromley shot a bear, a thing not often done in Norway. I also remember fishing a river there, the highest or Foss pool, which was bounded by a precipice, and I asked the Norwegian who accompanied us whether a salmon had ever been caught in it. He replied only one, and "if you want to catch another you must do what Bromley did. We let him down from the top of the rock with a rope tied round his body, and he hooked the fish, and we then pulled him up again." Mr. Bromley Davenport was returned as a Conservative for several years for North Warwickshire, and was famous for the wit and humour of his after-dinner speeches.—C. M.

The Rev. William Sanderson Miller, of Radway Grange, whom we have before mentioned, deserves more than a passing notice in a work of this description.

When we used to see him going over a country sitting well down in the saddle, his eye on the hounds, not, perhaps, on a first class hunter, but riding as straight as if he was on a 200-guinea one, no fence stopping him, no day too long, and no brook too wide, no fall too heavy, one could not help recalling the stirring lines of the great Wizard of the North.

Saw'st gallant Miller's failing eye,
Still bent where Albion's banners fly.

Zimri, who killed his master, could not damage the stout-hearted parson, in fact, we don't think a hammer could have done the deed. When he broke his leg through the kick of a cart colt, he calmly gave directions how and where he was to be carried.

He had a very favourite horse, the Squire, which he rode for many seasons, but he never went better than he did on the before-mentioned Zimri, and a young horse of Miss Susan Verney's, bought by the late Mr. Robert R. Verney, in Ireland, Clashmore by name.

He always got a good start, because he never left the hounds when going from covert to covert, but now we look in vain for the familiar figure of our veteran friend bobbing along just behind the second whip.

Mr. George Hawkes,* of Talton, was for a great number of years a well known and remarkable character amongst those who hunted with the Warwickshire hounds. He was not a hard rider, but he knew every inch of the country, and hunted on nearly every day of the week, usually accompanied by his two daughters, to one of whom (Mrs. Field) we are indebted for his portrait and for some extracts from her hunting diary. Mr. George Hawkes' horses were all thoroughbred, and he rode them with long coats, manes, and tails, exactly in their natural state, and they looked as if they had come straight out of the straw-yard. One of us remembers his meeting a friend of ours at the covert side, mounted on a good-looking, useful, half-bred horse. Mr. Hawkes, after looking him over, said, "That horse is not well bred enough to carry you. This is the sort which you should ride,"—pointing at his own horse—"thoroughbred, and neither clipped nor singed, so he can get no thorns into his legs, neither can he have a sore back." Of late years he used to start rather late, and he told one of us one day: "Ah, now I have found the hounds my sport is over." This was when he was quite an old man. His get-up was rather eccentric. He always wore a cap, a huntsman's red coat, and a most voluminous neckcloth and frill. When a neckcloth became dirty he did not change it, but *he tied on a clean one over it*. When the meet was at Talton, the foot-people came from far and wide. Beer and bread and cheese was dispensed *ad lib.*, and one of us have often seen someone of the party getting a drink, and then shifting his place lower down the railings for another horn, and so on.

Mr. Hawkes was a great advocate for giving plenty of air to horses. The Rev. Francis Annesley told one of us that he was on one occasion at Talton, on a very cold day, when he remarked to Mr. Hawkes that the greater part of

* Mr. George Hawkes, two hours before his death, sent for Mr. Rushout, the Master of the North Cotswold Hounds, who was a great friend of his, and, knowing that his end was near, and not having his cheque-book handy, took up a piece of paper close by him and wrote a cheque of 10*l.* for the Hunt. It had been on his mind, he said, and now that he had made the payment *he felt happy*.—C. M.

Mr. George Hawkes.

From the picture

by Bott.

The property of Mrs. Field, at Talton House.

THE
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OF THE
MUSEUM OF
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY
AT
HARVARD UNIVERSITY



the roof was off the stable, and he added, "How do you manage to prevent your horses from catching cold!" Mr. Hawkes replied, "I think there is nothing like fresh air for horses."

One of the hardest and best riders amongst the farmers hunting at this time was Mr. Harry Horley, and he hunted Mr. Bradley's stag hounds from Ufton. His father, his brother, and himself occupied nearly the whole of the land in the parish.

Captain Cunningham, of Wellesbourne House, was very fond of the sport. He was much addicted to relating after-dinner stories of sport which he had seen in India, when in the 12th Lancers. He told me that on one occasion he was out shooting in that country, and carried a gun with one barrel made for shot and the other for a rifle bullet. A snipe got up, and he fired the bullet at it by mistake, but he killed it, and the report of the gun caused a tiger at once to break covert, and he killed it with the snipe shot. He added, "Would you believe it, I turned round to give orders to my negro servant, and his curly black hair had turned as white as snow." After this the Captain was usually called by his friends "Bangalore Cunningham."*—C. M.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

January 17th, 1852.—HUNT BALL.—This took place at Stratford-on-Avon on Wednesday last, there were nearly 500 persons present, and it was notable for the beauty of the decorations, which comprised a fox breaking covert closely followed by the hounds, a deer and fawn, an otter, grouse, a swan surprised by the fox, &c.

April 10th, 1852.—A public meeting was held at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, on Wednesday, J. Hitchman, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Jeffery reported that Mr. Barnard had consented, during the next season, to hunt the North Warwickshire country two days and the South Warwickshire country three days a week, with meets as near as practicable to the town of Leamington, on being guaranteed a sum of 350*l.* by the professional and trading inhabitants of Leamington.

Ben Morgan succeeded Stevens as huntsman, and this, no doubt, was a very difficult undertaking. He was a good and painstaking servant, but, as many another man

* This is a regular old "Joe Miller," but C. M. has done good service if he has at last run it to ground.—W. R. V.

well might have, he lacked the energy and dash of Stevens. He was a beautiful horseman, and no servant could have looked better on a horse than he did. Jack Hicks was first whip, and H. Harris second whip.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1852.

MR. R. BARNARD.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Admiral } Archer } Bloomer } Brazen } Carnival } Cruiser } Driver } Chacer } Ransom } Charity } Senator } Sportsman }	Lord H. Bentinck's Admiral Belvoir Driver Lord H. Bentinck's Driver Mr. Foljambe's Chacer Mr. Foljambe's Chacer	His Roundelay Bridal (48) His Curious Rapid (47) His Singwell
Clamorous Combat Comely } Cottager } Cruiser }	Lord H. Bentinck's Denmark Lord H. Bentinck's Combat Lord H. Bentinck's Contest	Countess (45) Telltale (48) His Beauty
Comrade Comus Contest Countess Crier Dexter Dauntless Denmark } Dorcas }	Lord H. Bentinck's Contest Lord H. Bentinck's Comrade Lord H. Bentinck's Contest Counsellor (45) Counsellor (45) Lord H. Bentinck's Craftsman Lord H. Bentinck's Driver Mr. Drake's Rufus	His Vicious His Frailty His Remedy Tuneful (46) Barbara (48) His Darling His Careful His Diligent
Furrier Harmony } Hymen } Peerless } Planet }	Mr. Drake's Falstaff Singer (44) Mr. Foljambe's Royster Mr. Foljambe's Pilot	Wisdom (45) Hasty (48) His Prattle His Racket
Proctor Rampish } Tomboy }	Lord H. Bentinck's Tomboy Lord H. Bentinck's Craftsman Mr. Drake's Smuggler	His Rantipole Rakish (44) Proserpine (45)
Roman Sultan Susan Tickler Waspish Tamerlane Termagant Toper	Belvoir Stormer Sir R. Sutton's Trueman Lord H. Bentinck's Craftsman Lord H. Bentinck's Tomboy Earl Fitzharding's Notary Fingal*	Tragedy (44) Rosamond (49) Willing (50) Sprightly (51) Termagant (48) Tiffany (46)

* By Mr. Foljambe's Fleecer—his Princess. Bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Barnard in 1850.

SEASON 1852-53.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

November 13th, 1852.—There have been three splendid runs with the Warwickshire hounds during the present week. We are very sorry, however, to add that Morgan, the huntsman, met with an accident by which he was thrown from his horse and sustained such injuries as are likely to prevent him from resuming his duties for several days.

In December, 1852, Mr. Robert J. Barnard became Lord Willoughby de Broke, the ninth baron, by the death of his uncle.

I heard from Mr. William Chamberlayne that during the season of 1852 the hounds had a very fine run from Shuckburgh Hill, by Catesby, Sharman's Hill, Holloway Pool, and Hinton House ; thence they left Byfield on the right, and ran through Warden Hill, and killed the fox between Aston-le-Wall and Chipping Warden. Mr. Chamberlayne was riding a horse which he had bought for 30*l.* at Cambridge.

Jack Jones succeeded Ben Morgan as huntsman. He was a very light weight and a hard rider, and although he did not show such fine sport as Ned Stevens, he did his best, up to a considerable age, and he succeeded during one season in killing at least 101 foxes, and we remember hearing the number put at the larger figure of 108. He told us that during a good fifty minutes run from Farnborough, in the Vale below Edge Hill, he did not open a gate and had seven falls. He was riding a roan horse called Rapid Rhone, but we fancy he was "romancing" to explain his not having been with the hounds. If he had seven falls he must have fallen off, for Rapid Rhone could not fall, and you could scarcely have thrown him down if you tied his legs together.* J. Stracey was first whip, and H. Harris second whip.

* Lord W. de Broke, in his second *Badminton Magazine* article, says that Jones suffered, like the Irish tenants, from "insecurity of tenure." He also says that his father told him that Jones showed capital sport the first two seasons he was huntsman. We are sorry we have such a poor and meagre record of the runs during these two seasons.

Charlie Jones, his boy, had a wonderful pony* which would jump anything, and he used to follow his father over lots of big fences.

Mr. William Canning, of Debden, near Barford, was a distinguished representative of the farmers in the field, and was always in the front rank, although riding 15st.

Mr. Stanley, the celebrated veterinary surgeon at Leamington, had so large a business that he did not hunt very often, but when he did it was to some purpose, for he was one of the hardest and straightest riders we ever saw. He was considered one of the best judges of horses in England, and although he was so deaf that it was difficult to carry on a conversation with him, he never made any mistake as regards the soundness of a horse's wind. He was so enthusiastic about a case, that if it was at all doubtful or critical, he would sleep in the box.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, January 8th, 1853 :

Met at Leamington Kennels on Saturday. Found in Wainbody Wood, and ran to Allesley beyond Coventry. Distance eight miles.

January 22nd.—Splendid run with the Warwickshire.—On Saturday last this pack met at Cubbington Toll Bar. Found in Waverley Wood, and went away in the direction of Stoneleigh Deer Park, which he passed, and rattled along for Baggington down to Sherbourne, and through the plantations to Whitley Abbey, pursuing his course to Binley, crossing the railway near Stoke, and leaving Coombe Abbey on the left, through Brandon plantations, and then doubled back to Binley Common; here he bore away to Four Oaks, but turning short to the left ran to ground in the plantations of

* My father, Lord Willoughby, bought it for us boys to ride, and before we were promoted to the aforesaid Rapid Rhone it taught us a lot of hunting. When the pony got old it could not keep up so well, and I remember one day my father came up to me in a ploughed field, and found me blubbing like anything. "What are you crying for, my boy? Have you had a fall?" "No, I haven't had a fall, papa, but Charlie Jones can't keep up with the hounds. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" He didn't say much, but was so pleased at my being keen, that he called me into the stableyard at Kineton about a week or so after, and there I found a beautiful new pony, quite young, and a hand higher, saddled for me. I never went so well though on Aunt Sally as I did on Charlie Jones. One day I rode him at the Farnborough Brook, and got in, and the bridle came off, and he left me in the brook. I once rode Charlie Jones to a meet at Wroxton or Swalcliffe, and we had a very good run, and left off at Chapel House, and I rode the pony back with my father and brother twenty miles through Shipston to Compton, when I was about twelve years old. My brother, the present Lord Willoughby, used to ride a very spirited, rather violent Galloway called Marmion, but it was on the Rapid Rhone that he first really began to be with hounds, and he was riding this horse when quite as a lad he went so well in the great run from Whichford Wood to Dean Cross Roads in 1860, mentioned on a later page.—W. R. V.

Coombe Abbey, in the Atherstone country, after a very severe chase of more than two hours.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, February 5th, 1853 :

Met at the Kennels, and drew Kineton Holt blank. Trotted to Edge Hills, and found at Nicholl's Gorse, and went away to Upton Gorse, along the hills to Shennington Gorse. Here, turning to the right along the hills, straight through Upper, Middle, and Lower Tysoe. At the latter place he was headed, and made for Oxhill and Compton Wyniates before he was killed near the latter place. This run was very fast, and occupied one hour and ten minutes.

February 12th, 1853,—Met at Whimpstone Bridge. Found at Crimscoate Downs, and ran very fast to Whimpstone Bridge, to the left by Preston Bushes, over the Avon at Lower Milcote, by Drayton Wild Moor, Billesley, Aston Wood, and Aston Cantlow. Here he turned to the left by Haselor, and made for Temple Grafton and Binton, where he was lost after running not less than twenty miles.

At a meeting held at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, on Monday, February 23rd, 1853, it was decided, with the full concurrence of Lord Willoughby de Broke, that the following division of the country be made between the Warwickshire and the North Warwickshire Hunts. The river Leam to be the boundary, giving the coverts on the far side of it to North Warwickshire ; from Warwick to Rowington, the Birmingham and Warwick Canal ; from Rowington to Wooton Wawen, the Birmingham and Stratford Canal ; from Wooton Wawen to Alcester, the road from Wooton to Alcester, the turnpike road to Birmingham.*

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

On *Thursday, March 4th*, 1853, the meet was at Lower Shuckburgh. The frost not being sufficiently out of the ground to try the coverts at Shuckburgh, Debdale was tried, where a fox was very soon found, but after a short time lost. The order was then given for Ufton Wood, and the hounds were not long in covert before a fox was found, and, after dwelling a brief space, he gallantly broke away at the lower end of the wood, and, crossing the Southam turnpike road, ran along the valley under Ufton Village to Harbury Field, turning to the right across the Fosse Road, and, nothing daunted by the Great Western Railway, ran over the lines, followed by his eager pursuers, which,

* These boundaries have apparently been altered since this date, for, as will be seen from our map, the line now runs by the Warwick Racecourse between Hampton-on-the-Hill and Hampton Lodge, just north of Norton Lindsey, and south of Gannaway to Wolverton, and then, including the neutral country north-west, by Langton, Kington Grange, and Barnmoor Green to Crab Mill, and then south-west along the Aine to Alcester.—W. R. V.

though forming no serious obstacle to them, proved a difficult matter to equestrians, many of whom were thrown out at this point, and of those remaining only a few got over the Whitnash Brook, which had to be encountered a few fields further, and the hounds were seen streaming away at some distance in front, over Whitnash Fields and Highdown, in the direction of Oakley Wood. This covert was reached, but the gallant fox not deigning to avail himself of it, travelled on in the direction of Moreton Morrell, and was ultimately lost when pointing for Lighthorne, after a first-rate run of one hour and ten minutes. Many of the field were left at Ufton Wood, being unaware that the fox had gone away. The pace was good throughout, and from the railway to Oakley Wood no check ensued.

At a meeting held at Kineton on April 8th, 1853, Lord Willoughby de Broke proposed to hunt the country next season four days every week if he was guaranteed the sum of 1500*l.* for that purpose. This offer was accepted.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, March 5 :

The fixture was Lower Shuckburgh. Found at Ufton Wood, and broke at the lower end, crossed the turnpike road, and ran along the valley to Harbury Fields, turned to the right across the Fosse Road, over the railway and Whitnash Brook, in the direction of Oakley Wood, through it to Moreton Morrell, then pointing to Lighthorne, was lost after a capital run of one hour and ten minutes, the latter part of which was only participated in by a small portion of the field.

We have heard from Mr. W. Chamberlayne that during March, 1853, the Bicester hounds met at Lower Boddington, found in the gorse at Boddington, and ran to Farnborough, and killed their fox there. Lord Willoughby de Broke was out, and went home from there. The hounds were next taken to Warden Hill, but did not do much. They next went to Eydon, found, and ran very fast for fifteen minutes to Moreton Pinkney, to ground. Squire Drake then said, "I think that fox was a vixen; we will go back to Eydon and find her lord and master." This probably was the case, as another fox was found at Eydon, and ran by Trafford Bridge, leaving Byfield to the left, and thence by Hinton nearly to Griffin's Gorse, and down the hill between Hellidon and Priors Marston; and next, leaving Shuckburgh Hill on the right, to Napton Folly and over the canal, which the fox crossed at dark; every horse was beat. Mr. Chamberlayne rode a horse bought from Lord Hopetoun for 20 guineas. When Squire Drake was taking the hounds home, he passed through Farthinghoe at twelve o'clock at night, and blew his horn

when going by the house of the Rev. Mr. Lichfield, who, during his sermon preached next day, gave a severe reprimand to "some unruly boys belonging to his parish for having blown a horn under his window on the night before."—C. M.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, March 19th :

An important meeting of the owners and occupiers of land was held at the Warwick Arms Hotel on Wednesday. The meeting was convened by Lord Willoughby de Broke for the purpose of making arrangements for hunting the country during the ensuing season. E. Bolton King, Esq., occupied the chair. Lord Willoughby de Broke stated his intention of giving up the country for two years to Mr. Henley Greaves, but a strong feeling being expressed by the gentlemen present, his Lordship consented to retain the southern side and to hunt three days a week on the following conditions: That a subscription of 1000*l.* be paid to him by the country, together with earth stopping, poultry, and other expenses. Lord Willoughby proposed to lend the North Warwickshire country to Mr. Greaves, who was willing to take it and hunt three days a week upon receiving a subscription from Leamington and North Warwickshire. That the division of the country from Warwick to Shuckburgh be the Warwick and Napton Canal, with the exception of Debdale, Print Hill, and Calcote Spinney. Going west from Warwick, the Warwick and Alcester road by Bearley Cross and Ragley.

April 2nd, 1853.—A meeting of subscribers was held at the Regent Hotel Leamington, on Tuesday, Lord Leigh in the chair. His Lordship said he felt deeply interested in the Warwickshire hounds, having hunted since he was six years old, and expressed his opinion that to hunt the country properly there should be a second pack of hounds established. He should therefore give to Mr. Greaves a subscription equal to the one which he gave Lord Willoughby, and considered that Debdale should belong to North Warwickshire. Lord Willoughby de Broke said he had given up whatever was hunted by Mr. Hellier, and sooner than lose Mr. Greaves, he had agreed to give up several other coverts; but respecting Debdale, from its proximity with another covert which he should keep, they would be constantly running backwards and forwards. Lord Leigh suggested that Debdale covert might be neutral, and Mr. Greaves assented to this plan. Lord Willoughby said that in case Mr. Greaves took the country, he should be glad to enter into such an arrangement, but would not be bound to do so with anyone else who might come in future. Lord Leigh said the meeting was now anxious to know whether Mr. Greaves would take the pack on the conditions named, and whether he would require a guarantee. Mr. Greaves said he should require a guarantee of 1500*l.* per annum, and 300*l.* to build kennels. Lord Leigh said it was impossible, as far as he could see, to raise 800*l.* a year from Leamington. Mr. Greaves said, that being the case, he must decline the country.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, April 3rd, 1853 :

We are happy to announce that, at a meeting held at Wellesbourne, satisfactory arrangements were made with Lord Willoughby de Broke, who will continue to hunt the Warwickshire country four days a week. We

understand that communications have been opened with a highly popular sportsman who is disposed to hunt North Warwickshire on conditions to be after agreed upon.

April 30th, 1853.—At a meeting held at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, Mr. J. Haddon presiding, an agreement was entered into between a committee of management and Mr. Selby Lowndes. A town committee was

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1853.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Ajax	Earl Fitzharding's Farmer..	His Arrogant
Auditor.....	Earl Fitzharding's Abeland .	His Buxom
Bellman	Brocklesby Bellman	Their Chastity
Blameless }	Counsellor (45)	Blossom (49)
Bracelet }		
Captious }	Mr. Foljambe's Forester ...	{ Lord H. Bentinck's
Corsair }		{ Careful
Dahlia	Lord H. Bentinck's Despot	His Skilful
Diligent	Mr. Foljambe's Pilot	His Dauntless
Fearless	{ Lord H. Bentinck's	His Furious
	{ Craftsman	
Handsome	Mr. Foljambe's Monitor ...	His Heroine .
Hero	Lord H. Bentinck's Hector	His Doleful
Hannibal }		
Headstrong }	Mr. Morrell's Foreman	Handmaid (49)
Hostess }		
Hotspur }	Monitor (47).....	Languish (48)
Landlord	Earl Fitzharding's Resolute	His Lesbia
Lusty	{ Lord H. Bentinck's	His Remedy
Rally	{ Champion.....	
Rifleman	Brocklesby Reveller	Lord H. Bentinck's
		Melody
Ruthful.....	Mr. Foljambe's Royster.....	His Famous
Sampson	{ Lord H. Bentinck's	His Sprightly
	{ Comrade	
Sylvia	Mr. Foljambe's Stenter	His Sportive
Tiding }	Grasper (48).....	Tuneful (46)
Traveller }		
Vision	Lord H. Bentinck's Contest	His Vicious

appointed to collect subscriptions in liquidation of the requisite expenses. The following is the division allotted to the North Warwickshire: The Leam to be the boundary, giving Dunchurch to Leamington; from Warwick to Rowington, from Rowington to Wooton Wawen along the Birmingham and Stratford Canal. The road from Wooton Wawen to Alcester, and from Alcester the turnpike road to Birmingham.

SEASON 1853-54.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, December 24th, 1853 :

Thursday, Ufton Wood.—A very cold and bleak morning, but a good field assembled. Found at Offchurch Bury, and made straight for Print Hill,

through it to Long Itchington. Here he turned to the left by Stockton, left Southam on the left, down to the brook, which two gentlemen* and the whip took, going in and out, Mr. Granville, of Wellesbourne, being leader (the field going through Southam). They had the remainder to themselves, killing the fox in a field opposite Stoney Thorpe, in thirty-eight minutes without a check. Another fox was found at Itchington Holt, which went away for Gaydon, but turned to the left for Chadshunt, on through Pool Fields, over the large meadows to Lighthorne Rough, and across the Fosse Road to Moreton Wood, then back towards Lighthorne Village, where the hounds were whipped off owing to darkness.

Mr. William Chamberlayne told us that the hounds found a fox at Offchurch Osier Bed, and ran without a check through Print Hill, leaving Bascote to the right, nearly to Southam Workhouse, thence crossed the brook, and pointed for Ladbroke Gorse, but turned again to the right, over the brook, and killed the fox between Stoney Thorpe and Harbury. Only Mr. Bevil Granville and Mr. Chamberlayne were in at the death, and the run occupied only half an hour at racing pace. Mr. Chamberlayne was riding a black mare which he had bought from Mr. Berkeley.

From the *Leamington Courier*, January 21st, 1854:

The first meet after the frost was at Walton. Found in Walton Wood, and went off for Bowshot, over Moreton Bank, and through the wood, pointing for Oakley Wood; bore to the right by Moreton Morrell for Lighthorne Rough, through Bishop's Gorse and Chadshunt Spinneys, turned to the right as if for Kineton, then bearing again to the left went away down to the brook. There the pace became very severe. He went straight to Kineton Holt, passed outside it, making for Church Tysoe; being headed, he crossed the Banbury and Stratford Road and made for Edge Hill, where the hounds were stopped, snow and ice making it impossible to ride. Time, one hour and forty minutes. Distance, twelve or fourteen miles. A better run has not been seen in Warwickshire for years.

SEASON 1854-55.

December 2nd, 1854.—The Warwickshire hounds met at Billesley Hall on Thursday last, and found a gallant old fox in Oversley Wood; he went away at once, pointing for Alcester, where he crossed the river Arrow, leaving Kinwarton on the left, over the meadows up to Great Alne, pointing for Aston Grove, through it, and left Aston Cantlow on the left. Hence by Wilmcote and Bishopton Spa across the Stratford and Birmingham road to Snitterfield Bushes, straight through it, and on for Wolverton, leaving Claverdon on the left. Darkness obliged the hounds to be whipped off. This was one of the best hunting runs which has taken place in this part of the country.

* These two gentlemen were Major Bevil Granville and Mr. W. Chamberlayne, of Stoney Thorpe.

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT CLUB AND THE WAR.

December 2nd, 1854.

The following notice has been issued by this club:

Under the existing circumstances of the war, and from the fact that so many members are deeply interested in the fate of our armies in the Crimea, it has been considered advisable by the committee that no Hunt ball be held

WARWICKSHIRE, ENTRY 1854.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Bashful } Bonnylass } Boxer }	Earl Fitzharding's Boxer ...	Bauble (51)
Challenger	{ Earl Fitzharding's Chal- } lenger	Mindful (50)
Charmer	Belvoir Gainer	Charmer (45)
Clasher	Lord H. Bentinck's Clasper	His Promise
Contest	Lord H. Bentinck's Contest	His Rarity
Dainty	Lord H. Bentinck's Comrade	His Dainty
Darling } Dorcas }	Earl Fitzharding's Lincoln	Duchess *
Falstaff	Lord H. Bentinck's Ranter	His Famous
Forester } Freeman } Fugleman }	Mr. Foljambe's Forester ...	His Relish
Gamester } Gimcrack } Glaucus }	Belvoir Guider	Telltale (48)
Harper } Harlequin }	Hazard (52)	Matchless (51)
Hector	Brocklesby Regulus	Hasty (48)
Hopeful } Hyacinth }	Earl Fitzharding's Hector	Buxom (50)
Latitude	Earl Fitzharding's Lincoln ..	Sprightly (51)
Lavender	Earl Fitzharding's Lincoln ..	Heedless (51)
Mameluke	Mr. Foljambe's Monitor ...	His Racket
Monitor	Mr. Foljambe's Monitor ...	His Redwing
Pleader	Brocklesby Pleader	Captious (53)
Rapture	Lord H. Bentinck's Contest	His Rapture
Songstress	Sir Tatton Sykes' Villager ..	Sanguine (51)
Stranger	Lord H. Bentinck's Contest	His Songstress
Tawdry } Trinket }	{ Lord H. Bentinck's } Champion	His Tawdry
Warbler } Woodbine }	Earl Fitzharding's Bardolph ..	Willing (50)

* By Lord H. Bentinck's Comus—his Gloomy. Bought by Lord W. de Broke as a five-year-old in 1853.

this winter, instead of which a donation in the name of the club be made to the Patriotic Fund.

A correspondent, in sending the above information to a London contem-

porary, says, "Our Hunt ball usually costs about 250*l*. If all other Hunt clubs would do that, what a large sum might be collected."

The sad causes assigned in the above notice for a cessation of amusements will, beyond all doubt, prevent a variety of public entertainment both here and elsewhere during the present season.

December 9th, 1854.—The Warwickshire hounds met at Whimpstone

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1855.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Autocrat }	Mr. Morrell's Aimwell	Blissful
Amethyst }	Mr. Morrell's Aimwell	Blossom (49)
Albert		
Bloomer }	Hazard (52)	Bauble (51)
Blossom }		
Butterfly }		
Beatrice }		
Bobadil }	Hazard (52)	Barmaid (51)
Bridesmaid }		
Dulcimer }	Earl Fitzharding's Despot .	Mindful (50)
Dewdrop }		
Gratitude	Saffron (51)	Gaiety (51)
Hermit	Brocklesby Hercules	Buxom (50)
Lucifer	Earl Fitzharding's Lusty ...	Heedless (50)
Majesty }	Mr. Morrell's Aimwell	Magic (51)
Murmur }		
Priestess }	Mr. Morrell's Aimwell	Parasol (49)
Primrose }		
Prudence }		
Paragon }		
Spinster }	Saffron (51)	Sanguine (51)
Student }		
Royal }	{ Earl Fitzharding's }	Rosy *
Rival }	{ Mussulman	
Reliah }		
Rosebud	Regent (49)	Priestess (47)

* By Brocklesby Rallywood—Lord H. Bentinck's Ruthless. Bought by Lord W. de Broke as a four-year-old in 1853.

Bridge. Found a fox on Meon Hill, and made for Gally Oak, where he turned to the left up the meadows by Preston Village, over the Stratford and Shipston Road, made for Fir Grove, and on to Alveston Pastures and Loxley, where he was pulled down in the open, after a good run of an hour and twenty minutes.

December 13th, Gaydon Inn.—Found in Lighthorne Rough, and made for Chadshunt, but headed and turned for Compton Verney to Bowshot, Walton, and Wellesbourne Wood. He now turned for Friz Hill, and across the flat to Moreton Wood, making for Oakley Wood; but, being headed, he turned to the right over the Banbury and Warwick Road, by Hogbrook up to Chesterton Spinneys, where he was killed after a first-rate run of an hour and a half.

We have received the following account of Mr. William Gulliver from Colonel Norris, who knew him intimately :

William Gulliver,* who bred thoroughbred stock at Swalcliffe for many years with great success, as a man devoted to sport of all sorts, a first class horseman, and a good preserver of foxes, deserves more than a passing note.

He was full of the Jack Mytton style of daring, and loved adventure, particularly when any horse he happened to own at the time was the medium of it ; and what he could do with his single left arm and hand, for early in life he lost his right through a gun accident whilst rabbit shooting, was simply astounding. His naturally quick, fiery temper, led him into many a row, and Gulliver never refused an appeal "*ad hominem*," and seldom had the worst of a set-to, for he let out that left arm so straight, so strong, and so quick, that he had his man smothered, confused, and settled before he knew where he was. Just the same on a refractory horse. He would take the reins in his teeth, and deliver with his single hand such a shower of stingers, *all over*—head, ears, flanks, near and off side—that the horse was literally terrified into subjection ; and then he would *as* liberally soothe the animal. His nerve was of steel, and never failed him. I remember arriving at Banbury one dark night from Aldershot unexpectedly, and no conveyance being at the station for me, Gulliver, who had travelled from Reading with me, offered to give me a lift home. Outside the station was his dogcart, with large lamps, the reins were hooked over the dash-board (Gulliver had a plan of hitching the reins on to this, which was always made very stout and stiff on purpose, so as to relieve his one arm occasionally, when he had a puller in), and two men were at the head of the horse in the shafts. We got in, Gulliver said "let go," and we just *flashed* through the town of Banbury. I could see by the lamps Gulliver's teeth set ; anyone who knew him will recognise this habit of his. He never spoke a word till we got to the fall in the road which approaches the

* See also p. 211.

few cottages on the roadside, which form the village of Broughton. Going down this incline he said: "Takes to it well, don't she? Has not done much this way either, for she was running at Newmarket last week!" We got home all right, but I remember mentally noting rather to walk home the six miles than ever again accept W. G.'s road hospitality, particularly at night.

Talking one day of cross-country exploits on wheels, he told me that once when driving home, Billy Cowper, who, I think, afterwards broke his neck riding, came up alongside on a hunter. "He said his horse could jump a bit. I said mine could trot better than most," and a match for a sovereign was arranged then and there. Gulliver was to keep the road, and Billy was to ride the country, to a named point, where they would meet again. Some distance had been covered, when Gulliver saw that he would be beat, his only chance being to cut a corner. "Hunting, I never knew the mare I was driving turn her head, so I offered her a chance on wheels, turned short over the fence, got over it with a scramble, went on across the field, and blundered over the fence into the road again, with nothing broke. Billy never saw me, and in the end I just beat him, and took the pound."

The late Lord Howth was often at Swalcliffe. I believe it was when he and two others were once staying with Gulliver that the latter drove them to Banbury Station for Northampton races. That was when the line was by Bletchley and Blisworth, and long before it was direct as at present. Gulliver put his load down at the station and turned homewards, for he had not intended to accompany them. Again, to use his own words, for I remember these incidents well: "I had just got to the bridge, when I thought, 'I'll race that train.' So I turned down the Northampton Road instead of that to Swalcliffe. I was driving an American trotter I had (a well-known harnesser that Gulliver used to call his "trotter," a black horse), and I gave him his head. I got to Northampton, and the horse did not appear winded even, drove straight

to the station, *and the Banbury train had not arrived.* I put the horse up, gave him a feed, and when my party arrived they could hardly believe their eyes at seeing me in the refreshment room, and I drove back home after the races."

Besides losing his right arm, he had many bad accidents. He pointed out to me a place once, when we were riding home together from hunting, between Chipping Warden and Wardington, where, going down a long, steep hill, the near wheel of his dogcart came off. He was shot over into the fence, and the wheel "trundled on" down the middle of the road the full length of the hill, which was a couple of hundred yards or more.

Although he owned and bred some first-class horses and sold them well, he was unlucky, and, towards the close of his life, fell into bad times I fear. When at last he died, in 1876, there was not a man who knew him, particularly all those he used to meet in the hunting field and racecourse, but mourned his loss.—H. C. N.

We have no notice of any run during 1855.

At this time, Mr. Poole, the famous tailor, and Mr. James Mason had a hunting box together at Winslow. A young Oxford man, who employed Mr. Poole, considered it rather swagger that he should keep a stud of twelve horses, and gave out that he would blow him up in public at a Hunt breakfast that was coming off the next week for making him a coat which did not fit. Another Oxford man, who also employed Mr. Poole, and owed him money, thought he would do him a turn, and get longer credit by forewarning him, so, when the first-mentioned man tackled Mr. Poole at breakfast, the latter pulled a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and said he would soon put the coat right, and chalked him all over the back!

In 1855-1856, Jones hunted the hounds, and W. Enever and J. Cummings were first and second whips.

I remember in 1855, when at Oxford, twice riding thirty-two miles to covert to Wolford Wood, and when I mentioned this to Mr. Harry Bourke, he told me *that he*

had ridden fifty miles to covert, from Cambridge to meet the Fitzwilliam hounds and back again; and his friend, who had ridden the same distance and returned with him, dropped off his horse just before reaching Cambridge, and was carried in an exhausted state to the nearest house!—C.M.

N.B.—We did not receive this song in time to insert it on page 60 of Vol. I., where it ought to have come.

REASONS FOR HUNTING.

By REV. H. R. WOLLEY.

I've oft been asked by courtly swains
And men of sober pace,
What joy I take in woods and plains,
What pleasure in the chase?
Now tho' these beagling souls I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain,
To tell them why I rise each morn,
And seek the field again.

The well-tried pack, the gladsome cry
My soul with joys inspire,
Each echoing wood, each copse we try
Excites some new desire.
The cheerful sound of horn and hound
Can every care restrain,
And thus I think a reason's found,
To seek the chase again.

When thoughts of fleeting years I trace,
And sigh o'er spoils of time,
The generous steed, with quickening pace
Makes youth again be mine.
Not Fortune's frowns can work me woe,
Nor falsehood give me pain,
When once I hear the "Tally-ho"
That brings the chase again.

The social glass more bright appears,
And beauty's smile more dear,
When glowing health my spirit cheers
And Hope's gay dreams appear—
These in the joyous chase abound,
'Midst Pleasure's cheerful reign;
And thus another reason's found
To seek the chase again.

When hipped and vex'd at England's fate
 In these convulsive days,
 I ill endure the troubled state
 My thoughtful eye surveys.
 But when the pack at early dawn
 Invite me still to stray ;
 To every care and every frown,
 I'll answer "Gone away!"

Nor you, ye fair, these joys restrain
 The hunter lives to know,
 For you the enlivening thought we claim,
 The spirit's brightest glow.
 Be yours the lyre, the dance, the song,
 While we the chase retain ; *
 Till evening shall our joys prolong
 And bring your smiles again.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, January 19th, 1856 :

Lord Willoughby de Broke's decision to retire from the management of the Warwickshire hounds has given rise to feelings of deep regret among the members of the Hunt, inasmuch as no one filling the irksome and trying position ever enjoyed a greater share of confidence on the part of the owners of coverts, or the respect of all participating in the sport; the retirement of a nobleman so universally respected as Lord Willoughby creates a vacancy which it will be difficult to fill, although the names of more than one landed proprietor in the country, ardent foxhunters, have been mentioned as his Lordship's probable successor.

At the time when Sir Pery Pole kindly gave us permission to search in his library at Todenham, we saw some curious and valuable engravings and extracts.

(1) A steel engraving published by M. A. Pittman, Warwick Square, London, Dec. 1st, 1834; F. G. Turner pinxit; H. R. Cook sculpsit; "A huntsman's wife suckling two fox cubs."

(2) Circ. 1830-34.

The Duke of Rutland, Sir G. Heathcote, and the Leicestershire Hunt now bear the bell, contested only by the Pytchley.† Of these I propose giving you a full account, and in the meantime I must say that I shall not fail to notice Sir Thomas Mostyn's (*sic*) as well as Mr. Corbet's pack. The Duke of Grafton's old-established pack, though they have perhaps the best huntsman‡ in England, yet, from his Grace being seldom out, are hardly worth a sportsman's trouble, as they are but scantily attended, except by

* Mr. Wolley evidently did not approve of "ladies out hunting."—W. R. V.

† I remember once hearing a discussion in the House of Commons about damage done to farmers by hunting, in which John Bright joined, and was very much astonished by roars of laughter when he called the Pytchley "the Pitchley Hunt."—C. M.

‡ Would he have been Edwin Stevens' mentor ?

farmers, where there is little punctuality and less courtesy under the present management.

(3) *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, April, 1834, page 427:

FOXHUNTING AND FISHING, MOUNT AIRY, U.A.

February 18th, 1834.

MR. EDITOR,—We have had but little foxhunting weather this winter. On the 7th, 9th, 11th, and 12th our dogs killed *only* two reds and four grays; one of the reds ran from the shores of the Rappahannock to the shores of the Potomac, and I daresay could have kept way with Nat Turner in his best day.

I earthed one red to-day in thirty minutes, and while digging for him the dogs started another, and ran him an hour and a half, but what became of him I can't say, having been thrown out. Old Beckwith hunts on Miss Chance, now nineteen years old.

Then follows an account of old Beckwith's exploits with the rod, he having captured catfish weighing 125lb., 201lb., and 250lb. respectively.

Oh Molly! what a fish!

(4) GEORGE RIDLER'S OVEN.

An old Gloucestershire ballad, corrected according to the fragments of a manuscript copy found in the Speech House, in the Forest of Dean, several centuries ago, and now revived. To be sung at the anniversary meeting of the Gloucester Society.

I.

The *stuwons* that built George Ridler's oven
And *than hewn* from the *Bleakneys quar*;
And George he *wur* a jolly old mon,
And his yead it grow'd above his *yare*.

II.

One thing of George Ridler I must commend,
And that *wur* rather a notable theng,
He *mend* his *braags avore* he died
Wi' any *dree* brothers his *yousehold xeng*.

III.

There's Dick the Treble, and John the Mean
(Let every *mon zing* in his *awn pleace*),
And George he *wur* the elder brother,
And *therevoore* he would *zing* the *Beass*.

IV.

Mine hostess's *moid* (and her heawn tis 'roun Nell),
A pretty wend, and I lov'd her well,
I lov'd her well, good *reauzon* why
Beasse *ashe* lov'd my dog and I.

V.

My dog is good to catch a hen,
 A duck or goose is *vood vor* Men's;
 And where good company I shy,
 O *thether gwoes* my dog and I.

VI.

My *mwother* told I when I *wur* young
 If I did *vollow* the strong beer *pwoot*,
 That *drenk* would *pruvly anverdrow*
 And *meak* me a *thzreed* bare *cwoat*.

VII.

My dog has gotton *nitch* a trick,
 To visit *moid* when *thang* be *zic*,
 When *thang* be *nick* and like to die,
 O *thether gwoes* my dog and I.

VIII.

When I have *dree sixpence* under my thumb,
 O then I be welcome whenever I come,
 But when I have none, O then I pass by,
 'Tis poverty *pearls* good company.

IX.

If I should die, as it may hap,
 My *greauve* shall be under the good *yeal* tap,
 In *voulded yarmes* there *wool us* lie
 Cheek by jowl my dog and I.

W. M. Thisleton, Printer, Goodge Street, London.



COMPTON WYNIATES.



CHARLECOTE PARK.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

SEASON 1856-57.

IN 1856 Lord Willoughby de Broke retired, and on January 23rd, at a meeting held at Wellesbourne, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to him for his long and efficient services, for the splendid sport which he had shown, and for his most generous promise of future support. Mr. Mark Phillips occupied the chair, and there were present: Messrs. Bolton King, H. Spencer Lucy, W. Finnie, O. Pell, C. Earle, H. K. Peach, G. Holland, Captain Dallas, H. J. Sheldon, Gustavus Smith, and the Rev. J. Lucy. A resolution of the North Warwickshire Hunt requesting the loan of Debdale, Print Hill, and Hunningham Coppice was submitted to the meeting, and it was resolved, with only one dissentient, not to assent to it. It was also unanimously resolved to allow the North Warwickshire Hunt to draw Red Hill, Widdicombe, Aston Grove, and Oversley Wood, as neutral coverts, with the consent of their owners. It is remarkable that no such continuance of fine sport as had been enjoyed during Mr. Barnard's *régime* was again seen until his son, the present Lord Willoughby de Broke, became master.

In 1856 Mr. H. Spencer Lucy, of Charlecote Park, succeeded Lord Willoughby de Broke in the management of the hounds, and the sum guaranteed to him at the commencement of his mastership was 1900*l*. He was an ardent, all-round sportsman, a light weight, riding twelve stone, and a fine horseman. During the first period of his mastership, and for part of the second period, he rode extremely well to hounds. He was mounted on very well bred horses up to thirteen and fourteen stone. Amongst his best hunters were a chesnut mare called Minna, which he rode in a snaffle bridle, and a chesnut horse called Goldfinder. Minna was very good at water, and we remember seeing Mr. Lucy jump the Hanwell brook on her when the water was bank high and no one else got over it, and if hounds had continued to run he would have remained alone with them, but, as has often happened on a similar occasion, they threw up only two fields beyond the brook. Others of Mr. Lucy's favourite hunters were a black horse called First Flight, Grayling, Golden Hue, a chesnut horse Lavender, and a gray horse called Heads and Tails. He also owned several good steeplechase horses which he trained at home. The best of these was Tipperary Boy.

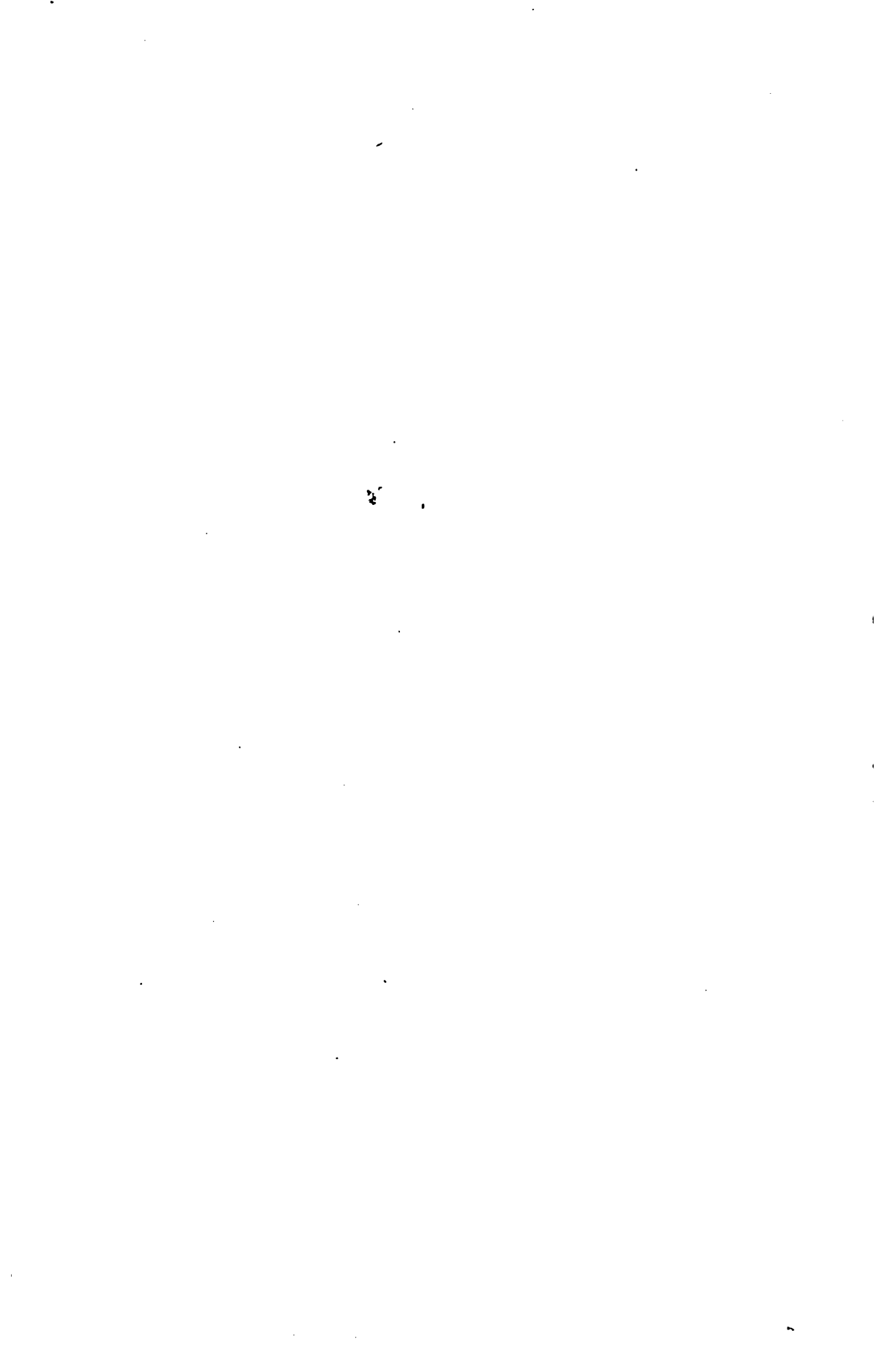
In Mr. Lucy's character were united a good many traits of the old-fashioned country squire, and he was always called Squire Lucy to the end of his days, even in these modern times. In 1865 he married Christina, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Campbell, of Monzie. In 1867, he was High Sheriff for Warwickshire. He very much frightened Her Majesty's judge on that occasion, when taking him to dinner at Stoneleigh Abbey in the family coach, all Cee springs and cushions, with four horses, one of which was a young thoroughbred hunter that had never been in harness* before. The worthy judge kept bounding

* TRYING A HORSE.—The late Chief Justice Doherty used to tell a good story of his posting days. He was going circuit in a post-chaise, and at a dangerous part, where the road skirted a descent, one of the horses, which had been behaving badly, began kicking furiously. Much alarmed, Doherty called out, "This is outrageous! I don't think that horse has ever been in harness before." "Bedad, your lordship's

**Mr. H. Spencer Lucy,
of
Charlecote.
From a photograph
by
Graham, of Leamington.**

Mr. H. Spencer Lucy,
of
Charleston,
From a photograph
by
(Isaac) of Lexington.





up in his seat and exclaiming, "Do you think it's safe, Mr. Sheriff?" Mr. Lucy was a first-rate companion, both in the field and at the dinner table. One was never dull in his company, although one could not always remember in the morning the good and very original things he said. He was great at similes. He described to Mr. R. W. Lindsay, of Barford, how he went into the Ratley brook—"As if one was bustin' a paper bag." Another time he said "he went in and shut the door after him." When he wanted to describe anything as being nearly done, he always said, "As near as makes no matter." On one occasion when a fox had been run to ground, the huntsman said to a man standing near the drain, "Have you got a terrier?" and he replied, "No, I have not got one." Mr. Lucy then said, "What, haven't you got neer a one?" The man then replied, "No, I harn't got neer a one."

Mr. Lucy's huntsman was William Mawe, and his whips were W. Enever, J. Cumming, A. Munns, R. Morris, and Mark Jones, during his two seasons of mastership.

It cannot be said that during these two seasons the sport was at any time good, and we have therefore but a scanty record of good runs.

In August I went with my brother for the first time to Scotland, and we were hospitably entertained by Mr. Farquharson, of Invercauld. We arrived on Saturday, and on the following Monday went out grouse shooting. The keeper was a remarkably silent man, and we only heard him speak twice all day. On the first occasion I remarked to him that "it was a fine day, with a nice wind for the dogs, and seemed likely to be good for shooting." He answered, "Nae, ye'll do no good, becane yee're cartridges were loaded on the Sawbuth." On the second occasion, when two birds had been killed, and he was not sure whether they had been gathered, he said to the gillie,

right. He was only taken out of the field this morning." "And do you mean to say that you have put an unbroken horse in my carriage?" "Sorra a sight of the leather he has seen till to-day, and if he brings your lordship safe to the foot of the hill, the master says he'll buy him."—*Leamington Courier*.

"Sandy, have ye lifted them," and the latter replied, "Yas, I have peeked two."

The first meet for open hunting was on November 3rd, 1856, at Charlecote Park, where a large number of horse-men assembled, and were hospitably entertained by Mr.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1856.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Albion }		
Artful }	Admiral (52)	Columbine*
Actress	Mr. Morrell's Aimwell	Gaiety (51)
Adelaide	Mr. Morrell's Aimwell	Willing (50)
Fatal	Duke of Beaufort's Fearnot	Matchless
Famous }		
Fatima }	Duke of Beaufort's Fearnot	Bracelet (53)
Hazard	Mr. R. Sutton's Rummager	His Harmony
Hercules	Mr. R. Sutton's Hercules ...	His Purity
Handmaid	Hazard (52)	Handsome (53)
Lottery	Mr. R. Sutton's Glider	His Languish
Newsman	Mr. R. Sutton's Dryden.....	His Nimble
Norman	Mr. R. Sutton's Rummager	His Nightshade
Ornament	Ottoman (52)	Hebe (50)
Potentate }		
Purity }	Duke of Beaufort's Prodigal	Diligent (53)
Prodigal }		
Promise }	Duke of Beaufort's Prodigal	Bauble (51)
Patience }		
Pleasant }		
Pillager }		
Princess }	Duke of Beaufort's Prodigal	Buxom (50)
Petulant }		
Partial	Duke of Beaufort's Fearnot	Partial (50)
Prompter	Lord H. Bentinck's Charon.	Mr. R. Sutton's Pas- time
Trimbush	Mr. R. Sutton's Glider	His Trinket
Trueman }		
Trumpeter }	Belvoir Limner..... {	Mr. R. Sutton's Twilight
Valiant	Brocklesby Hector	Mr. R. Sutton's Violet

* By Lord H. Bentinck's Comus—his Gloomy. Bought by Lord W. de Broke as a brood bitch in 1853.

Spencer Lucy, the new master. During the cubhunting the hounds killed fifteen brace of foxes. After some delay they found at Wellesbourne Wood, crossed the road to Walton, on to Bow Shot and Lighthorne, pointing to Chadshunt, but turned to Verney's Gorse, over the Banbury

Road, past Kingston House, pointing for Harbury Heath, but headed back to Itchington Holt, towards Knightcote, turned to the left by Old Town and Bishops Itchington, and was lost between that place and Harbury Heath after a good hunting run of two hours and a half.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, Nov. 29th, 1856 :

A good day's sport was shown on Monday last by the hounds. The meet was at Ufton Wood, and a good muster of the lovers of the chase were present. A fox was found, and broke towards Radford, where he gave them the slip, and got back to Ufton Wood, where, when the hounds were put in again for another fox, he was killed. After some delay another broke covert at the Itchington end, and was killed in Thorpe Rough. This makes eighteen and a half brace killed this season. They then trotted to Debdale, where a gallant fellow was found, and gave an excellent thirty minutes run. He went away towards Leamington Hastings; where he crossed the Leam (a regular choker, none but the master having taken it),* and was lost near Frankton Wood.

We are indebted to the Rev. William Miller for hunting notes from his diary during the next few years.

Nor think this jovial priest so wrong,
 He had an honest heart, sir ;
 His life was worthy of my song,
 He knew no fraud nor art, sir.
 He ne'er distressed, or poor oppressed,
 His prayers they did abound, sir ;
 He thought no crime, at any time,
 To tally-ho the hounds, sir.

Old Song, *Sporting Magazine*, 1810.

Thursday, January 1st, 1857.—Met at Shuckburgh and rode Lady Morville fourteen miles to covert. Had a good run of forty-five minutes to Fawley. Her ladyship carried me very well,† and has the making of a very good hunter in her; rode her sixteen miles back again to Radway. The day was beautiful—mild and bright.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, January 17th, 1857 :

STREATFORD HUNT BALL.—This town is so happily situated as to be the centre of a large aristocratic circle. This singular good fortune has given it

* I was staying at Birdingbury once, and I walked down to the river, and spotted the place. I should say it was eighteen feet of clear water.—W. R. V.

† I once rode over Mr. Miller close to Gulliver's Osiers, at a double. His mare never rose a yard, blundered on to the bank, and then scrambled out of the second ditch. "I am very sorry, William," I said, "I rode so near you, but I thought your mare would get over better than that." "On the contrary, Walter," he answered, "my mare jumped it most beautifully, and you should not ride so near." Silence was golden.—W. R. V.

the honour of receiving within the walls of its Town Hall for many years a truly patrician assemblage ; this privilege is highly prized by the burgesses, who are naturally zealous of retaining it, and when some short time since it was removed, the feeling excited was one of deep regret. It is therefore with pardonable exultation that we again chronicle the "event" of the season, and once more say that Stratford is still the scene of festive splendour. The company numbered 350.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1857.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Conqueror } Concord } Columbine } Careless } Champion } Comrade } Comfort } Gertrude } Gossamer } Guardsman } Herald } Hotspur } Melody }	{ Lord Fitzharding's Chal- lenger } { Lord Fitzharding's Chal- lenger } Driver (52) Mr. Greaves' Damper Mr. Morrell's Fleecer Mr. Foljambe's Masker.....	Sprightly (51) Tidings (53) Gaiety (51) His Gertrude Mr. Greaves' Heedless Mr. Greaves' Famous His Racket His Remedy Rapture (54) Mr. Whebly's Rakish Stately (51) Clamorous (52)
Mindful Remedy Royster Royal Sprightly Splendour..... Shiner } Spangle } Saucebox }	Mr. Greaves' Marksman ... Mr. Greaves' Hero Belvoir Foiler Mr. Morrell's Trojan Roman (52) Saffron (51) Watchman*..... { Lord Fitzharding's Chal- lenger } Belvoir Foiler Saffron (51).....	Mr. Greaves' Famous His Racket His Remedy Rapture (54) Mr. Whebly's Rakish Stately (51) Clamorous (52) Songstress (54) Termagant (52) Trinket (54) Woodbine (54)
Tempest Trouncer Winifred		

* By Lord H. Bentinck's Woldanan,—his Rachel. Bought by Lord W. de Broke as a three-year-old in 1853.

SEASON 1857-58.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

November 7th, 1857.—On Monday last the Warwickshire hounds met at Charlecote Park, the seat of H. S. Lucy, Esq. Found in Wellesbourne Wood, and ran to Alveston Pastures, Fir Grove, and Alscot Park without a check ; the park wall saved the fox for another day. Found a second fox in Mr. West's plantation, and broke towards Easington Grove, leaving Rough Hill

on the right, to Brick Hill Gorse. Up to this point the pace was such as made the company very select, only five being present. On crossing the turf o Pillerton reynard began to be shifty, and turned towards Pillerton Priors, where there was a slight check; the line was then hit off over the turnpike road to a drain at Lower Eatington, from which he was bolted and killed.

If we may judge by appearance some first rate sport may be anticipated. It would be difficult to find any hunting establishment better mounted, with smarter, cleaner men, or under a better general than Mawe, who throughout the run handled the hounds in first rate style.

During the two years of Mr. Lucy's first mastership he followed the example of Mr. Barnard in using outside blood. In the list of 1856 we again find Mr. Morrell's Aimwell, and sires were used from the kennels of Mr. R. Sutton, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord H. Bentinck, the Belvoir, and the Brocklesby. Only three Warwickshire sires were entered. In 1857 Lord Fitzharding's, Mr. Greaves', Mr. Morrell's, Mr. Foljambe's, Mr. Whebly's, and the Belvoir represent other kennels.

From the Rev. W. S. Miller's diary :

Friday January 1st, 1858.—The new year began very beautifully and very mild. A slight frost in the night was followed by a bright sunny day. Met at Swalcliffe, and had a very good day's sport, though, strange to say, about noon it was too hot for hounds or horses to work well. We started, no one knew for what reason, with a bagman from a small spinney just to the left of Swalcliffe Church. After running a few fields we changed to the line of a travelling fox. He took us, leaving Shutford Clump to the left, across the Shennington and Shutford Brook, close to Balscot; then, leaving Hornton on the right, by White's Bushes and Page's Gorse to the Mollington Brook; we then turned short back to the right by Shotteswell, and on to Horley, and lost him between Horley and Wroxton. Rode the Squire, who acquitted himself admirably in the morning, and then changed horses with Fred Ward for his mare Zaidée, who is a first-rate hunter, and carried me well.

Lord Mountgarret also mentions this run in his diary. He describes it as lasting for an hour and a half nearly without a check, and also says that it began with a bagman.

Mr. F. Litchfield Ward resided for some years in Mr. Tailby's country, but for many years has hunted in Warwickshire from Radway and Leamington, and now again from Radway. No one is fonder of the chase. He married a sister of Mr. Miller's.

HUNTING IN WARWICKSHIRE.

January 2nd, 1858.

To the Editor of the *Courier*.

SIR,—Such a day's sport as that afforded by the Warwickshire hounds on Thursday, December 24th, ought not to pass unnoticed. The meet was at Compton Verney, the seat of Lord Willoughby, who, in the fine old style, opened his house to all and dispensed hospitality in a manner not to be forgotten. Pool Fields Gorse was drawn, and a fine old fox was soon disturbed from his lair and went away at a rattling pace for Chadshunt, then turning to the right for Kineton Holt, was headed, but made his point and went over Edge Hill and back again into the Vale to Burton Church, where he ran to earth, having given as fine and fast a run as any epicure of the sport need look for. Watergall was the *rendezvous*, and scarcely had the hounds been put into the covert before "gone away" was the order, and a second run over the beautiful grass to Boddington ensued, "a regular clipper," which brought many a good man and true to the ground. Two such finds and runs in one day hardly happen in several seasons. That they may come again, and soon, and be as well ridden to by the worthy master as they were on the eve of the past Christmas, is the wish of an

OLD SPORTSMAN.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

January 16th, 1858.—HUNT BALL.—This elegant assembly of the nobility and gentry of the county took place at the Shire Hall, Warwick, on Wednesday. The company numbered 520; great preparations had been made, especially in regard to the decoration of the ballroom, always a subject of great interest on this occasion. The approaching marriage of the Princess Royal was not lost sight of amidst the decorations, the company being reminded of that auspicious event by two splendid bouquets suspended from the ceiling on each side of the large chandelier. One of them was surmounted by the Crown of England, from which floated a small banner inscribed with the words, "All happiness to the Princess Royal of England," while on the top of the other was a Prussian crown and a similar banner in honour of the affianced husband of Her Royal Highness.

I remember at this time hearing that an M.F.H. in an adjoining country was at the Hunt Ball, and when waltzing with a lady with a long train they both fell. When he had taken her to a seat, he was overheard to say, "Nasty brute; awkward fall."

At the first mentioned ball a stranger of rather doubtful appearance had gained admission. Shortly before supper half his moustache, which had been put on, dropped off on to the floor. It is needless to say that he did not stop to pick it up, but made a precipitate retreat, and had to go without his supper.—C. M.

February 13th, 1858.

To the Editor of the *Courier*.

I send you an account of a day's sport with the Warwickshire on Thursday week. The meet was at Shuckburgh. Found at Calcote Spinney, and went away at a racing pace for Grandborough, which he left to the right; on for Kytes Hardwick, over the river Leam, where luckily there was a ford, making his point for Leicester's Piece. There came the first check; time, 21 minutes, over a splendid country. On again for Thurlaston, leaving Bagshaw's on the left, over the Leamington and Rugby railway for Canston, but turned over the Dunchurch Road for Lines Spinney, where we got to some plough land, and, scent failing, he was lost. This was one of the best runs I have seen this season, and all would have returned home satisfied, but the huntsman's second horse coming up, Mr. Lucy ordered Debdale to be drawn. It looked like a blank, but fortunately one of the right sort popped out of a corner, and was instantly off with hounds close upon him. Away he went at a slashing pace for Leamington Hastings, leaving this on the left, over the pastures to the river Leam; at this point it was not to be jumped, and to ford it was the only alternative. The hounds went right away, and there was little chance of seeing them again unless we had a lucky check, which fortunately took place near Leicester's Piece; the fox being headed, a cast to the right soon put us on his line, on for Bunkers Hill, which he left on the right, pointing for Ashby Leger, over the Daventry Road, on for Bilton Grange, and was finally lost near Cook's Gorse.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

At a meeting of the Warwickshire Hunt Club at the King's Head, Wellesbourne, on Wednesday, March 1st, 1858, it was resolved to establish a "Covert Fund," as an auxiliary to the Hunt Club, as, in the opinion of the meeting, many gentlemen and occupiers of land, well wishers to the hunting interest, would be desirous of joining the members of the club in subscribing annually a small sum for that purpose. This fund was largely subscribed to, and turned out to be of enormous advantage to the country. No hunting country should be without a similar fund.

March 7th, 1858.

To the Editor of the *Courier*.

The meet on Thursday was at Shuckburgh, where a large, well mounted field assembled. Drew Calcott Spinney, and no sooner were the hounds in than "Tally-ho, away!" was heard, the fox making his point for the hills, but was headed at the road and turned back to the spinney, which he left to the right and made for Grandborough, but turned again and went straight for Debdale, within two fields of which we came to a check. Time, 28min.; distance, five miles, with a very select field up. Mawe cast on to the covert and got on the line, and went away for Print Hill with cold hunting, turning to the right for Marton and Birdlingbury, thence to Debdale, which, however,

reynard did not enter, but went on to Leamington Hastings, across the grass to the river Leam, which a few charged by jumping and getting out on the other side. Others had to ride to a ford a mile round. Another check took place at Leicester's Piece, which gave the field a chance of getting up. A holloa put us on his line for Dunchurch and Bagshaw's Gorse, thence for Bourton, Dunsmore, and Woolston, where I was obliged to leave. I hear these hounds had excellent sport on Friday, Saturday, and Monday.

Yours truly,

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

At the close of the season of 1857-58, Mr. Spencer Lucy, after being master for only two seasons, to the great regret of the subscribers, gave notice to retire; and on Wednesday, March 3rd, a meeting was held at the King's Head, Wellesbourne, of subscribers to the hounds and owners of coverts to take into consideration the best means of hunting the country. There were present: Viscount Villiers, in the chair, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Sir C. Mordaunt, Messrs. Bolton King, E. Greaves, J. Townsend, H. S. Lucy, Mark Philips, H. J. Sheldon, H. Allfrey, G. Hawkes, G. H. Holland, and J. R. West. There were three gentlemen named as candidates for the mastership—viz., Sir T. G. Skipwith, Bart., Mr. Henley Greaves, and Captain White. Mr. Henley Greaves was accepted, the meeting agreeing to guarantee him the sum of 2000*l.* for the next season.

Mr. Henley Greaves retained the services of William Mawe as huntsman, and R. Morris and Mark Jones as whips in 1858. In 1859 George Wells was his huntsman, and J. Maiden and Ward his whips; and in 1860 Dan Berkshire hunted the hounds, and J. Whateley and W. Hemming were whips.

Mr. Henley Greaves had hunted in many countries before he came to Warwickshire, and his knowledge of any country in which he had been was remarkable. His weight precluded his riding over fences, but his knowledge of the roads and of a line of country often enabled him to see the end of a run, and he said that he never went into a field unless he could see his way out of it. He was wonderfully active for a man of his size when off his horse, and he was constantly leading his horses over fences, and

Mr. Henley Greaves.

From a photograph

by

Graham, of Leamington.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK
FROM 1609 TO 1812
BY
JOHN B. HENRY



mounted them at once without assistance. One of us remembers seeing him on one occasion, when he saw a countryman on the opposite side of a brook which hounds had crossed, dismount, drive his horse through the water, and then jump the brook on foot after his horse had been caught. He rode 23st., but what did that matter? Mr. Surtees says of the immortal Jorrocks: "He didn't ride stipple chases, and what matter did it make 'ow much he weighed? It was altogether a matter 'twixt him and his 'oss, and weighin' would not make him any lighter."

The second horsemen and others had a great opinion of his pilotage, which was nearly always correct. One day they ran a fox somewhere near Goldicote sharp for twenty minutes and killed him. The late Lord Willoughby asked Berkshire, who was then huntsman, where Mr. Greaves was. "I'm sure I don't know, my lord." All of a sudden he pulled his horse up on top of a hill, and exclaimed, "There he is; and laws, what a tail he's got after him!" Mr. Henley Greaves was for once riding in exactly the opposite direction from the hounds, followed by about twenty or thirty ladies and others.*

SEASON 1858-59.

The following resolution was passed at a meeting at Wellesbourne on November 13th, 1858. Ragley Park, Bevington Waste, Rough Hill, Three Oaks, Hill Wood, and Old Park Wood, may be drawn by Mr. Baker as neutral coverts, the Warwickshire reserving the right of drawing them at present; provided also that no cubs be removed by either party from the country, which, by arrangement, the North Warwickshire have permission to draw.

From the Rev. W. S. Miller's diary:

Tuesday, December 28th.—Very fine morning, which turned into a wet afternoon. Went out hunting at Mitford Bridge, and had a very good day's

* Lord Willoughby de Broke inserted this story in his "Reminiscences of Hunting," *Badminton Magazine*, Jan. 1896, but I leave it in as it was already in type.—W. R. V.

sport from Wolford Wood, leaving off at Adlestrop at a quarter to four o'clock. Did not get to Radway till six o'clock. Had not had such a day in the saddle for many years; the Squire carried me admirably.

Friday, December 31st.—Misty and half raining the greater part of the day. Went out hunting again at Swalecliffe, and had a very fine day's sport. In the morning had a very good ring of fifty minutes from near Nill, round Hook Norton, and back to Nill, and then slow hunting to ground for twenty minutes more. In the afternoon found at Gulliver's Osiers, and ran over

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1858.

MR. HENLEY GREAVES.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Abelard } Archer } Affable } Amulet } Bluecap } Brilliant } Comely } Cowslip } Dragsman } Daphne } Falstaff } Gadfly } Gaudy } Gracious } Hannibal } Harper } Honesty } Rachel } Ringlet } Ruby } Rufus } Seaman } Statesman } Scornful } Sylvia } Stormer } Sultan } Singwell } Songstress } Truelove } Wellington }	Admiral (52) Admiral (52) Lord Fitzharding's Lucifer Denmark (52) Belvoir Foiler Gimcrack (54) Belvoir Foiler Saffron (51) Auditor (53) Saffron (51) Saffron (51) Saffron (51) Saffron (51) Watchman	Concord (57) Bracelet (53) Charmer (54) Heedless (51) Fearless (53) Rosebud (55) Hyacinth (54) Ruthful (53) Rapture (54) Diligent (53) Waspish (52) Termagant (52) Hopeful (54)

nearly the same ground—by Famington, Shutford Clump, Shennington Mill, and Alkerton, up to Horley—that we went over on the first day of the year. Thence we ran to Hauwell, where I left them running merrily, it being so dark that it was impossible to see a fence. Rode the Squire again for the first fifty minutes; he gave me a fall, but otherwise went very well, and the rest of the day I rode Imperatrice, who got along with me much better than I expected. Did not get home again till six o'clock.

February 12th, 1859.

To the Editor of the *Courier*.

Not a word can I see in your valuable paper about the capital sport we are having with these hounds. The fixture on February 4th was Church Tysoe, where a good muster of the right sort met. We found a famous fox in a small spinney. Out he came down by the brookside, over as fine a country as can be found. This stout hearted fox made his first point for Kirby Farm, where he turned for Oxhill Village, then straight for Pillerton, through Brickhill Gorse, and turned to the right. Here a check occurred, but Mawe soon hit the line off again. Time up to this, 32 minutes at racing pace. On we went again through Walton Coverts, out at the other end, and across the road to Hell Brake, where he ran to ground after one of the fastest and best runs that has been seen in Warwickshire for some time, occupying 1 hour and 45 minutes. Not many had the pleasure of seeing the cream of it. Mawe rode all throughout; also Mr. Lucy, Mr. Over, and Mr. Miller.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN

SEASON 1859-60.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, Nov. 26th, 1859:

The Warwickshire have begun the season well with a good sprinkling of foxes. There was an unusually large meet at Ladbroke on Thursday. Found at Watergall, and broke covert facing for Harbury Station at a racing pace, bore to the right for Duppens Bridge, leaving Southam to the left, in the direction of Shuckburgh. After about two miles he bore down to Stockton, through the village to Ufton Wood, where he was lost after about one and a half hour's hunting.

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary:

On *Monday, December 12th*, 1859, the meet was at Talton House, and the hounds found in a field close by, and ran by Crimscoote Downs and Bruton Toll Gate to Admington, thence to Stoke Wood and Foxcote, and by Compton Scorpion and the Porto Bello Gate to Ditchford, and by the Golden Cross nearly to Todenham; and thence by Mitford Bridge across the high road to Birmingham Spinneys, and through Stourton Village to Whichford Wood, where the fox was lost after a very fine run of ten miles straight, and not less than fifteen as hounds ran, in two hours. Rode Dervish.

In Mr. Henley Greaves' first two lists very little foreign blood appears to have been used. The hounds mostly used were Admiral, entered in 1852, by Lord H. Bentinck's Admiral—his Roundelay; Denmark, entered in 1852, by Mr. Drake's Rufus—his Diligent; and Gimcrack, entered in 1854, by the Belvoir Guider—the Warwickshire Telltale. In his last list of 1860, he made use of other kennels, and the names of the Duke of Beaufort's, Lord Fitzharding's, Sir W. Wynn's, and Lord Macclesfield's appear among the sires.

Three Warwickshire sires were used, and of these Ajax,

entered in 1853, was by Lord Fitzharding's Farmer—his Arrogant; and Royal, entered in 1855, was by his Mussulman out of Rosy, who was by the Brocklesby Rallywood—Lord H. Bentinck's Ruthless, and was bought by the late Lord Willoughby in 1853.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1859.

MR. HENLEY GREAVES.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Blucher } Barmaid } Bluebell } Blithesome } Betsy } Damper } Diligent } Forester } Foreman } Gallant } Hazard } Harmony } Outcast } Random } Reveller } Rakish } Rapid } Saffron } Spangle } Sportly } Sportsman } Sparkler } Tarquin } Tiffany }	Saffron (51) Bellman (53) Gimcrack (54) Denmark (52) Belvoir Notary Lord Fitzwilliam's Hardwick Ottoman (52) Ottoman (52) Royal (55) Gimcrack (54) Saffron (51) Saffron (51) Gimcrack (54)	Bashful (54) Trinket (54) Diligent (53) Fearless (53) Famous (56) Gratitude (55) Hyacinth (54) Hopeful (54) Heedless (51) Rosebud (55) Ruthful (53) Dorcas (54) Tidings (53)

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

Monday, January 2nd, 1860.—Mostly fine, but rather stormy. Began my usual week's Christmas holidays by going to Radway, and thence to Harbury Station for a day's hunting. Had a fair day's sport, finding first at Ufton Wood, and again twice at Debdale. Ran with the last fox to Frankton Wood, by Eythorpe and Marston, at a very good pace most of the way. Left them in Frankton Wood, and heard the next day that the hounds got on their fox again, and saw him into Rugby Station.

Tuesday, January 3rd.—Wet and stormy nearly all day. Went out with the hounds again at Brailes House, and had a good day's sport notwithstanding the weather. Killed two foxes at Brailes Hill, and got away with a third, but could do nothing with him. Found again at Compton Winyates, and ran by Broom Hill down to Tysoe, thence by Oxhill, Pillerton, Brickhill Gorse, Eatington, and Houndshill, nearly to Wellesbourne Wood, where we were obliged to give it in. Rode old Shamrock, who carried me well.

Friday, January 6th.—Fine but cold. Went out hunting at Broughton Castle, and had the best run I have seen for years. Chopped a fox first in Broughton Spinney. Found again in Tadmarton Heath, and ran by the Highlands, Milcombe, South Newington, and along the brow of the hill to Swerford, thence to Great Tew, Heythrop, Chapel House, and at the back of Chipping Norton towards Sarsgrove, and lost our fox. Rode the Squire, who carried me splendidly, jumping the South Newington brook in capital style.

On *Thursday, January 12th*, 1860, the hounds found in a spinney near Oakley Wood, and ran by Moreton Morrell to Lighthorne; and thence, leaving Chesterton Wood to the left, over the hill by the windmill, nearly to Whitnash, thence to the left by Highdown to Oakley Wood, where the fox was killed, after a brilliant fifty minutes without a check.*

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On *Jan. 14th* I went with my brother to the meet of the Bicester Hounds at Lower Boddington. It was a very frosty morning, and as Squire Drake, the master, did not much appreciate the large addition to the field which came out from Leamington, he had his own and his servants' horses rough shod for riding to covert, and he put the hounds into Boddington Gorse exactly at eleven o'clock, the consequence being that it was nearly impossible for anyone living at a distance to arrive in time. The roads were like a sheet of ice, and although we did our best, we only got to the gorse five minutes after the hounds had gone away. We followed on the line as far as Canons Ashby, but as there had been no check up to that time we did not try to go any further, and we had a ride home of twenty miles, and heard afterwards that they had run on nearly to Buckingham! Captain E. Raleigh King, who was one of a few who had got to covert in time from this side of the country, went very well in this run on his chesnut horse Don Quixote. Captain King was at that time one of the best riders with the Warwickshire hounds, and he had another good chesnut horse called Zouave.

On *January 31st*, 1860, a famous run took place from a meet at Mitford Bridge. A fox was found at Wolford Wood, and went away at once in the direction of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, but turned to the left, and ran over a fine line of country down the Vale by Evenlode, between Adlestrop Hill and Cornwell, and thence by Boulter's Barn to Sarsgrove, where he turned to the right and ran near Sarsden and then on to the Norrells, and was killed at Pudlicote Quarries. The pace was the best for the first half hour of the run down the Vale. The distance from point to point is nine miles, and the hounds ran about fourteen in an hour and three-quarters.

It happened to be the day of the Heythrop Hunt meeting, and Mr. Henley Greaves and his huntsman, George Wells, and others, came to the White Hart Inn at Chipping Norton; and Mr. Greaves presented Jem Hills with the brush, saying that he would not sod that road as he had promised from Stow to Bloxham, so he was quite entitled to this brush. Jem had long since said he would

* Not a bad sort of holiday.—W. R. V

turf over the high road to enable the Warwickshire to get over it, but he answered, "I will have the brush mounted with silver, with the inscription on it, 'This is the brush of the fox which took the Warwickshire twenty-five years to kill.'" Notwithstanding this we have recorded several good runs, with more than one fox killed in the Heythrop country, and we shall record others.

I remember Mr. Greaves, who was in a small field at the time the hounds were running their fox in view, saying to me, "This is five shilling corner and they'll handle him soon." He had been at this place only once before, many years since.

Wells, before he came to the Warwickshire, had been for eleven seasons at Wynnstay, and for one season with Lord Southampton. He was a very promising huntsman, and he had the best voice we ever heard. His early death, which took place in 1860, at the age of only thirty-eight, was a very sad event. His frame was not sufficiently strong for the arduous duties of a huntsman, and his illness only lasted ten days.*

In May, 1860, I joined the Warwickshire Yeomanry. At the first mounted drill of the troop in which I was, the Sergeant-Major, who had only lately returned from foreign service, had on his old uniform, which was the worse for wear. He said to one of the yeomen (the regiment was then composed entirely of farmers, who were rather independent): "Dress up, Mr ——." The man who had received the word of command replied: "Dress up! You be d——d! I am a great deal better dressed than you are." When the regiment was on permanent duty, at a mounted drill I heard a man in the ranks say: "William, you have got your foot in my stirrup." The squadron, which was moving, had to be halted, when it was found that two men were nearly off their horses, each one having got out of a stirrup.

I on another occasion looked on when the late Lord

* Lord Willoughby, in one of his *Badminton Magazine* articles, says he caught a bad cold fishing a dead fox out of a canal.—W. R. V.

Willoughby de Broke's troop was being drilled. This was mostly done by his Sergeant-Major, who at last said: "My lord, the men have been mounted for a long time." So his lordship said: "Yes, I will dismount the troop." He then gave the word of command, "Prepare to dismount." "Dismount." And when they had dismounted, he gave the word, "Sit at ease."

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1860.

MR. HENLEY GREAVES.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Agent }	Ajax (53)	Rachel (58)
Antelope }		
Actor }	Lord Macclesfield's Marksman	Amulet (58)
Artist }		
Bouncer }	Duke of Beaufort's Banker	Rapture (54)
Banker }		
Bondsman }	Duke of Beaufort's Banker	Relish (55)
Chanticleer }		
Caroline }	Saffron (51)	Charmer (54)
Cautious }		
Driver }	Saffron (51)	Dorcas (54)
Dairymaid }		
Hector }	Lord Fitzharding's Hotspur	Hopeful (54)
Hero }		
Hotspur }		
Harriet }		
Heedle }		
Hasty }		
Lapwing }	Duke of Beaufort's Trojan	Lavender (54)
Lively }		
Matchless }	Lord Macclesfield's Marksman	Columbine (57)
Midnight }		
Rummager }	Royal (55)	Dulcimer (55)
Singer }	Sir W. W. Wynn's Warrior	Spinster (55)
Streamer }		
Warrior }	Sir W. W. Wynn's Warrior	Hyacinth (54)

I remember at another time, on the occasion of a mounted troop drill, the word of command "Right shoulders up!" was given. The cornet, who at that time rode in the rear of the troop, and was a man of conspicuous height, actually *put his right shoulder up, and kept it in that position* until he was so tired that he said: "Sergeant-Major, *do you think I might be allowed to put my right shoulder down?*"—C. M.

I also have a yeomanry story. Mr. Charles Griffin, of Chesterton, sergeant and afterwards quartermaster, was pulled up by Captain Raleigh King for some deficiencies in his drill. "Look here, Captain," he said, "I've been a *yeoman* twenty years, and you are not going to make a *soldier* of me now."—W. R. V.

SEASON 1860-61.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*) :

Friday, November 9th, 1860.—Fine, but cold; thermometer twenty-nine. Went out hunting at Burton Gate, and had a very good day's sport. Found in a turnip field above Avon Dassett, ran across the vale of Arlescote, then turned, and ran along the line of the brook nearly to Kineton, thence to Chadshunt, and through the spinney, nearly to Verney's Gorse, and through Itchington Holt and Harbury Heath, by Chesterton Church to within a field of Chesterton Wood, and lost our fox.

Friday, February 1st, 1861.—The winter has been very cold. The frost lasted nearly six weeks, but has now been gone a week, and that without a fall. To-day I have been out hunting. The meet at Upton; had very moderate sport, never having been at any time three miles from home. The only good thing was a burst from Kineton Holt to the Knoll.

Tuesday, February 5th.—Went out hunting to the Golden Cross. Had a very good day's sport considering the weather. Found at Wolford Wood; went away immediately by Weston House, Whichford Village, Hotley Hill, and Rollwright, nearly back to Whichford Wood. Got on a fresh fox in a small spinney close to the wood, and, the hounds taking an unexpected turn, got thrown out, and saw nothing more of them.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *Thursday, February 7th*, I hunted with the North Warwickshire hounds, on account of having to return after voting in a division in the House of Commons, and saw a splendid run with them. They found at Hillmorton Gorse, and went away at once with a burning scent, and ran between Crick and Yelvertoft, nearly to West Haddon. Up to this point there was no check, but from there they ran at a slower pace, leaving Guilsborough to the right, by Kank, nearly to Hazlebeech, and from thence very fast to ground at Maidwell. The distance from point to point is thirteen miles, and about eighteen miles as hounds ran, in two hours and ten minutes. I was told that this was the finest run which these hounds had ever had, and it was over the cream of the Pytchley country. The Warwickshire are a much faster pack of hounds. Some of the North Warwickshire pack were bred by the master, Mr. Baker, from pure bloodhounds, and I saw these, which were very dark black and tan in colour, come to the front and hit off the line whenever the pack was in difficulty.

I had sixteen miles to ride on a tired horse back to Rugby, and I left him there in Mr. Darby's stables, and did not get home till ten o'clock. Rode Marmion.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*) :

Friday, February 8th.—Rain nearly all day. Went out hunting at Arlescote. Had a very good day. Killed a fox at White's Bushes; went away with a second round Shotteswell Village, back by White's Bushes, across the valley to Hornton, skirting the quarries to Upton, and lost. Found again at Farnborough in the covert near Mollington, ran along the terrace by the front of the house, across the road by the ponds, and lost. Went on to Burton Hills; found in the gorse, away towards Watergall, back over the hill by Burton Church, along the hills towards Avon Dassett, sunk the Vale as if for Arlescote, turned down by Old Leys and Anderson's, and killed in the orchard at Ireland Farm. The most satisfactory kill I have seen this season.

Friday, February 22nd.—Very fine and pleasant. Went out hunting at Tysoe; found a very bad fox in the Old Warren, and after dodging about Epwell, Shutford Clump, and Farnington, lost him in Epwell Village. Found another bad fox at Upton, and, after running about a bit, killed him. Found again at Sun Rising Gorse, ran by Upton House, turned into the hill by Grove corner, ran along the hill by the Knoll, through Arlescote Wood, sunk the hill across the Vale to Dassett Hill, leaving Farnborough on the right, to the turnpike road, back to Fenny Compton, where I pulled up, the hounds running on to Knightcote and Bishops Itchington, where they lost. Not a fast run, but nearly as good as anything this season.

From the *Courier*, February 23rd, 1861 :

Mr. Henley Greaves having resigned the mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds, a meeting of the subscribers and owners of coverts was held at the King's Head Inn, Wellesbourne, on Tuesday, when a requisition, signed by all the subscribers present, was forwarded to Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. North, requesting them to undertake the management of the hounds. As this has been found to be the wish of the country for some little time, a large attendance was not necessary, and therefore only a few subscribers were present.

On the last Wednesday of February, 1861, a meeting was held at Wellesbourne to elect a successor to Mr. Henley Greaves, who had become master of the Vale of White Horse, and Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Hon. W. H. J. North were chosen as joint masters of the hounds, their offer to hunt the country having been accepted with acclamation, as it is always desirable that a master of hounds should belong to the country.

The Rev. S. William Miller's diary (*continued*) :

Friday, March 1st.—Very stormy. Went out hunting at Farnborough. Found a fox on the small island at the back of the house; ran him by Mollington and Clattercote Reservoir back to the house; went away again by Claydon, and lost him near Fenny Compton. Drew Warmington Hill, Curtis Gorse, White's Bushes, Arlescote Hill, and Kineton Holt—all blank.

Friday, March 5th.—Went out hunting at Traitor's Ford, on a fine day; had a good day. Found in one of the spinneys; ran through Greenhill to

Brailes, thence by Coomb Farm, Rinells, and J. Pettifer's houses to the Hook Norton Road, turned to Ascot, skirted Rollwright Coombs, leaving the village to the right, and lost about some farm buildings just to the right of Hook Norton. Found again in Whichford Wood, and after dodging about a little while I left them.

Friday, March 8th.—Fine and mild. Went out hunting at Wroxton. Had a capital run from Wythycumb Gorse, by Banbury Workhouse, Hanwell, and Bourton, and killed in a grass field close to Mollington. Found again in Atkins' Bushes, and ran to ground by Swalcliffe.

Friday, March 15th.—Went out hunting at Sun Rising. Found in Upton Gorse, ran to ground in Drywell Hollow. Found again in a stubble cock at the far end of Arlescote Wood, ran by Ratley to Wroxton, and thence by Shennington and Epwell, to ground in a stone pit near Shutford.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, March 16th :

The Warwickshire hounds met on Thursday at Harwood's House, and trotted to Warwick Park, where a gallant fox was found, who broke at the top end and pointed for Whitnash, through the spinney, crossed the road at the top of the hill, leaving Whitnash Gorse to the right and Radford to the left, straight up the valley to Ufton Wood. Pug here made for another point, through Print Hill and on for Offchurch, through Hunningham Coppice, where he ran to ground. A short distance further and pug must have died, for the hounds ran him in view across the two last fields. This was a good run across a stiff ploughed country.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

Saturday, March 23rd.—Fine and pleasant. Went out hunting at Burton Toll Gate, and had a very good day. Found in Bawcutt's new covert, ran through Itchington Holt, through Hit or Miss Coppice to Chesterton Wood, thence nearly up to Oakley Wood; where the fox was headed and ran parallel with the wood some way; back again to Chesterton Wood, through the wood to Itchington Holt, and straight through it to Knightcote, close to North End, back again by Gaydon Spinney to Itchington Holt, again straight through it nearly to Chesterton Wood, and round by Chesterton Village back to the Holt, where he went to ground after a run of three hours all but five minutes, some parts of it being very good indeed.

DINNER TO MR. HENLEY GREAVES, APRIL 6TH, 1861.

On Wednesday evening a dinner was given to Mr. Henley Greaves at the Warwick Arms Hotel. Lord Willoughby de Broke occupied the chair. Amongst those present were Mr. Greaves, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Hon. W. H. North, Revs. J. Lucy and H. C. Knightley, Captains Palmer, Carden, Chambers, and E. King, Messrs. Bolton King, Yatman, J. Mordaunt, Flower, Allfrey, &c. The chairman, in proposing the health of Mr. Greaves, begged to thank him for the very excellent manner in which he

had hunted the country. He wished that an equal success might attend him in the Vale of White Horse. Mr. Greaves acknowledged the compliment, and urged the young noblemen of the country to preserve foxes, and thereby increase the sport which might be obtained from the Hunt. The Rev. J. Lucy, as an old foxhunter, gave the health of Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. North, and he urged a better preservation of foxes.

The Rev. William Miller's black horse, The Squire, was by Knight of Gwynne out of a mare by Sir Hercules.

During this season Tom Matthews came as huntsman. He had been first employed by Sir E. Smythe, of Acton Burnell, and was afterwards in the employment of Mr. Smythe Owen, Lord Hill, and Mr. Eyton; he was next with the Worcestershire and the Cottesmore, and he was afterwards for twelve seasons in Ireland. He was a very good kennel huntsman, and he eventually greatly improved the pack. He was not a quick huntsman in the field or a bold rider, and he had in these respects seen his best day before coming to Warwickshire.

About this time Mr. Spencer Lucy bought the Blackmore Vale Harriers from Mr. Yeatman. They were dwarf foxhounds, and were chiefly used for hare hunting, but occasionally for staghunting; their small size enabled them to get through fences very quick when running at a great pace. Mr. Lucy used to feed a haveer, that is, a red deer stag, with his horns cut off, for six weeks in a farmyard, until he got into good condition. During several seasons he had some remarkable runs. The deer on one occasion was enlarged on the borders of the North Cotswold country, in the Vale of Evesham, and was taken on Crimscote Down after a run of 50min. without a check.

On another occasion the deer was enlarged at Radbourne during the week after the Hunt ball, but was lost, much to the disappointment of Mr. Henry Chaplin and many others who were out. Next week the deer was reported to be in Nunn's Bushes, and the harriers were

taken there, and at once found him. They ran by Ladbroke nearly to Napton and back again, thence nearly to Watergall, and from there to the canal at Marston Doles, in which the deer was taken. Another fine run took place in the Ladbroke country, when the deer at last jumped off the G.W.R. near Fenny Compton Station, and killed himself. They also had a very fast run from Idlicote over the Vale to Epwell White House, and thence again across the Vale to Oxhill, where the deer was taken in a pond. During the greater part of this run Mr. J. Mordaunt was alone with the hounds, and the distance was traversed in an hour. He rode a famous bay mare, which he had for several seasons, and rode in many fine runs.

SEASON 1861-62.

The sport in 1861-62, under the joint mastership of Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Hon. W. H. J. North, was decidedly better than it had been, taking into consideration that hunting was often stopped by the severity of the winter.

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On *Thursday, November 14th*, the meet was at Shuckburgh, and the hounds had a slow hunting run across the Southam and Daventry high road, towards Braunston, thence to the right to Flecknoe, and again over the high road to Staverton and Catesby, where they killed their fox, after hunting well for nearly two hours. They found again at Ladbroke Gorse, and ran very fast in the direction of Nunn's Bushes, thence to the left to within a few fields of Watergall, and over the Great Western Railway to ground at Lord Willoughby's old covert at Burton Dassett,* after a capital fifty minutes. Rode Norman.

On *Tuesday, December 17th*, the meet was at Weston House, and a fox was found at Whichford Wood, which the hounds at once got away with, and ran without a check by Rollwright Coombs and Wark Gorse, thence by Over Norton Common to Heythrop Park, where the first check occurred ; but a forward cast hit off the line, and they ran at a slower pace by the Ovens and Chaddington Down to Sarsgrove, and from there between Chaddington Wood and Chaddington, towards the Evenlode River, as if for Whichwood Forest, but, being too hard pressed, the fox turned back, and was killed in the open at Dean Cross Roads, after an hour and fifty minutes' run over fourteen miles of country, the distance from point to point being ten miles. He was the finest fox I have ever seen, and had a collar of hair round his neck like a wolf. Lord Coventry and Mr. Hickford Griffiths, of Campden, went very

* The new covert was planted by Georgiana Lady Willoughby de Broke.—W. R. V.

well in this run. The hounds crossed the high road from Banbury to Chipping Norton at their best pace. Rode Antelope.

Lord North has an account of this run in his diary, and the pad of this gallant fox is still to be seen at Wroxton Abbey.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1861.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE AND HON. W. H. NORTH.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Bashful	Sir W. W. Wynn's Conjuror	Brilliant (58)
Challenger }	Champion (57).....	Mindful (57)
Charlotte }		
Cheerful }	Belvoir Clinker	Concord (57)
Curious }		
Dolphin	Belvoir Druid	Pleasant (56)
Gamester }	Belvoir Gamester	Bonnylass (54)
Graceful }		
Harmless	Gimcrack (54)	Honesty (58)
Hymen	Duke of Beaufort's Harlequin	His Fearless
Ladybird	Belvoir Limner	Songstress (58)
Lexicon }	Belvoir Lexicon	Winifred (57)
Lofty }		
Priam	Belvoir Gamester	Promise (56)
Playful	Champion (57).....	Purity (56)
Render }		
Rallywood }	Stormer (58)	Rakish (59)
Racket }		
Rosebud }		
Remnant	Sir W. W. Wynn's Royal ...	Comfort (57)
Rosy	Gimcrack (54).....	Remedy (57)
Solomon	Belvoir Stormer	Dainty (54)
Sailor	Belvoir Singer.....	Spinster (55)
Tomboy }		
Trimmer }	Belvoir Trusty.....	Gadfly (58)
Termagant }		
Trinket }		
Waterloo }	Wellington (58)	Hyacinth (54)
Wrangler }		
Whimsey }	Wellington (58)	Singwell (58)
Watchman		

Lord North's account :

Tuesday, December 17th, Weston House.—Bitches out. Found a fox in Weston Park, and lost him near Cherrington. Found a brace in Whichford Wood, and got away fast by Rollwright Combs and Wark Gorse, Heythrop Park, through the Ovens on to Sarsgrove, turned short by the lodge towards Dran, on towards the river, pointing for the forest, but turned back to Chadlington, and killed him fairly in the open near the Cross Roads. Two hours.

I remember this day well, though I was not out. The present Lord Willoughby rode Rapid Rhone, and went to the end. He got home very late. My father and Lord Macclesfield, who was his guest, were most unfortunately left in Whichford Wood, and never saw hounds again.—
W. R. V.

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On *Friday, January 10th, 1862*, the meet was at Farnborough, and a fox was found at Mollington Wood, and the hounds ran him without a check to the left of Angel's Piece, over the Banbury Road to Hanwell in twenty-five minutes. They found again at Angel's Piece, and ran by Mollington Wood and over the Banbury Road by Claydon to Cropredy, and back to Mollington Village, where they ran to ground after twenty minutes hard running. A third fox was found in the covert near the pool at Farnborough, and ran by Clattercote, and over the Great Western Railway between Fenny Compton Wharf and Claydon to Appletree, and over the brook as if for Aston-le-Walls; but, bearing to the right, he passed by Byfield Reservoir and Lower Boddington, and thence through Upper Boddington to Boddington Hill. Here he was very hard pressed, and, after running from one spinney to another, was killed after a fine hunting run of an hour and a half. This was a hard day for two horses, and not many out of a large field remained to see the very satisfactory finish. Rode Sutton.

On *Thursday, February 14th*, the meet was at Harbury Station, and a bad fox, which would not leave Ladbroke Gorse, was killed in the covert. Watergall Covert, Itchington Holt, Harbury Heath, and Whitnash Gorse were next all drawn blank. Chesterton Wood was next drawn, and the hounds at once went away with a fox, and ran, leaving Lighthorne Village to the left, through Lighthorne Rough and to the right of Bishop's Gorse, through Chadshunt Spinney and nearly to Old Leys, where they turned to the right, and ran through Kineton Holt to Edge Hill, and through the Sun Rising Gorse, by Upton, nearly to Shennington Village, where they were whipped off at dark, after running for two hours, and for the first three-quarters of an hour up to the Holt at best pace. Rode Norman.

Lord North records both these days, Jan. 10th and Feb. 14th, in his diary. He says the first one was one hour and twenty-five minutes, and the other two hours and twenty minutes, but he thinks they changed at Kineton Holt.

He also records a day on Friday, Feb. 28th, at Traitor's Ford. Found a fox on a fallow near Sibford Heath, and ran him hard towards Brailes. Here they divided, and what happened exactly he does not know, but Matthews and five couples of hounds were away, and he heard of them running hard by Sutton. He went on with his

fox by Winderton, and lost him at Compton Wynyates, and Matthews killed his fox close to Whichford Wood, after fifty-five minutes without a check.

HUNT BALL, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1862.—*The Leamington Spa Courier*.

The Hunt ball, which was postponed owing to the death of the Prince Consort, was held on Wednesday at the Shire Hall, Warwick, and was one of the most successful and generally attended ever given in this town, 458 guests availing themselves of the gentlemen of the Hunt's hospitality. In old Warwick's hall on that night, four earls, four countesses, four lords, five or six peeresses, joined in the festive throng, besides numerous other noble-men and noble ladies. Everything was done on the most liberal and bounteous scale, and it must have been very gratifying to the Hunt Committee to meet with such a success.

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On *Tuesday, March 26th*, from a meet at Weston House, a fox was found, and went away quickly from Whichford Wood, and ran, leaving Long Compton on the right, by Rollwright Coombs to Little Compton; and, leaving Barton Grove on the right, nearly to Wolford Wood, but turned to the left, and ran across the Vale and through Chastleton Grove to Adlestrop Hill. Here the Heythrop hounds were running, and both packs joined together and killed the fox. A curious scene naturally resulted, and it was of course said that the Heythrop hounds had a tired fox before them, but they had only come a short distance from where they had found. This run was very fast and lasted for an hour nearly without a check. A second fox was found in Weston Heath, and ran through Whichford Wood, nearly to Traitor's Ford, and thence to the hill by Hook Norton Gorse to Swalcliffe. This run was also very fast, and the distance was traversed in fifty-five minutes. The fox would no doubt have been killed in the open, but the pack were thrown off the scent, owing to his having been run by a sheepdog, which no doubt killed him, as he was found dead next day by Mr. Gulliver, and his head was sent to the kennels. Rode Chivalry.

Lord North's diary gives an account of this day. He says it was on Friday, March 28th, and that they met at Whichford Wood. He says the run was one hour and twenty-five minutes, the pace very good. The second run, one hour and forty minutes, very fast. When Sir Charles speaks of fifty-five minutes, he probably means up to the first check, at Swalcliffe.

Mr. North has kindly furnished us with his diary of the number of days hunting and the number of foxes killed and run to ground during this and the following seasons up to 1866. The hounds went to Alcester on September 16th, 1861, and hunted there until the 28th, and the last

meet was at Alcester on April 4th, 1862. They were out on 107 days, and killed $40\frac{1}{2}$ brace of foxes, and ran $25\frac{1}{2}$ brace to ground.

The following remarkable account of Lord Thanet's fox appeared in the *Chester Chronicle* :

The late Earl of Thanet was in the habit of removing every year with his hunters and hounds from Hothfield, near Ashford, in Kent, to another seat he had in Westmoreland. A short time previous to one of these removals, a fox had been run to earth near Hothfield, and upon being dug out he proved to be so extraordinary large and fine a one that Lord Thanet directed it to be conveyed to Westmoreland. In the course of the next season a fox was run to earth again at Hothfield, and upon being dug out the huntsman, whippers-in, and earth stoppers all declared that it was the same fox which had been taken into Westmoreland, as it had an unusually large white blaze on its forehead.* Lord Thanet was exceedingly energetic in his expressions of disbelief of the statement of his people, but they persisted in their assertions, and, having ear-marked the fox, he was again taken into Westmoreland, and turned loose in the neighbourhood of Appleby Castle. When hunting the next season at Hothfield, a fox was killed at that place which proved to be the one in question, and which had thus twice found its way from Westmoreland into Kent. By what instinct or exertions of its faculties the animal was enabled to do this (the distance from the one part to the other being above 320 miles) it is not easy to form an idea. Its well-known cunning one might suppose would be of little avail in such an emergency, except in enabling it to procure food.

On June 5th, 1862, the very sad and sudden death of Lord Willoughby de Broke took place. He was at a meet of the Four-in-Hand Club on the last Saturday of May, on which occasion I drove with him on his coach, and he appeared to be in his usual health and spirits, but his death occurred only four days afterwards. He had been the mainstay of the Warwickshire Hunt for twenty-three years, during nearly the whole of which time he had been Master

* A whole litter of foxes will often have the same peculiar mark. I remember some white padded foxes at Ld. Heneage's place, Hainton, in the Southwold country; and there were some piebald foxes in the V.W.H. A curious incident took place in connection with this white-padded fox. My cousin, the Rev. A. T. Fortescue, showed me the day before a place close to Ld. Heneage's house where this fox was always lost, and sure enough we lost him there the next day. The Master was not out, so I sort of helped boss the job, as I was very anxious to have the white pad for a paper cutter, and I rode all among the cucumber frames and searched the outhouses looking for him. Curiously enough, Mr. Rawnsley, the best gentleman huntsman in England, I have heard him called, never killed him, but Mr. Wright, who now has the Fitzwilliam, came down with his pack and got hold of him. Cecil (p. 90, 1851 ed.) says: "A fox from Newark Park, with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, was seen to run the top of the walls."—W. R. V.

of the hounds. His succession to office, and his continuance in it, marked a period which will always be remembered as perhaps the best for continuous good sport, which had been seen in the country, more particularly the nine seasons during which Stevens was huntsman. He was widely known and greatly esteemed, and his loss was felt alike by a large number of relations and friends, by his tenants, to whom he had been a generous landlord, and by the poor, to whom he had been a constant friend.—C. M.

He died on the night of the 4th-5th of June. He came down to Eton, and was with myself and my brother, the present Lord Willoughby, on the river till quite late at night. He never seemed happier and jollier, and was just like a boy at Eton again. It is the happiest memory for myself and brother to think of him as he was that night, and always, the kindest and best of fathers.—W. R. V.

A CHANGE OF SPORT.

As Mr. Jorrocks's jaunts were considered to be not out of place as an addition to his hunting, I have copied from my journal a few incidents which took place during my summer rambles in Norway and Scotland. In 1862, during the summer, I had very good fishing in Norway. On our best day's fishing, three rods caught forty-three salmon in the river Stordal. At that time we paid 5*l.* each a rod for forty-five miles of water, which was in later years let to seven rods for 500*l.* each season.—C. M.

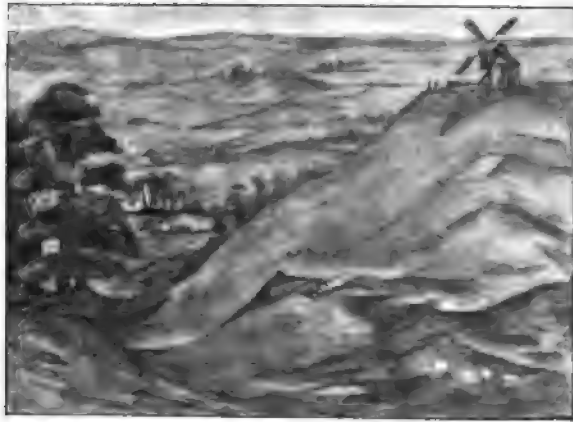
My brother recalled to my memory lately a curious incident which happened to him when out hunting at the time we were at Oxford. He was riding a hireling belonging to Charley Simmonds, and got his whip pulled out of his hand by one of the growers in a fence, he did not stop to pick it up, and was proceeding across the next field, when he heard a friend roaring with laughter behind him. The whip had been caught under the horse's tail, the immediate effect being to cause him to close it tight down upon the whip, and he was carrying it like a dog carrying a stick, only the other end first.—C. M.

This reminds me that on a recent occasion I saw a short-sighted man riding in a crowded ride in covert, when all in a moment he found his bridle, which was only a single plain snaffle, snatched out of his hand. Someone said, "You had better get off, sir," which he quickly did, to find his rein quite tight underneath another horse's tail in front of him, and after a good deal of amusement matters were set to rights.—C. M.

Mr. Spencer Lucy was a member of Arthur's Club. One day he said to Lord Willoughby: "When I walk about London people look at me sometimes as if I wasn't of much account. They don't know I'm the owner of Charlecote Park." This reminds us of Mrs. Walter Verney's sketch below, which represents Major R. Wilberforce Bird, of Barton House, on King Koffee. He is asking, "Where are the hounds?" The rustics reply, "Over the hill, my Lord." "Confound it," says the Major, "there are so many lords about, these fellows don't know

A GENTLEMAN WHEN THEY SEE ONE."





BURTON HILL AND WINDMILL.

Hark! hark again! the horn so gay,
The "Tally-ho!" and "Gone away!"
The hounds in full, melodious cry,
And horsemen o'er the fences fly.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HON. W. H. J. NORTH—TOM MATTHEWS—THE CONSTITUTION
OF THE PACK—SOME GOOD SPORT—MR. NORTH'S DIARY.

SEASON 1862-63.

MR. NORTH, by the death of Lord Willoughby, was thus left alone at the head of the Hunt, and he continued the mastership. Mason was succeeded as first whipper-in by Robert Worrall, of whom we shall have a great deal to say hereafter. Richard Hall was second whip. The first day of cubhunting was at Combroke new covert on September 13th.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, November 8th, 1862 :

The first day of the season with these hounds was Monday last. A passing thought in memory of one who always looked forward with unusual pleasure to the "first day" would, we are sure, occupy many minds. We allude to the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, than whom no finer sportsman ever entered the field. He had been connected with the pack for many years, and when Mr. Lucy resigned he again took the reins of office. However, the opening day found another county name to do honour to the occasion. It will be in the memory of many that the late Sir John Mordaunt strove

most energetically to encourage sports, and especially those sports of the field which have made the English aristocracy the envy of the world for endurance and manly vigour. The Warwickshire have found a very worthy scion in the present Sir Charles Mordaunt, who certainly, on Monday last, almost outdid himself in striving to make everyone cheerful and happy.

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On the afternoon of *November 11th* a very fast run of nearly an hour from the spinney by the Lodge near Wolford Wood, leaving Dunsden on the right, to Aston Hales, and over the Great Western Railway nearly to Batsford; but, leaving it on the left, the hounds ran on without a check through Bourton Wood, and thence to the left of Blockley, nearly to Northwick Park to ground in a drain. Rode Sutton.

Lord North records that the meet was changed from Thursday to Saturday, November 15th, on account of the frost. Found a lot of foxes in the hill, and killed a bracc. Got away sharp with a third, and ran twenty-five minutes very hard to ground at Braunston Gorse. Found a brace in Caldecote Spinney, and ran twenty-five minutes, a ring to the hill and lost him. He also mentions a very good day without blood from Shuckburgh on December 4th.

On *December 9th* the hounds found in the afternoon at Whichford Wood, and after running a ring by Rollwright, and through the park at Weston, got back to the wood, where I think they must have changed foxes, as they went away at once close to one, and ran very fast by Great Rollwright and Hook Norton, and killed him well in the open just before he could reach Nill Gorse. Rode Chivalry.

Lord North, in his diary, gives the time—forty-five minutes. He says: "Killed him slap in the open."

On *Saturday, December 16th*, the Bicester hounds met at Cropredy in a large field through which ran the brook, the Appletree, which forms the upper part of the river Cherwell, and a fox jumped out of a willow tree and crossed to the opposite side. The hounds were at once laid on. The brook was wide, and had, of course, to be jumped at once, the nearest bridge being a mile distant. Out of a field of two hundred only Mr. J. Mordaunt and Mr. Davenport and myself got over, and we were told afterwards that our horses had cleared eighteen feet of water. I also heard that so many got in afterwards that the banks overflowed with water.* The pack ran without a check between Wardington and Edgcote, to the left of Eydon, and between there and Warden Hill up to Hinton Gorse. The distance of six and a half miles straight and eight as hounds ran was done in forty minutes.

* The brook was full of sportsmen, and Squire Drake stood on the bank to see the fun. He said afterwards in his quaint way: "The first to come up was *Sewsan*." Whom do you think he meant? Why, Billy North (Hon. W. H. J., now Lord N.)!—W. B. V.

Mr. Mordaunt rode a chesnut horse, which he afterwards sold to Lord Henry Bentinck. I rode Diadem, a five-year-old horse, which I had bought from Mr. Elliott, of Althorp.

December 29th.—The meet was at Goldicote, and after drawing blank for some time a fox was found at Lighthorne Rough, which ran, leaving the village on the right, through Chesterton Wood, and over the hill by the windmill, nearly to Whitnash Gorse, thence to the right over Harbury Heath, and through Itchington Holt in the direction of Gaydon; but, turning to the

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1862.

HON. W. H. J. NORTH.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Archer	Forester (59)	Amulet (58)
Alfred }	Forester (59)	Affable (58)
Amazon }		
Ajax }	Duke of Beaufort's Foiler...	Artful (56)
Active }		
Bedford }	Lord Southampton's Comus.	Beatrice (55)
Benedict }		
Bonnybell	{ Lord Southampton's Dori- mont	Bluebell (59)
Brusher }	Saffron (59)	Brilliant (58)
Buxom }		
Crazy }	Wellington (58)	Comfort (57)
Comely }		
Countess }		
Cautious }		
Destitute	Duke of Beaufort's Contest.	Daphne (58)
Lavender }	Stormer (58)	Lapwing (60)
Lapwing }		
Mameluke }	{ Lord Southampton's } Sportsman	Melody (57)
Mayfly }		
Merrylass	Lord Southampton's Seaman	Majesty (55)
Magnet	Wellington (58)	Mindful (57)
Playmate }	Champion (57).....	Purity (56)
Petticoat }		
Rocket }		
Roman }	Champion (57).....	Rapid (59)
Rosemary }		
Rachel }		
Sorcerer }		
Sanguine }	Cheshire Rockwood	Sportly (59)
Stately }		
Scandal }		
Talisman	Duke of Beaufort's Archer..	Tempest (57)

left again, he went over a fine line to the left of the Burton Hills, and, passing Fenny Compton on the right, went to ground in a drain at Farnborough, close to the small fishponds. The hounds had been running for two hours, some part of the time very fast, over twelve miles of grass country, and this must be considered the run of the season. Rode Johnny Gilpin.*

* Johnny Gilpin was a thoroughbred black horse by Orlando.

Lord North gives the time as two hours and twenty minutes. He says they undoubtedly changed foxes at Chesterton Wood.

Lord North has down two good days which Sir Charles' diary does not record.

Thursday, February 12th, Goldicote.—Found an out-lying fox in a stubble field near Hounds Hill; ran very fast to Walton, where other foxes were soon on foot, but we stuck to our hunted fox, and got up to him in Bowshot, raced him through Lighthorne Rough, and, passing Bishop's and Verney's Gorse, ran into him at Itchington Holt.

Monday, February 23rd, Charlecote Park.—Found in Oakley Wood, and ran to Chesterton Wood, through it, and on to Itchington Holt; back to Chesterton, and out by Lighthorne and Verney's Gorse, by Itchington Holt and Bawcutt's new covert, and killed him in the open close to Fenny Compton. The first and last parts of the run very fast.

Lord North also records what Sir Charles omits, that Friday, March 6th, they ran their fox through Ufton Wood, and killed him just outside it.

These three days must have been very satisfactory both to master and huntsman, whatever they were in a riding point of view.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *March 6th*, from a meet at Avon Dassett, a very slow hunting run with a capital fox from the Burton Hills, by Gaydon Spinney, and right-handed by Knightcote; and thence, leaving Itchington Holt to the left, across Harbury Heath, and to the right over the Great Western Railway into Ufton Wood, where several fresh foxes were soon on foot. The hounds had stuck to the line over a good deal of the distance, but had to be lifted several times to holloas. They ran nearly nine miles, not much out of the straight line, in an hour and three-quarters. I saw the fox go away, and he was a very fine one, and will no doubt show a better run on some other day with a better scent. Rode Chivalry.

The last meet of the season was on April 10th at Shottery, and it is very remarkable that the number of days hunting, and foxes killed and run to ground is as nearly as can be the same as during the previous season. Foxes killed, 40½ brace; run to ground, 31 brace; days out, 110.

On February 21st, 1863, the Pytchley hounds met at

Welton Place. The Prince of Wales was staying with Lord Spencer, and the field consisted of 1000 horsemen. Mr. William Chamberlayne was out, and told me that Braunston Gorse and the Cleves were first drawn blank. If a fox had been found, he could not have seen the run, as he did not leave the meet in time, and it was impossible to get near the covert on account of the field. After that he managed to get close behind Lord Spencer's horse, and remain there until they found a fox at Crick Gorse, and had a very fast run of half an hour by Winwick Village to the Hemplow Hills. Mr. Chamberlayne rode a black horse, which he had bought for 100*l.* (the highest price he had ever given for a horse) from Mr. Wady, of Warkworth, and he afterwards sold him to Mr. Woodmass for 250*l.*—C. M.

In June and July I caught 1000*lb.* weight of salmon in the river Stordal, in Norway, and C. Wingfield caught a salmon weighing 46*lb.* I remember at another river, up which the salmon ran into a lake, a Norwegian was seen by an Englishman in a boat in which he was being dragged about the lake by a fish which he had got on to a fir pole with a piece of rope tied to it, and his large hook had been baited with a bunch of worms. The Englishman rowed out, and offered to give the Norwegian two dollars to let him play the fish and land him. This was agreed to, and when landed it turned out to be a salmon weighing 52*lb.*—C. M.

SEASON 1863-64.

The season 1863-64 began with cubhunting at Compton Verney on September 2nd, and with regular hunting at Walton, Monday, November 2nd. The Hon. W. H. J. North was again master, Thos. Matthews huntsman, Fred Smith first whip, George Hagger second whip.

During the season of 1864-65 Mr. North had a private pack of hounds of his own, with which he hunted the Alcester woodlands himself until the end of the following season. The entire country, therefore, up to that time was hunted six days a week.

Lord North's diary records a capital day in the Alcester country on Saturday, November 21st, when they found at Rough Hill, and after running in covert for about twenty minutes, got away with a capital scent, pointing for Ipsley Park close by Redditch, on by Skilts, then turned towards Beoley and near Portway, and killed him in the open on Hobb's Hill. An excellent fifty-five minutes. He also gives an account of a good afternoon run from Crimscote Downs to Mickleton Wood on Monday, February 1st. A capital forty-five minutes.

On Thursday, February 18th, they had two fast runs from Caldecote* and Shuckburgh. In the first they ran as if for Bunker's Hill, but lost at Braunston. In the second they ran to ground at Priors Marston. We wonder if it was *the old drain*.

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On December 10th the hounds ran very fast from Kineton Holt to Knoll End, and thence over the hill down into the narrow valley, and by Hornton to White's Bushes. From there they ran at a slower pace, leaving Hanwell on the left, and to ground in a drain just before reaching Hanwell Village. The first part of the run to White's Bushes was done in thirty-five minutes. Rode Sinf.

Lord North gives fifty minutes ; thirty-five is much more likely.—W. R. V.

December 22nd.—A very fine day's sport from a meet at Weston House. The hounds ran from Whichford Wood at best pace by Rollwright Coombs, and over the hill through Barton Grove, pointing to Wolford Wood, but turned to the left and ran over the Vale by Chastleton Grove and Broadwell and by Crawthorns, over the Evenlode, and through the covert of Oddington Ashes ; they then turned back over the Evenlode, and ran over Adlestrop Hill and again by Chastleton ; back across the valley to Wolford Wood where they killed the fox. Except during the early part of the run up to Chastleton the remainder was at hunting pace and lasted two hours and a quarter. Rode Chivalry.

Lord North's diary says *lost* him. The M.F.H. would record a kill if possible, we fancy.

On December 26th the meet was at Wroxton, but we did not find a fox before reaching Garrett's Bushes ; the hounds went away very fast with one from there, and ran by Balscot and Shutford to Wiggington Heath, and through

* Caldecote has also been spelt Calcote, Calcott, Calcutt, Calcut, and Caldicott.

it pointing to Swalecliffe; but, turning to the left, they ran on to Hook Norton, and from there by Rollwright nearly to Whichford Wood. Time an hour, nearly without a check. Rode Sutton.

Lord North says fifty-five minutes, fast.

The run on December 26th is the last during that season recorded in my diary, as during the remainder of the season and after Christmas during the next five seasons, I hunted with Mr. Tailby's hounds in Leicestershire, and saw a great deal of very fine sport with them. At that time there was only one railway through the country, whereas there are now three, one of which goes through the Twyford Vale, which is the finest part of Leicestershire. Mr. Tailby hunted the entire country which is now hunted by the Cottessmore and Mr. Fernie's hounds, and there were often only a hundred people came out, and sometimes as few as sixty. I hunted on Wednesdays with the Pytchley Hounds, and was out when the celebrated run from Waterloo Gorse took place. Although a fine run, I think it has been over-rated. Only the first forty minutes was fast; the remainder of the run was very slow, but in such a country it was not possible to go on beyond a certain point without a second horse. Only Captain White and Captain Pemberton got second horses out of their own stable, and had time to mount, and they alone saw the end of the run at Glooston Wood. I went as far as East Langton, and left my horse for the night in Mr. Cochrane's stables. We shall relate at least two runs even better than this one which took place with the Warwickshire hounds. I remember that when crossing the Welland river in the Waterloo run by a ford, one of the Messrs. Murrietta, who had then only just commenced hunting at Harborough, rode his horse at it so near the ford that when, after having jumped as far as he could, he landed in the middle of it, I was splashed all over by the water.—C. M.

In December, 1894, there appeared an account of a run with the Bath and County Harriers, or some such pack, when they had a bad day's sport. Someone wrote in the *Field* that the reporter or contributor to the local paper, in

trying to do a little smart writing, somewhat overreached himself. "The Pytchley," he said, "are not always running over the Twyford Vale." But the critic forgot that in the great Waterloo run the Pytchley did traverse a portion at least of this celebrated Vale.

I on several occasions rode home after hunting with

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1863.

HON. W. H. J. NORTH.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Abelard } Archibald } Absolute } Bobadil Despot Damsel } Dahlia } Ferryman } Frantic } Flourish Gwyman } Guardian } Gimcrack } Gossamer } Gadfly } Garnish } Harlequin } Hesperus } Lancaster Nelson } Norman } Orator Solon } Sprightly } Symmetry } Trumpeter } Tamerlane } Tunefab } Truelass } Tidings }	Lord H. Bentinck's Stormer Wellington (58) Mr. J. Baker's Chieftain ... Saffron (59) Forester (59) Forester (59) Sir W. W. Wynn's Nelson { Duke of Beaufort's Harle- } quin Lord Portsmouth's Lancaster Sir W. W. Wynn's Nelson Lord Fitzharding's Ottoman Bouncer (60) Champion (57).....	Amulet (58) Brilliant (58) His Dewdrop Daphne (58) Tempest (57) Affable (58) Gadfly (58) Sir W. W. Wynn's Mistletoe Songstress (58) Careless (57) Rakish (59) Singwell (58) Termagant (61)

the late Major Whyte Melville, and on one occasion we were joined by a young guardsman, who, amongst other questions, asked him how many hunters he had? The Major replied: "I am the happy possessor of four horses; I wish I could say that I was their master."—C. M.

On February 17th, 1864 the meet was at Wellesbourne,

and we had no sport in the early part of the day. A fox was afterwards found at Fletcher's Coppice, and ran by Pool Fields and through Chadshunt Spinney, over the road nearly to the osier bed, then turned to the right, and ran by Old Leys, over the Banbury Road to Kineton Holt, and up Edge Hill and along the top of it, through Arlescote Wood, and over the Vale to ground on the Burton Hills. The hounds were running for an hour, the last half of which was at a good pace.*

On March 31st the meet was at Shuckburgh, and as Matthews was ill, Mr. North hunted the hounds himself. They found in the gorse below the hill and ran through the Laurels, and across the Daventry Road by Grandborough and Wolscot to Willoughby Osiers and the old gorse, then over the brook; and, leaving Wolverhampcote and Braunston to the right, checked near the Leam, but the master hit off the line, and they ran on, pointing to Ashby St. Legers, but turned to the right, and killed the fox at Bragborough.†

The last meet of the season was at Ragley Park on April 29. The hounds had been out on 123 days, and had killed 35 brace of foxes, and had run $41\frac{1}{2}$ brace to ground.

SEASON 1864-65.

Mr. North was still in possession of the reins of office at the commencement of the season 1864-65. Thos. Matthews was still huntsman, Fred Smith first whip, J. Sullivan second whip. Cubhunting began on Saturday, September 3rd, at Kineton, and regular hunting on Monday, November 7th, at Walton. Lord North records that scent was very bad this season, except from the 5th to 20th of December, and on some rare occasions afterwards.

On Friday, November 4th, 1864, the meet was at Wroxton, and Mr. North hunted the hounds. They found in Lord's Spinney, and ran at their best pace to Cropredy,

* Lord North says, "A capital hunting run."

† Lord North naturally records this excellent day's sport.—W. R. V.

where the fox was lost, but they had a still better run with another, which they found at Withycombe, and ran through the Park, past Drayton, leaving the Barleymow on the right, and on to Hanwell, thence over the brook, and across the high road by Hardwick, and over both the railway and the canal into the Bicester country. They next passed Williamscombe, and then had a long check, but the line was again hit off, and they ran by Chipping Warden into Edgcote Park, and to ground in the main earths there after a good fox chase of an hour and forty-five minutes.

On December 15th they had a very fast run of forty-five minutes from Chesterton Wood, through Itchington, to Burton Dassett, and to ground at Knott's Spinney.

I remember that at this time a curly headed lady used to hunt with the Bicester hounds, and she often rode over them because her father, or whoever it was who accompanied her, was soon left behind. At last, on one occasion, Squire Drake said to the Rev. Valentine Knightley: "Val, there is only one thing to be done. If your reverence will marry that woman, and not bring her out hunting, I will settle 100*l.* a year on you."—C. M.

Monday, December 5th.—Lord North's diary records a very fast run from Blackwell Bushes, by Armscote, over Crimscombe Downs, and up to Knighton Hill, and killed at Foxcote.

Also Thursday, December 8th, Lower Shuckburgh.—Found several in Caldecote Spinneys. Got away with one up to the hill, turned short back and away for Flecknoe, over the brook, leaving Braunston to the left, by Staverton Wood, and on by Badby Village. Here was a longish check, then on through Badby Wood and Fawsley Park, and eventually marked him to ground between Fawsley and Badby Wood.

Also Saturday, December 10th, Coughton Court.—A most excellent woodland run from Coughton Park. Ran an hour in covert, then over Dane Bank, and pointed for Coughton Court, but turned for Studley, and on to Rough Hill, where possibly changed. Worked him through New

Coppice, and ran through Astwood Bank, and turned back into New Coppice, but did not dwell a moment; crossed the Redditch Road to Hunt End, and on to Old Hare Mill and Callow Hill, Sillins, and Norgrave House to Webb Heath, leaving Foxlydiate House to the left; crossed Holyoaks Farm on to Hewell Park, over the river, and out of

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1864.

HON. W. H. J. NORTH.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Bauble } Beatrice } Bender } Bounty } Harper Helen Lifter Lightsome } Lapwing } Laudable } Lubin Proctor } Promise } Random Rapid Romeo } Rantipole } Statesman } Spartan } Safety } Trouncer Wonder } Whynot } Woldsman } Warrior } Wildboy } Windsor } Woodbine }	Lexicon (61)..... Brocklesby Blucher Rallywood (61) Brocklesby Blucher Lord Portsmouth's Lancaster Lexicon (61)..... Lexicon (61)..... Lexicon (61)..... Holderness Napier Lord Portsmouth's Lancaster Saffron (59) Wellington (58) Wellington (58) Wellington (58)	Beatrice (55) Songstress (58) Harriet (60) Hasty (60) Lapwing (62) Remedy (57) Promise (56) Rachel (62) Their Rosy Racket (61) Gertrude (57) Trinket (61) Remnant (61) Lofty (61)

the park for a field or two, when he doubled back, and we ran him in view for a field, and killed him in the open at the corner of the park. Only one check, and the hounds were never cast. One hour and twenty minutes from New Coppice.

Also Tuesday, December 20th, WOLFORD WOOD.—Snow on the ground, and only Sir C. Mordaunt and Mr. Miller

(Rev. Wm.) out. Found in Wolford Wood, and got away towards Adlestrop, but turned back into the wood. Out again, through Aston Hales, passing Ditchford, to ground at Paxford Blakemore. A good hunting run. One hour and twenty minutes.

Also Monday, January 9th, there was a good run from Walton Wood, through Chesterton Wood into Oakley. Fifty minutes, but did not kill.

Also Tuesday, February 7th, Weston House.—Found in Whichford Wood, and ran back through Weston Park, over the road, then to the right along the brook to Whichford Village, through the wood to Barton Grove, and on to Adlestrop to ground.

Also Tuesday, February 28th, Idlicote.—Found in Pillerton Gorse, and ran very fast by Oxhill, and turned sharp back by Kineton Holt, and on to Edge Hill to ground. A capital forty minutes.

Also Tuesday, March 7th, Wolford Wood.—Got away at once, and ran fast, leaving Moreton on the left, to the railway, and killed him in the open close to Dorn; twenty-five minutes. Found in Aston Hales, and ran very fast over the railway to Rook's Coppice, across Batsford Park, and into Bourton Wood, and stopped them. [This must have been a good day's sport. As so often happens, the Tuesdays seem to have been the best days this season.—W. R. V.]

On January 16th, 1865, a very long run was obtained from the gorse at Hampton Lucy. The hounds ran by Sherbourne and Grove Park, over the Canal, up to which point the time was thirty-five minutes; they then hunted slowly nearly to Kenilworth, and back to Woodcote, where they lost the fox.

On Tuesday, January 17th, they found in Weston Park, and ran by Barton, and through Wolford Wood; thence over the Vale to Adlestrop, and on through Chastleton Grove, and back to ground near Long Compton.

The last day of the season was at Wolford Wood on April 7th, but Mr. North's private pack, which moved into

the kennels at Alcester on April 21st, had their last day on Saturday, April 22nd, at Bevington Waste. This pack had hunted the Alcester country on the Wednesdays and Saturdays during the season. The number of days hunting was 121; the hounds killed 31 brace of foxes, and ran 38½ brace to ground.

SEASON 1865-66.

In 1865 Matthews ceased to be huntsman, and was succeeded first by Zac Boxall, and afterwards by James Wilson; Jack Woodley and Joe Morgan were the whips. On January 28th Wilson* had so bad a fall that he could not ride again, and Jack Woodley hunted the hounds for the rest of the season.

Zac Boxall never was able to take the field at all, on account of an accident, and with Jas. Wilson *hors de combat*, as mentioned above, from a fall in January, it was an unlucky time for Mr. North; but he hunted the country seven days a week. Tom Matthews going as kennel huntsman to his private pack at Alcester, with Fred Smith as first, and Bill Hemming† as second whip. They must have hunted three days a week.‡ We are able to give extracts from Lord North's diary of this his last season as master of the Warwickshire.

By arrangement with the master of the North Warwickshire, I gave up my right to Austy Wood in September, in exchange for Spernal Park, at first only during cubhunting, but afterwards for the whole season; I retaining my right to Austy Wood in November, January, and March. By arrangement with the master of the Worcestershire, the Lench Woods were made neutral. These consisted of Rough Hill, Old Gervel, The Beeches, and Sladd Wood. Both the above arrangements were only in force during our mastership, and by yearly letters.

Began cubhunting at Kineton Holt, Saturday, August 26th. First meet, Monday, Oct. 30th, at Chadshunt.

Tuesday, November 7th, Tidmington.—Found in Burmington Spinneys, and ran a sharp fourteen minutes to ground. Found in Dunsden, and ran to

* It was a pity that Wilson left, as he was a promising huntsman.

† Fred Smith was a gentleman's servant, but Bill Hemming was a regular old character. I almost believe, like one of Surtees' characters, he enjoyed getting into a brook, or having a fall, because the gentlemen gave him brandy.

‡ This private pack was formed in 1862, and hunted the country north of the Avon three days a week.

Wolford Wood and killed him. Found in Barton Grove, and ran back as if for Wolford, then for Little Compton, and, on leaving Salford to the right, up the bottom, and turned to the right through Over Norton Park; then for Wark Gorse, which we left on the left, and, leaving the Ovens to the right, crossed Heythrop Park, and passing Chalford, stopped them in the dark at Dean Cross Roads.

Saturday, November 11th, Goomb's Hill.—Found in Sladd Wood, and ran up to Rous Lench, back through the wood, and on to Rough Hill, skirting the Waste, to Cochman's Wood, by the side of Weethley Wood, by Pearson's Wood, through Thornhill to Cook Hill, down to the corner of Cold Comfort to Squar Coppice, over the flat to Coughton Park,* and then checked for the first time. Out of the park by the Spinneys, nearly to Coughton Court, and

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1865.

HON. W. H. J. NORTH.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.
Bowman		
Butterfly		
Blossom		
Banquet	Banker (60)	Singwell (58)
Bravery		
Beaufort		
Badminton		
Furrier	Mr. Drake's Furrier	His Norah
Lucifer	Lord Middleton's Orpheus	Lapwing (62)
Marplot	Mr. North's Magnet (62) ...	Playful (61)
Mercury		
Ruler		
Ranter	Lord Middleton's Orpheus	Remnant (61)
Ringwood		
Riot		
Susan	Mr. North's Singer (60)	Bonnybell (62)
Tomboy		
Tuner	Mr. Meynell Ingram's Trojan	Trinket (61)
Tragedy		

turned for Sambourne, back through Coughton Park, where I think we changed foxes, most likely for the second or third time. Got out through Billingsboro' down to the Court; back by the spinneys into the park to Hanging Well, up Astwood Bank to Sambourne, and stopped them. Four hours.

N.B.—This is given as a sample of the good woodland days.

Saturday, December 9th, The Kennels, Alcester.—A very similar day to the one recorded above. The beaten fox was heard of next morning, when he nearly frightened an old woman to death.

Wednesday, December 13th.—A very long and severe day from Sernal Park but did not kill.

* Coughton Park is a large square woodland, not a park.—W. R. V.

On December 27th, 1865, the Bicester hounds had a run without a check for twenty-five minutes from Boddington Gorse, during which time they ran five miles as the crow flies, nearly to Chipping Warden to ground. Squire Drake, Mr. Dewar, Mr. J. Mordaunt, and Mr. Edward Harrison were nearest the hounds.

Saturday, December 30th, The Marlborough, Dudley.—Found at once in Studley Osiers, and ran like mad past Sernal Park and Alne Wood for Wooton, then turned for Great Alne, and killed him in the mill-dam at Grey's Mill. Forty-five minutes with a check; about the fastest I ever saw.

Saturday, January 27th, The Sun Rising, Aston Cantlows.—Found an afternoon fox in Alne Wood, and ran faster than I ever remember seeing hounds run, through Sernal Park and Studley Osiers, over the road, right down the centre ride of Coughton Park to Sambourne. Here was a momentary check, but they went on again at a fearful pace, and killed him in the road at the bottom of Rough Hill. From Sambourne to Rough Hill they ran clean away from us, and we were only up in time to save his head. The best forty-five minutes I ever saw, and beats the run from Studley to Grey's Mill.*

Monday, February 5th, Irons Cross.—Found in Berington Waste, and ran like mad to the Lenches, back over the flat to Goomb's Hill, through the Sladd Woods, over the flat, through Weethley Wood, under Thorn Hill, into Pearson's Wood, over Ragley Park, and killed him as he got into Lady Wood. Two hours and forty minutes.

Tuesday, February 6th, Ebrington.—Found in a stubble field close to Blakemore, and ran a capital fifty minutes, and killed him.

Monday, February 12th, Lighthorne.—Found a brace in Chesterton Wood; got away for Oakley, but turned for Lighthorne Rough, through it, and on through Hell Hole, and round Moreton Wood, through Friz Hill and Combroke, over Pillerton Hill, then turned back for Chadshunt, and on to Itchington Holt, through it, and back by Verney's Gorse into Chadshunt, and stopped them, the horses being beat.†

Thursday, April 5th, Coughton Court.—The last day of the season. Had two long runs, but did not get blood to finish up with.

During the season of 1865-1866 the Warwickshire were out on one hundred days, and killed $23\frac{1}{2}$ brace of foxes and ran $14\frac{1}{2}$ brace to ground. Mr. North's private pack were out on eighty-nine days, and killed $19\frac{1}{2}$ brace of foxes and ran 14 brace to ground.

In January, 1866, Mr. North agreed to take the Bicester country in succession to Mr. Drake, and as soon as he had

* With the exception of a few which stand opt in memory above the others, one great run is always the best you ever saw till the next one comes.—W. R. V.

† This reminds one of the great Ufton Wood run in 1837.—W. R. V.

given notice of his intention to give up the hounds a meeting was held at Wellesbourne, there being present Sir Charles Mordaunt, Colonel Campbell, Captain Lomax, Captain Peach, Messrs. E. Bolton King, Gustavus Smith, H. Spencer Lucy, F. Perry, J. Starkey, R. Allenby, G. Hawkes, H. J. Sheldon, W. H. Allfrey, J. Holford, and E. C. Robertson. The following resolution was passed unanimously :—"That this meeting has heard with great regret Mr. North's intention of resigning the mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds, and they consider the best thanks of the country are due to him for the very liberal and popular way in which the country has been hunted during his management." This, in a few words, thoroughly represented the feelings of everyone throughout the country who were in any way connected with it during Mr. North's mastership. His invariable good temper and geniality had made him very popular with all classes. Indeed, it was quite proverbial both at that time and always afterwards. He had spent his money most liberally on the hunting of the country, and he had greatly improved the pack of hounds ; and we have already borne testimony to the advantage reaped hereafter by the good blood which he, with the able assistance of Matthews, introduced into it. When Mr. North gave up the Bicester hounds and again hunted with the Warwickshire, he was as fond of the sport as he had ever been, and probably no one else in the country rode such distances to covert, and returned home from so far as he did to Wroxton Abbey, nearly every day on which the hounds hunted for many years afterwards.

I remember staying at the hospitable house of Gumley Hall, in Leicestershire, in January, 1866. The present Lord Shrewsbury, at that time six years old, was dressed for hunting in full costume, and, when mounted on a very small pony, was put into the brake in which our host, Lord Ingestre, drove us to covert, pony and all, and was lifted out of the carriage again, and put down at the meet.—C. M.

At another meeting, held at Wellesbourne in March,

Mr. Spencer Lucy's offer to again become master was accepted.

On February 14th, 1866, the Bicester hounds had a very fast run from Boddington Gorse for half an hour without a check, and killed at Chipping Warden. Mr. Henry Lambton, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. W. Chamberlayne, and Mr. John Mordaunt were nearest the hounds. Squire Drake was about one field further back, loudly calling to the others not to ride over his hounds when they could only just hold their own with them.

I remember on one occasion, at the end of a slow hunting run, a stranger was pointed out to Mr. North, who was told that this man had been persistently riding over the hounds for about an hour. Mr. North rode up to him, and gave him some wholesome advice, and, in conclusion, he said to him, "I hope, sir, that when you are in such and such a place you will be a hound, and that they will be perpetually riding over you."—C. M.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE PACK.

In the list of hounds for 1861, when Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. North were joint masters, other kennels were much resorted to for the composition of the pack. Of fifteen and a half couples composing it, the sires of seven and a half were from the Belvoir kennel. Two sires came from Sir Watkin Wynn's pack, and one from the Duke of Beaufort's. The Warwickshire sires were Gimcrack, Champion, Stormer, and Wellington. Gimcrack was entered in 1854, and was by the Belvoir Guider—Telltale; Champion was entered in 1857, and was by Lord Fitzharding's Challenger—Tidings; Stormer, entered in 1858, was by the celebrated Saffron—Waspish; Wellington, entered in 1858, was by Watchman (Lord H. Bentinck's Woldsmen—his Rachel, and bought by the late Lord Willoughby de Broke as a three-year-old in 1853) out of Songstress. The dams were from the Warwickshire kennel, except the Duke of Beaufort's Fearless, which is entered as dam to Hymen by the Duke's

Harlequin. The Saffron blood again appears among the dams in Songstress and Singwell, entered in 1858, by him—Waspish; Winifred, entered in 1857, by him—Woodbine; and Spinster, entered in 1855, by him—Sanguine. In the list of entries of 1862, headed by the name of Mr. North only, the Warwickshire sires are Champion, Wellington, and Stormer, the Saffron of 1859 by old Saffron—Ruthwell; and Forester, also of 1859, by Denmark—Fearless. Other kennels represented in the list of sires are Lord Southampton's, the Duke of Beaufort's, and "the Cheshire." Four sires appear from Lord Southampton's, viz., Comus, Dorimont, Sportsman, and Seaman. Three of them inherited the Belvoir blood, as Comus was by the Belvoir Comus—Lord Southampton's Careful; Dorimont was by the Belvoir Charm—Lord Southampton's Destiny; and Seaman by the Belvoir Guider—Lord Southampton's Stately. Lord Southampton's Sportsman was by his Sultan—his Sophie. The Duke of Beaufort's sires were Foiler, entered in 1858, by his Falstaff—his Tell-tale; Contest, entered in 1857, by Lord H. Bentinck's Contest—the Duke's Mischief; and Archer, entered in 1858, by his Abercorn—his Pensive. Three couples of hounds are attributable to Lord Southampton's, two couples to the Duke's, and two couples to "the Cheshire," who are only represented by one hound, Rockwood, by the Brocklesby Rockwood—the Cheshire Costly. The dams are all of the home kennel. Amongst them, Sportly, entered in 1859, was by Saffron out of Ruthful.

The only fresh stud sire in the list of 1863 is Bouncer, who was entered in 1860, and was by the Duke of Beaufort's Banker—Rapture. The sires from other kennels are Lord Henry Bentinck's Stormer, Mr. J. Baker's Chief-tain, Sir W. Wynn's Nelson, the Duke of Beaufort's Harlequin, Lord Portsmouth's Lancaster, and Lord Fitzharding's Ottoman. Mr. J. Baker's Dewdrop and Sir W. Wynn's Mistletoe are the only dams from other kennels.

The list of 1864 comprises Wellington and Lexicon, both of them Warwickshire sires, and their entries con-

stitute half of the complete list. Lexicon was entered in 1861, and was by the Belvoir Lexicon out of the Warwickshire Winifred. Saffron II. is sire to a couple and a half, and among the dams, Songstress, entered in 1858, is by Saffron out of Waspish; Lapwing, entered in 1862, gets the Saffron blood, being by Stormer out of Lapwing; and Lofty, entered in 1861, by the Belvoir Lexicon—Winifred, being entered in 1857, and was by Saffron out of Woodbine. Six couples of the list are out of these four dams. The only remaining Warwickshire sire in the list is Rallywood, by Stormer out of Rakish, and here the Saffron blood again comes out, as it does in the case of Racket. Harper is by Rallywood out of the Warwickshire Harriet. The only other kennels used by Mr. North for this list are the Brocklesby, from whence came Blucher with a couple and a half, Lord Portsmouth's Lancaster with three couples, and the Holderness Napier with one hound out of their Rosy. The list of nine and a half couples, which comprise the entries for 1865, contains a sire whose pedigree goes back to the hounds taken by Lord Middleton when he gave up the Warwickshire country. This is Orpheus, entered by Lord Middleton in 1858, and was by Lord Fitzwilliam's Ottoman out of Lord Middleton's Tragedy. He is sire to two and a half couples. Other kennels are represented by Mr. Drake's Furrier, Mr. Meynell Ingram's Trojan, and Mr. North's Magnet and Singer, the only Warwickshire sire on the list being Banker, who has three couples and a half attributed to him out of Singer. Banker was entered in 1860, and was by the Duke of Beaufort's Banker—Rapture. In Singwell we find the Saffron blood, as also in Lapwing and Bonnybell, who was entered in 1862, by Lord Southampton's Dorimont out of Bluebell, who was entered in 1859, and was by Bashful out of Saffron. The best possible testimony of the excellence of the blood which had been introduced into the pack is given by the following particulars: In 1864 Mr. North bought a bitch called Rapid from Mr. Hall, of the Holderness, by their Napier out of their Rosy. Napier was by the Belvoir

Notary out of the Holderness Cowslip, and Rosy was by Lord Henry Bentinck's Roderick out of the Holderness Careless. In 1867 Mr. Lucy put forward a bitch called Careless, by Mr. North's Castor (which he had bought from the Belvoir as a stud hound, by the Belvoir Comus out of their Rosy) out of Rapid. This bitch was the dam of Clasher,* by Nestor, by Nimrod, a hound bought by Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. North in 1862 at Mr. Baker's sale of the North Warwickshire, but not of his black and tan blood.† From this bitch Careless are descended no less than fourteen prize winners at Peterborough. They are as follows: 1888, Safety (1884), by the Bramham Smoker—Rival*; 1887-9, Coxcomb (1885), by Furley—Choral*; 1889, Stentor (1885), by the Bramham Sailor—Frailty*; 1887, Pedlar and Petulant (1886), by Proctor*—Abbeß; and Playful (1886), by Proctor* out of Ada; 1887, Trueman and Trusty (1887), by the Brocklesby Tapster—Roundelay*; 1889, Huntress (1888), by Harper—Frailty*; 1889-90, Student (1888), by Stentor*—Flora; 1889, Harpy (1889), by Harper—Rosary*; 1889-90, Hermit; and 1890, Heiress (both 1889), by Harper—Ruthless*; and 1889, Sympathy (1889), by Stentor*—Famous. The dates in parentheses are the years of entry. The hounds to which asterisks are attached are those through whom the descent from Careless can be traced. The hounds which may have said to have been the pick of the pack during Mr. North's time were Saffron (1859), by the old Saffron—Ruthful; Talisman (1862), by the Duke of Beaufort's Archer—Tempest; Lavender and Lapwing (1862), by Stormer—Lapwing; Bedford (1862), by Lord Southampton's Comus—Beatrice; Ferryman

* See note to the poem, "Shuckburgh Hill."—W. R. V.

† Sir Charles Mordaunt is evidently indebted to "Castor's" most excellent publication, "A Century of Foxhunting" (for the use of which we cannot be too grateful), for these and similar particulars, but our readers will remember that between 1889 and 1895 the triumphs of the Warwickshire hounds at the Peterborough Show increased rather than diminished, and there are many more prize winners from the Warwickshire kennels, especially those bred by the celebrated sires Harper and Hermit, whose descent can be directly traced to Careless, and the Belvoir Notary and Belvoir Comus blood.—W. R. V.

**Portrait of the Hon. W. H. J. North, the Hon. Mrs. North.
Master W. F. J. North, Tom Matthews (Huntsman),
and the Warwickshire Hounds; Baroness North, Colonel
the Hon. J. S. North on the doorsteps of Wroxton Abbey;
F. Smith and W. Hemming, first and second Whips.**

From the picture by

T. Lewis.

The property of Lord North, at Wroxton Abbey.

Contract of the 10th of March 1891, between the
Government of the United States and the
Government of the Republic of Mexico, for the
purchase of the land on which the
City of Mexico is situated, and for the
purpose of the establishment of a
National Academy of Sciences.
The Government of the United States
has agreed to purchase the land on which
the City of Mexico is situated, and for the
purpose of the establishment of a
National Academy of Sciences.





(1863), by Forester—Tempest; Banker (1860), by the Duke of Beaufort's Banker—Rapture; Orator (1863), by Lord Fitzharding's Ottoman—Rakish; Gamester (1861), by the Belvoir Gamester—Bonny Lass; Rallywood (1861), by Stormer—Rakish; Nelson (1863), by Sir W. Wynn's Nelson—Careless; Brusher (1862), by Saffron II.—Brilliant; Magnet (1862), by Wellington—Mindful; Ajax (1862), by the Duke of Beaufort's Foiler—Artful; Remnant (1861), by Sir W. Wynn's Royal—Comfort; and Harriet, Heedless, and Hasty (1860), by Lord Fitzharding's Hotspur—Hopeful. The following were prize winners at Birmingham: Talisman, Lavender, Lapwing, Termagant, Saffron II., Lightning, Bedford, Ferryman, Banker, and Orator.

An admirable oil painting was executed in 1864, showing the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. North, and the hounds and hunting staff, in front of Wroxton Abbey, on the steps of which appear the late Baroness North and the Right Hon. Colonel J. S. North. The picture has found a place on the walls of the Abbey, whose noble proprietor, still a regular attendant at the meets of the pack, and one of their most ardent followers, can, on the canvas of the picture, be brought face to face again with the "Warwickshire beauties," who not only sustained, but added to the reputation of the pack at the time he rode as master. The Hon. Mr. North is seen mounted on Queen Mab, and the Hon. Mrs. North, scarcely less ardently attached to the pack than her husband, is depicted as riding St. George, Matthews is on Peter Gray, and F. Smith and W. Hemming, the whips, on White Leg and Chief Justice. The hounds, which occupy conspicuous places in the painting, are Termagant, Saffron II., Remnant, Ajax, Gamester, Magnet, Lavender, Lightning, Brusher, Bedford, Orator, Nelson, Promise, Rallywood, and Singer. Gamester was good in dry weather, and was a wonderful leader over dry fallows. Rallywood was good at finding. In writing of the Saffron of 1859, we have called him Saffron II. He does not appear as such in the stud book, and it was therefore necessary so to distinguish

him. The old Saffron was still in the kennels in Mr North's time, although not as a working hound. He still, however, retained his good scenting powers, but on what he considered a poor day's sport he would leave the pack and go home alone. We remember Lord Willoughby de Broke telling us of another hound which hunted for many seasons, and invariably went home when one run had been obtained and a fox killed.

I remember on one occasion during this season a clergyman came to stay with me in Scotland, and went out trout fishing while I was shooting. Towards evening he became very tired, and went down to the head keeper's house to wait for me. I found him there fast asleep, lying on his back on the grass with his mouth wide open. His face was naturally very pale, and when the old keeper went up to him, and had looked at him for some time, he said to me, "Mon, but he's *deed*." I replied, "All right, Allan, he is not dead, because you can see his breathing." Allan stooped down, and, after again looking very closely at the parson, said, "Well, indeed, he is no *deed*, but he is *far through*" (very drunk).

On another occasion, when I arrived with the same keeper at the place where we intended to begin shooting, we found the two gillies, who had been sent on beforehand, lying across each other on the ground, both of them having had too much whiskey over night and in the early morning. Allan gave the one who was lying uppermost a tremendous kick, and he got up. The same treatment was then administered to the other, but he did not move, so the old man said to me, "Angus will do, but Sandy, indeed, is *far through*."

I also remember employing a gillie, who was a unique specimen of a Highlander, always wearing the kilt, and very good looking. He was—at all times—called "the Gaul," and appeared to have no other name. He could see deer at a long distance without a glass, and on one occasion, when we were grouse shooting and a bird had been lost, he was leading the pannier pony at a great

distance off, and he shouted to our gillie and told him exactly where to pick up the grouse. Finally he took to drink, and lay out on the moor for the day and all night. On his return a clergyman who was staying with me said to him, "If you go on like this it will be the death of you." The Gaul could not speak much English, but he replied, "Better that than no whiskey."—C. M.

We append a sketch of a notable landmark in Warwickshire. You can look over the best part of the Red Horse Vale, and far away north, and east, and west from

EDGE HILL TOWER.





"YE BE JUST TOO LATE, MISS; THE GENTLEMEN BE ALL GONE."

What a fine hunting day, 'tis as balmy as May,
And the hounds to the village will come;
Ev'ry friend will be there, and all trouble and care
Will be left far behind them at home.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY'S SECOND TERM OF OFFICE—ROBERT WORRALL—HIS HUNTING DIARY—FINE RUN FROM SHUCKBURGH—COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO MR. LUCY—GOOD RIDERS AMONGST THE FARMERS—CHARLES ORVIS.

UPON the removal of Mr. North to the Bicester country, Mr. H. Spencer Lucy again became master of the Warwickshire Hounds, with a guarantee of 1900*l*. It was during a subsequent season as low as 1700*l*., but it was raised afterwards to 2400*l*.

In 1866, Robert Worrall, who had previously been first whip to the Warwickshire for one season, was engaged by Mr. Lucy as huntsman. He became celebrated, and the following account of an interview with him may not be out of place in a publication of this nature, and will be of

interest, we believe, not only to the present, but to a future generation of sportsmen.

Everyone who hunted with the Squire of Charlecote remembers Bob Worrall well. His bronzed sporting face, his cheery smile, his neat figure, and capital seat on a horse, and his delight in talking about hounds, horses, and men—everything and everyone, in fact, connected with the chase—his respectful demeanour, and his excessive keenness made him a universal favourite wherever he whipped in to or hunted hounds.* Though he might have been a trifle too fond of the horn, it was a beautiful sight to see him bringing his hounds out of covert, and charging the first fence, it may be on Taglioni, without removing it from his lips; while a ride home with Bob and the hounds, however far the distance and however tired your horse, was never altogether a dull entertainment. I went to see him in October, 1894, when my friend, Captain Cooper, of Hemel Hempstead, kindly asked him to come up for an interview. The two hours that I could spare for his reminiscences seemed all too short. I will try and tell the story of his hunting life as he told it to me over just one glass of old port in the billiard room at *The Lockers*.†

“I was entered young at Kineton, in 1846. Stevens was bringing the hounds home, and happened to stop outside our door. I went to the hounds, and began to pat them; an old hound licked my face. ‘Are you fond of hounds, youngster?’ said Stevens. I said I was, so he sent for me to be kennel boy when I was only eleven years old. I remember your father, sir, the late lord, being married, and the rejoicings at Kineton. In 1848 Stevens asked me if I could manage to walk to Mr. Drake’s kennels at Bucknall, which is twenty-five miles, and my age was thirteen. I took two couples, went to Banbury, had a glass of porter and some bread and cheese—all I had on the journey—got to Bucknall just before they came in from hunting. I had a letter for Mr. Wingfield, the

* He was a thorough gentleman’s servant.

† So called from Anne Boleyn having been once confined there.

huntsman. When I gave him the letter, he said, 'Have you walked from Kineton, my little man? If so, you must be tired.' I was to go into the servants' hall to dine with the huntsman and whips, as they always did so after hunting. I had such a beastly sick headache, I could not eat anything, and the next morning I was so stiff I had a difficulty in getting out of bed. I had a little breakfast, and started home with a couple, and left the others for a week. At the same time I brought Fugleman, and a nice treat I had with him. When I got to the Tower, Edge Hill, it commenced raining in torrents, and by the time I got to the kennels I was beat. I don't think I could have gone another mile. This was not a bad performance for thirteen years of age.

"The following summer a Mr. Cook took the Southwold country, came to Kineton, and bought Stevens' draft, old and young, twenty-four couples. Mr. Cook wanted them taken to Banbury that afternoon, ready to go by train next morning. Stevens said: 'Bob, you can take them for this gentleman.' It was so arranged, and my brother went with me to put them to me. They were all loose, except one couple of shy ones. Going up Edge Hill one of them jumped into the covert. My brother will never forget, and often speaks about it, how I banged into him for not keeping his eyes open. It rained in torrents all the way to Banbury. I took them to Mr. W. Page's Flying Horse, and put them in a coach house. Mrs. Page—nice old lady—put us into some of her boys' clothes, and dried ours in the kitchen. Next morning I took twelve couples, and boxed them, and fetched the other twelve, and boxed them without a single hitch. Mr. Cook wanted me to go with him at that time and ride his second horse. We walked home after they had started. Mr. Cook gave us five shillings each. They did not overpay you in those days.

"When the hounds hunted five days a week—two in the country which is now North Warwickshire—during the cubhunting Stevens had thirty couples at Milverton

kennels for three weeks. I had charge of them, with a boy to help. I went two days before the hounds to boil and get ready. I walked out, and not one hound slipped me. Stevens, Morris, and Jack Hicks used to drive the old white-legged mare and cub-hunt two days, then home for the other three; they used to come on Sunday evenings, and back on Tuesday after hunting. I well remember a bitch named Brazen going off when in whelp; she was missing several days. One morning she turned up at the kennels for some food, and she had whelped. Stevens gave me a basket and a pair of couples to follow her and see where she went. She went over Pittern Hill, past Combroke Lodge, for Enoch the keeper's house; here I lost sight of her. At last, after searching about, I found her in a large rabbit hole with eight or nine puppies. I brought her and all the puppies with me, and no doubt Brilliant, by Tarquin, entered in 1848, was one of them. Priestess whelped underneath the bellows in the blacksmith's shop at the kennels. Poor old John Woodfield went into the shop, and Priestess caught hold of his apron when we removed her puppies. I got into the hole to pull them out for poor old Dick Hemmings to put into a basket. He said, 'How many more are there, boy?' When we counted them there were eighteen, the most I ever knew; I have known one have seventeen.

"I was only fourteen when put on to ride second horse for Stevens. One day we were cubhunting at Shuckburgh, I was sent back on a mare called Chance to tell Jack Hicks to come on and not wait about for a hound which was back. When I got up to the hounds again the mare ran away with me, and jumped a gate right into the pack. Your father thought I was not man enough for the job, and must wait another year till I got stronger. That year, or, at all events when I was fifteen, the late Mr. Graham, of Yardley, was passing through Kineton, and he engaged me as carriage and covert boy. At seventeen years of age I came back to Kineton to ride second horse to Jones. I rode for him in 1853, 1854, and 1855.

Jones used to go well, especially on a horse called Kossuth, bought from Kench, of Dunchurch, a brown horse, one of the best in England. One day someone told me that Jones wanted him. 'That's your best way to him,' said Mr. Chamberlayne, of Thorpe, pointing to the Farnborough Brook, and over I went. Ben Morgan had made most of these horses that Jones rode; he was a fine horseman. There were Lady Jane, Hazard, Belinda, a bay mare Gibson (the stud groom) bought from Ireland with seven others, and Rapid Rhone; you remember him, sir? ('I should think I did,' I answered, 'Why, he taught Lord Willoughby and me to ride, and no better horse for a boy was ever backed, and his roaring never stopped him with us.') Well, he never roared then, and although Jones said one day that he gave him four or five falls, I don't think he could have; Jim Stracey was whip, and Harry Ayris second.

"In 1856 I went to the South Staffordshire under Joe Maiden; the hounds were then at Wolstanton, near Burslem. Mr. Davenport did the thing well. There were often five Miss Davenports out on horses worth 150 or 200 guineas apiece. Mr. Jack Mytton was often visiting there. I remember young Mr. Davenport well as a boy; I was second whip there for one season. Tom Atkinson was first, one of the best whippers-in I have ever seen; he was huntsman afterwards. I had some nice horses there. I remember a brown mare that Mr. Davenport took to college with him—a clinker. Then I went as first whipper to West Kent; Colonel Stratford and Mr. William Armstrong were masters, George Beers was huntsman, poor Frank's brother. It was the year the Princess Royal was married, I remember how it rained and blew the day they embarked for Germany. George Beers was a fine huntsman; he was a young man, but a capital chap to hunt a pack of hounds, as quick as lightning. They used to cap for us then, and it used to help us to look after them sharp. I had to hunt the hounds the last fortnight. You see I was well trained; it is a great thing to have a good grinding

in kennels—you know your kennel work. Then I used to do old Morris's work for him ; he was a first-rate whip, but he could neither write nor read. In 1858 I went to Mr. Drake. It was at Mr. Morell's sale that I got engaged. There was a great hound sale at Tubney ; it is mentioned in Cecil's first book, 'the kennel stud book.' The Rev. Mr. Legard* is carrying it on now ; he tells me it's a lot of trouble ; people not sending in their lists. Cecil brought out a second book ; I have got the first at home. I met Ben Goddard there. Joe Maiden used to ride second horse to Stevens, and was afterwards huntsman to the Craven ; he recommended me to Goddard, and Squire Drake took me on. I can honestly say that I engaged with one of the best masters, one of the best sportsmen, and one of the best friends one could ever have met with. I whipped in to Goddard in 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861. When Mr. Drake resigned, I got the offer of the place of first whip to the Warwickshire from Lord Willoughby de Broke. I was to meet him at Lower Boddington. Ben Goddard was not out ; a stick had run into his eye. The Squire hunted the hounds. We had a fine run, and killed him at Marston Doles. There was your father, Lord Willoughby, off his horse patting the hounds. 'Real good pack of hounds,' he said. He offered me the place ; I went in 1862, in May. Your father died in June. Cremorne ? Yes ; I remember Cremorne. You say your father, sir, told you when you were a boy to keep his tail in sight, and you would not be far off the hounds. ('Yes, he quoted Macaulay, Bob, and the white plume. I remember it well ; the meet was at Thorpe Mandeville, and Mr. Drake was riding him.') Well, I'll tell you a curious thing about that horse, sir ; a splendid horse he was, skewbald bay and white, and a quite white tail. When I went to Sir William Throckmorton's with the V.W.H., there was the old horse, and he carried me well. I had my picture done on him with some favourite hounds. The best run I ever

*It is a slight coincidence that the Rev. Mr. Legard's Christian name is "Cecil."

saw was from Gooseham, near Brackley. The Squire sent me on ; he said he knew there was a good fox there, and he would be gone. I just got to the covert in time to see him come out. He was a beauty. Hounds got away close to him. They did run straight ; they ran to Huntsbury Hill,* three miles from Northampton. Only seven got to the end. I got regularly pumped, and did not see the finish. The hounds came home by rail from Blisworth. This run will be talked of as long as there are hounds in Oxfordshire. This was in Goddard's time. Let me see ; where was I ? I have got a bit off the line. Well, in 1863, 1864, and 1865, Squire Drake hunted the hounds himself. One morning in February, 1865, I got a letter from Mr. Spencer Lucy, offering me the place as huntsman to the Warwickshire. Mr. Villebois wanted me, too, and another gentleman as well, but Mr. Drake never told me who that was, I wanted to get back to Warwickshire, as I knew the country and the people. Squire Drake told Mr. Lucy that no man ever left a situation with such a character as mine. I was huntsman to the Warwickshire in 1866, 1867, and 1868, and I only left on account of Mr. Lucy taking to hunt the hounds two days a week himself. I was a young man, and full of running, and I could not give up like that. Mr. Bolton King told me that they had never had such sport since Stevens left. Mr. Lucy asked me to sleep over it, and said he was sure I should not leave. It was the last day of hunting at Wolford, and we killed two foxes I remember. I think Mr. Lucy might have let me know before, but I suppose he could not till it was settled at the meeting. I might have had Mr. Lane Fox's place. I think I should have suited him ; he likes a sticker-at-home, and I was always that. The following Saturday the Pytchley met at Badby Wood ; I was out. Mr. Anstruther Thompson heard I was leaving, hoped it was not true, told me that such a place as I had got was not to be had every day. If

* The distance from Gooseholm Gorse, the covert in which they found, to Huntsbury Hill is fifteen miles as the crow flies.

Robert Worrall on Cremorne.

By

Wheeler.

**With some favourite V.W.H. Hounds, from the picture
in his own possession.**

Robert John P. ...

4.

Adrian H

With some favourite *V.H.H.* flowers from the picture in his own possession.





I determined to leave, I was to write to Captain Wilson, of the V.W.H. I did so, and Sir William Throckmorton offered me the place.

"From 1868 I was with Sir William six seasons. They say 'you can't love a man,' I loved Sir William. I hope he will find an Isinglass or two, that's what a gentleman wants if he goes racing. About the country? Lord Henry Bentinck said it was the best three days a week country in England. There were three sides to it—the stone walls; the Vale, more like Shuckburgh; and the Brander side, rough fences and widish brooks. I never had a bad fall, though, in it. I hurt my knee once; it was not the horse's fault; he was tired, and fell. Your brother, Lord Willoughby, was talking to me about it one day. When I told him I had not had a fall all the season, he said, 'You didn't half go, Bob.' I said, 'I know I did, my lord, but I rode such horses.' There were two horses which came from Newcome Mason, the very best I ever rode but one, and that was Taglioni. You remember her, sir, don't you? Mr. Lucy bought her at Mr. Drake's sale. Mr. Drake marked six on the catalogue for Mr. Lucy to buy. The mare had slipped up once, and got a blow. She was knocked down to Mr. Lucy for forty guineas. I rode her three seasons with the Warwickshire, and she put her foot once in a post hole, the only time she ever fell with me. At Mr. Lucy's sale, at Tattersall's, she made over 300 guineas. ('Yes, I remember it well, Bob. I was there; and you said to me that you thought you had not been trotting her about Warwickshire for nothing.') Well, Mr. Burton, who bought her, asked me what bridle I rode her in. 'She does not want any bridle at all,' I said. Mr. Burton told me afterwards that he would not take a thousand guineas for her. He offered me a ride on her in the park. I thanked him, but said I should be out of place there—that my place was in the field, and not in the park. Mr. Lucy always helped his huntsman. I remember one day at Shuckburgh the gentlemen rode the hounds clean off the line. Mr. Lucy

came up and let them have it ; he said it was 'disgraceful,' 'scandalous ;' he told me to go back to Ladbroke to draw. Colonel Anstruther Thompson said to me, as we were trotting along, 'We shall have some sport, Bob, now that those brutes have gone home ; they are the greatest brutes I have ever seen ; how they do annoy me every Wednesday !' We ran from Ladbroke to Staverton, and killed him in a brickyard. Colonel Thompson came up, and said, 'Well done, Bob, you killed your fox well. What's that mare ? It's a nailing good mare ; she carried you tip-top.' That was Taglioni.

"The Kilsby tunnel day ? Yes, I remember it well ; I remember the date, because I was not out, and Mr. Lucy was hunting the hounds. We met at Charlecote on Monday, January 20th, 1866. I rode a grey horse called Prickett. You remember him, sir ? He had horns on his head, quite long—horns, two or three inches long. We found at a little spinney. I was galloping across the park. The horse came down, and pitched on his horns ; he came right down on my ankle. George Boxall, from the North Warwickshire, jumped off and helped me up. I got on again, and we ran to Grove Park, but I was very bad. I had old Dr. Brown on Tuesday.

"Old Railton, the saddler, made me a gaiter, and I never had a boot on till next cubhunting. I could not have cracked a walnut with that foot for two months. I was out on the Monday after it happened, though the meet was at Lighthorne, and old Mr. John Lucy came to me, and said that he had not expected to see me for a month at least.

"On Tuesday, the 21st, Mr. Lucy hunted at Mitford, and again on the Thursday, when they ran over the Kilsby Tunnel to West Haddon. There was an old hound called Banker ; Squire Drake gave him me 'to keep the Warwickshire rogues straight.' How they did run hares when I came. I used to be up on Chadshunt Hill at four and five of a morning with them. I tell you what I did ; I always used to let them break up

their own fox. None of that 'Dead,' 'Dead,' 'Dead!' and beating them off. This did them a lot of good, and made them keen on a fox. Mr. Bolton King used to say, 'It's a pity you can't take Banker out in a carriage and put him down at a check.' Well, the hounds did not get home till half-past ten that night. Isaac came to me and said, 'The first hound that came in was old Banker, master.' He was by Hector out of Barbara, by Lord Yarborough's Hector. Castor? He came from the Bicester; I gave him to Mr. North's boy when he was christened. He was the youngest master of a hound in England. I told Lord Willoughby I ought to have some of those cups, of which he wins so many at Peterborough. Your father, sir, was a good master; he only scolded me about once. He was vexed about Jones having lost his fox, and ordered me to take my horse out of the deep ground; he never would have the horses knocked about, nothing vexed him so much as that. I remember once, Jack Cummings had left, and there was only Enever to whip in. Jones had had a bad fall, so Enever had to hunt them, and I whipped in. I rode a crop-eared horse called Prestbury.* We went away from Wolford Wood like mad down to Evenlode; Mr. Griffiths, of Campden, says to me, 'Bob, you'll have to harden your heart; it's a big one; I mean having a go, stick close to me.' I kept close on his right; he jumped it, but fell on landing. I thought I was over, but the bank gave way, and Prestbury came back

*This horse was afterwards bought by Captain Chambers, who hunted at Leamington, and he carried him well for many seasons.

Voltaire once wrote as follows:

"The English as their savage taste prevails,
Behead their kings, and dock their horses' tails."

Voltaire surely was a little previous in this sarcasm, "Those who live in glass houses," &c. &c. The custom of cropping a horse's ears has long gone out. This year, 1895, a like practice of docking their tails is less in vogue, while that of the hog mane for a hunter can only be a passing craze of fashion. No object can possibly be gained by it. It reduces a noble hunter to the level of a polo pony, makes it exceedingly difficult to mount in a hurry, and might even help to create a serious fall. "Brooksby," in one of his articles in the *Field*, I remember, wrote very strongly against this fashion, pointing out its uselessness and absurdity. It may sometimes but rarely happen that a hunter's mane grows so badly that it stands upright and cannot be combed straight, in which only it may be necessary to hog it.—W. R. V.

with me. I was under the horse, but got out the right side, and went on *without my irons* after Mr. Griffiths, and we ran right up to Wych Hill to ground. Coming back we met Enever and all the other gentlemen who were supposed to be hunting; Mr. Griffiths put the hounds to me. I was wet and cold; Captain Peach ordered some rump steak for us and hot ale at Stow-in-the-Wold. I know it was dead against the rules, but we went in and had some. My coat was like zinc by the time I got to Halford Bridge. The crop-eared horse had struck me on the head, so I stopped in bed the next morning, and it was not long before Mr. Barnard came up to see me.

“Well, sir, to go back to the Vale of White Horse. When Sir William gave up, I should have remained on; I had many friends and not an enemy in the country. Lord Shannon took the hounds. We had an hour and five minutes, and Bob Chapman told me he could never quite catch me on a horse called Falconberg. I remember once Bob Chapman jumping a wall; I took some rails by the side, and got a pull. I need not go into all the particulars why I left Lord Shannon, but I think you will agree with me I was not so much to blame as some people made out. We had fine sport in 1863-64 with the V.W.H. Hounds ran like wildfire, and killed their foxes. There’s a good deal in getting away close to your fox. People talk about bad scenting countries; you can’t have a scent if you ain’t near your fox. Get away on the top of his back, that’s the way to kill him; get through the woods after your hounds; don’t be afraid of scratching your face or dirtying your boots; there’s a great deal of art in that. Hounds soon find out if you are quick; a slow man makes a slow pack of hounds. Well, I was nine seasons with Mr. Longman and the Old Berkeley, and only left them because his sight failed him and he gave up. This is the watch he gave me; please look at the inscription: ‘Robert Worrall, from A. H. Longman, in remembrance of nine years faithful service.’ Then I was two seasons with Sir Richard Sutton. I have had four masters give up: Mr. Drake, Sir William

Throckmorton, Mr. Longman, and Sir Richard. That was bad luck in one way. Sir Charles Mordaunt was very kind to me when I was in Warwickshire. I met him one day at Rugby, and he said to me, 'We used to have as good runs in your time, Bob, as any time I remember.'

"The day Mr. Campbell, of Monzies, was buried, Mr. Lucy was not out, of course. We had a crust and a sup at Mr. Crowdey's at Billesley Hall, and going down the road to draw, I met a chap in a cart. He said, 'There's a most beautiful fox just gone in there, master.' I remember Mr. George Hawkes, of Talton, was out. Out comes the beautiful fox, such a red colour, and such a white tag to his brush; he went to the right at first, through Withycombe towards Little Alne, then swung left-handed, and went through a clump between Oversley Wood and Red Hill; then he bore right-handed into Oversley Wood, and ran the whole length of the wood. I saw him cross the main ride in the far distance, and caught the white tag on his brush. We went away to the left by that Castle place, and swung to the right, over the river and Ragley Park into Weethley Wood; ran the whole length of the wood into Bevington Waste, and then round to the right. I believe the Worcestershire were then running in the Lenches. I could see the tracks and trampling of horse hoofs, and Mr. Hughes, of Broom, told me they had met at Radford Gate. The fox was headed about here, and crossed the Worcester Road. I remember I jumped a funny place over a big wide ditch out of the road, on Multum-in-Parvo, a good little horse as ever was. From here we went through a good big wood, called Grafton Wood, and I saw some cows running and a man with a soft hat swinging it and holloaing. I nicked along over two fields to where they had checked, and I saw the fox two fields away. I was just pulling the band off a gate into a lane, when the fox went past down this gravelly, swilly lane. I laid the hounds on, and they were after him, and sent him down this lane, and through a rickyard, and ran into him in the

middle of a forty-acre field at Flyford Flavel, six and a half miles from Worcester."

Robert Worrall gives much the same account of this in his diary, but he adds that the hounds ran eighteen miles, and they had thirty miles to return to the kennels. The distance from point to point is eleven miles, and the date of the run is Jan. 11th, 1869, and the time occupied was two hours. The Worcestershire hounds killed their fox so near to where the Warwickshire had been running, that Mr. George Hawkes, of Talton, who was out with the latter pack, took home with him a pad of both foxes which were killed. The covert in which the fox was found is Red Hill, or close to it.—W. R. V.

In July, 1866, I was fishing on the river Vefsen, in Norway, when a curious incident occurred. The salmon nearly all ran up into two large pools at the top of the river. The highest of these consisted of more than an acre of water, and two rods fished it at the same time in two different boats, the shallowest part of it, where the fish rose best, being 20ft. deep. I was one day fishing at the same time with the Hon. Walter Talbot, when he caught eight salmon in succession, and I did not rise a fish. Next day I fished the pool at the same time with Mr. Watson, and caught eight salmon in succession, weighing 120lb., the largest being 30lb., whilst he did not rise a fish. Mr. Talbot shortly afterwards caught a salmon weighing 47lb.—C. M.

SEASON 1866-67.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier* :

The Old Warwickshire, under a new master and a new staff, are to meet on the first day at the ancient and noble domain of H. Spencer Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote, when he will entertain the company at breakfast; and on Thursday at Walton Hall, the residence of Sir Charles Mordaunt, when the inner man will be regaled by a public breakfast. We trust, after all this feeding has subsided, they will settle down to quiet work, and show some good sport. They have all the necessary material—a first-rate country, good blood in the pack, a new man, but with a good old name and repute, who will uphold both and show good sport.

Robert Worrall's diary :

Commenced cubhunting September 11th, at Charlecote Gorse; very good morning; killed one fox. Hunted twenty-nine days; killed fifteen foxes. The scent was not good. We met at Wolford Wood on September 25th, at 5.30. Slept out over night at Shipston. Jem Hills and both whips were out; all three there at the appointed time. The day before I bet Tom Garrett ten shillings I caught a Wolford fox; he accepted it. Wolford was full of foxes. We were running from 5.45 till 11.15, and killed an old dog fox at the finish in the open, as stiff as a stake. I won my bet.

Jem Hills paid me a very high compliment upon the condition of the hounds, and they ran hard the whole time.

Commenced regular hunting November 5th at Charlecote Park. We had a very hard day; not a good scenting day; left off near the *three gates*.

November 6th.—A very good day from Mitford Bridge. After a good gallop, killed a fox near Rollwright.

8th, Walton Hall.—A very nice day's sport. Killed a brace.

9th, Farnborough.—Very good day's sport; plenty of galloping and jumping. Killed a leash.

15th, Shuckburgh.—A very good day. Did not kill.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *November 15th* I was staying near Rugby, and hunted with the North Warwickshire hounds. They found at Leicester's Piece, and ran in a ring down to the river Leam, where they threw up. Soon afterwards we heard hounds running not far off, and they soon crossed the Leam at full cry a field distant from where we were. They turned out to be the Warwickshire hounds, and they had come from Shuckburgh, having run without a check. They had outpaced the field, and were entirely alone. As soon as the North Warwickshire heard them running they started to join them, but by the time they reached the place the Warwickshire hounds were out of sight. Part of the North Warwickshire pack then swam across the Leam, and so good was the scent that they began to run the heelway of the fox which had been run from Shuckburgh, and ran a long way before they could be stopped, as there was no bridge over the river at that place. The Warwickshire hounds ran for a mile further after crossing the Leam, and threw up, many of the field who had been with the other pack having joined them. The North Warwickshire hounds were afterwards taken to draw Bunker's Hill, out of which covert a very stiff, tired fox went away—no doubt the same fox which the Warwickshire had run so hard to within a mile of this covert. The hounds ran him for fourteen minutes without a check, and killed him in the open.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, Nov. 17th, 1866 :

We are sorry to find that a dire enemy to poor pug in the Warwickshire country is dealing out destruction broadcast in every quarter. The little game played at Charlecote Park at the first meet—viz., having a dead fox so laid as to be viewed by all the field, was again played at Chadshunt. We regret this exceedingly, as it is well known that no better sportsman lives than Mr. Bolton King, and although now a veteran in the service, it takes a good man to hold his own with him. We are sorry our list does not end

here; we hear two more were found at Itchington Holt, and on Thursday that favourite covert, Debdale, was drawn blank. There must be some cause for it. Cannot some means be devised to stop this wholesale destruction? If not, we fear blank days will not be few during the season. It is most disheartening to master and men who wish to show good sport.

Robert Worrall's diary (*continued*):

26th, *Brailes House*.—We had a capital day's sport, and were running all day. Killed a brace.

December 3rd.—A useful day. Killed a fox from a meet at Long Marston.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1866.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	Sires.	DAMS.
Baffler	Bluecap (58)	Bashful (61)
Bachelor		
Bridesmaid		
Blameless	Bluecap (58)	Bounty (64)
Boniface	Banker (60)	Barmaid (59)
Brilliant		
Bustler		
Charmer	Banker (60)	Countess (62)
Crafty		
Crazy		
Nestor	Nimrod*	Racket (61)
Nettler		
Newsman		
Nimrod	{ Hon. W. North's Rally- wood (61)	Remnant (61)
Norman		
Rallywood		
Royal	Bluecap (58)	Trinket (61)
Ruin		
Testy		
Tempest		
Truelove		
Truthful		

* Bought as a three-year-old in 1862 by Lord Willoughby de Broke and Hon. W. H. North, at the sale of Mr. John Baker's hounds.

Nimrod	Mr. John Baker's Hannibal	His Nosegay
Hannibal (1855)	Lord H. Bentinck's Contest	Lord Fitzharding's Heroine
Nosegay (1855)	York and Ainsty Nathan	Their Bashful

Nimrod was a good-looking dog, and good in his work. He was the sire of hounds in the Belvoir, Duke of Grafton's, and other kennels. *He had none of the black and tan stain in him at all.*—W. de B.

6th, *Shuckburgh*.—We had a very good and hard day. Did not kill.

7th, *Bytham House*.—Very good day's sport. Killed a fox.

10th, *Wellesbourne Village*.—We had a capital day. The fox beat me at finish.

13th, *Ufton Wood*.—We ran to ground at Boddington Hill. Mr. W.

Chamberlayne rode hard during the run. Mr. Chamberlayne and myself jumped the brook together at a big place with a drop. I was riding View Holloa, chesnut horse.

14th, *Swalcliffe*.—We had a famous gallop—twenty-five minutes from Wiggington Heath to Swerford Osier Bed. The hounds ran into their fox one field on the other side of the covert; this fox had no brush. Sir C. Mordaunt and Mr. J. Mordaunt went well through this gallop. Hounds ran best pace, and never checked. I rode Taglioni. Carried me well.

17th.—A capital day's sport. We killed our fox by moonlight near Shottery.

18th, *Ilmington*.—A very good day's sport. Killed a brace.

20th, *Moreton Morrell*.—Very useful day, only wanted a kill.

21st, *Kinton House*.—This was a famous day's sport. We were running all day. Killed our last fox at Farnborough by moonlight. Only Mr. Bolton King, Mr. Harry Over, of Pittern Hill, and myself at the finish. Most of them left; got lost at Avon Dassett. We had lost the hounds for some little time; we all three rode on top of them, worrying their fox in a ploughed field near Farnborough Hill. I rode View Holloa and Taglioni.

26th, *Snitterfield*.—A very satisfactory day. Killed a fox.

27th, *Shuckburgh*.—A very good day. Did not kill a fox.

29th, *Idlicote House*.—A very satisfactory day. Killed a fox.

31st, *Tallon House*.—Ground very hard, bad riding; this was a fair day's sport. Killed a fox on Crimscoote Downs.

J. Hastings and George Morgan were first and second whips to Worrall in 1866. In 1868 H. Pacey succeeded George Morgan as second whip, and in 1869 James Tribick became second whip instead of H. Pacey.

Frost from January 1st to the 7th.

8th, *Weston House*.—Very useful day. Killed a fox.

10th, *Compton Verney*.—Not a good day; scent very indifferent. We had a nice little gallop in the afternoon; just got on to the grass. Mr. Stanley overrode hounds. I raved at him; *being deaf*, took no notice. First thing he said, "*scent improved, hasn't it? Good man, over anxious at times.*"

14th to 24th.—Frost.

25th, *Swalcliffe*.—Very good day. Killed a fox.

26th, *Kennels*.—Useful day's sport. Killed a fox. This was a bye day.

31st, *Lower Shuckburgh*.—Mr. Lucy hunted the hounds; they had a very fine run to West Haddon in the Pytchley country, did not get back to kennels till 10.30; 17½ couples out, all there at the finish.

The following account, by the Rev. W. R. Verney of the run from Shuckburgh on January 31st, 1867, will be of interest to our readers :

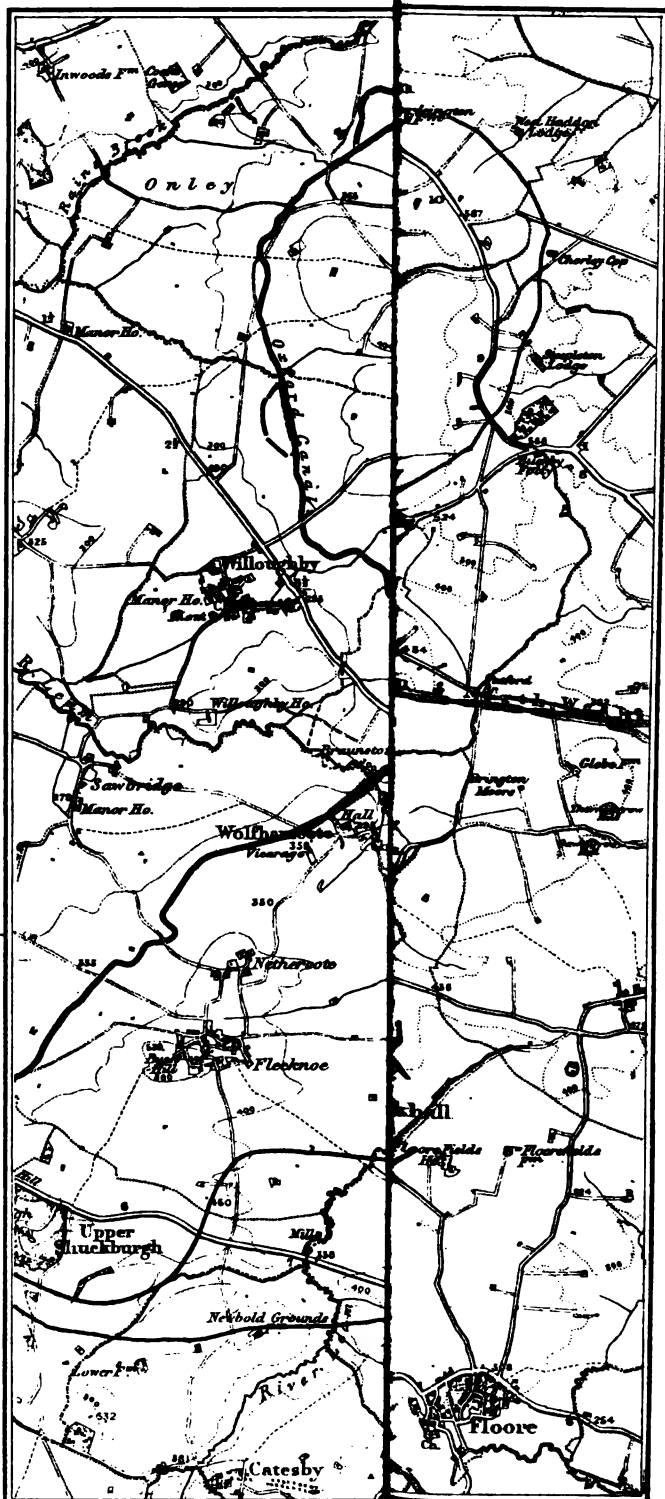
In a great run which took place during Mr. Lucy's mastership, in which he carried the horn himself, Worrall being away or unwell, I had the good fortune to participate. He got away, after two short rings, from Shuckburgh Hill, and ran to Welton Place in forty or fifty minutes; from

thence over the Kilsby Tunnel, and perfectly straight in the direction of Market Harborough to within three or four miles of Husband's Bosworth. I was riding two of the very best horses in England,* but got a very bad start, and did not see much of the first and best part of the run, in which the late Mr. Stanley, of Leamington, and Squire Chamberlayne, of Stoney Thorpe, held the pride of place. When I got on Corsica,† Lord Willoughby's well-known bay mare, I passed plenty of good men who had had enough. I remember passing the late Mr. Bolton King, who had only one horse out, as was his custom, and I asked him which way the hounds were. He pointed forward, and said, "I could go on, but I will not risk killing my mare," like a good sportsman as he was. I jumped the last fence that was jumped that day, and, like a silly young fool, decided to go to the Market Harborough ball that night instead of going home with the hounds, which would have been, of course, the right thing to do. I asked Mr. Lucy to leave word at the Lodge at Compton that I was not coming back, and he passed there and left my message with old Vincent, the stud-groom, at eleven o'clock at night. When I got to the ball, in Lord Melgund's dress clothes, I found I was not half such a hero as I expected to be, and the mare was so stiff next day that I made up my mind there and then never to sleep out again, a vow which has been religiously kept. We did not kill the good fox, or it would have been the finest run that ever was seen. Mr. Lucy was riding Goldfinder, and, of course, was there; but I cannot remember who else got to the end.—W. R. V. (From the *Banbury Guardian*.)

* My old horse Stonewall Jackson was well known at Oxford. I ran him against Captain "Johnny" Frederick's The Monk in the Whip at the Christ Church Grind, but was outpaced. He would jump a gate backwards and forwards. I always kept him for the foxhounds, but one day the young fellows were talking about riding, so I said I would take him out next day with the harriers, as my co-master, Mr. Philip Wroughton, could not go out, and I had to hunt them. We were a long time finding, and my old horse got quite disgusted, and would not look at a fence. I handed the horn to Mr. Algernon Turnor (who had a capital run with a hare we called "the Witch," as she always swam the Cuddesdon river), and took him home, as I thought he was amiss. The next week I took him down to Mr. Arthur Pryor's, of Hylands, near Chelmsford, and he carried me first rate in an hour's run over the Roothings of Essex. I remember the late Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, spoke to me in this run, and said: "You can't go there, young man!" I said, "That depends on the man and the horse," and over I went. I remember making a similar reply to the great Jem Mason in the Winslow country. I got a good deal wiser as I grew older; then I was only a cheeky Oxford undergraduate. I once tried to follow Mr. W. H. Foster on his celebrated chesnut horse. He took me over a bridle gate, very high—Stonewall broke the top bar; then over a stile, into a road, and out the other side. Then over some new and very stiff rails, across a ridge and furrow field. Stonewall hit them, and I pulled up, and said I would not have any more. It was no disgrace, as Melton well knows, to be defeated by Mr. Foster and his chesnut horse. He had that one and a bay horse called Comet, and a little brown horse he called his hack. They would jump anything, and the chesnut horse was about the fastest hunter in England. He was timed to do four miles in eight minutes. Mr. Arthur V. Pryor had an extraordinary ugly chesnut horse, well known at Oxford, and afterwards at Melton, called Double First. With the exception of Jupp, bought by Sir Charles Mordaunt from Mr. E. W. Tritton, and Jack King's old chesnut horse, he was the biggest jumper I ever saw.—W. R. V.

† Lord Willoughby's Corsica was by Corsair. She was a great, big, three-parts bred mare, and was for many years the best known hunter in Warwickshire. Lord Willoughby has still one or two of her stock. I think he showed a granddaughter at the Pytchley Show in 1895, and was commended.—W. R. V.





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 SCALE 0 1/2 1

London: Stanford's Geog. Estab.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *January 31st*, 1867, the hounds met at Shuckburgh, on a very likely looking morning for hunting after heavy rain all night. Bob Worrall was laid up after a bad fall, and Mr. Lucy, for the second time, hunted the hounds himself. They went away with the first fox from the hill, and for a few fields did not settle well to the line; but all at once they began to run without a check and over a beautiful country, between Staverton and Shuckburgh Water Mill; thence over the Southam and Daventry road, and by Drayton to Welton Place, where the first check took place, and up to this point they had run seven miles straight, and a longer distance in the direction taken in fifty minutes. I got away from Shuckburgh with the hounds, and after they had begun to run fast for a few fields, only a few out of the large field were near them. Mr. William Chamberlayne, of Stoney Thorpe, the Rev. William S. Miller, and Mr. Stanley, of Leamington, on a chesnut horse, had the best of it, and were always nearest the pack. I had only one horse out (Irish Mail), and could go no farther than Welton. As I returned, I met many who had been far behind the hounds. Mr. Lucy, who was inside the covert when his hounds were drawing it, did not get away with them; but he came up at Welton Place in plenty of time to see the remainder of a splendid run. Mr. Chamberlayne got on to his brother's horse at Welton, and rode him to the finish. I heard afterwards from him and from Mr. Lucy that the hounds after again starting from Welton Place ran at a slower pace, but always kept on between Ashby St. Ledgers and Watford, and thence over Kilsby Tunnel, and to the right in a ring as far as Ravensthorpe in the Pytchley country, and back from there to West Haddon, where the fox was lost. The distance to Ravensthorpe from Shuckburgh Hill is full twelve miles as the crow flies, and the distance as hounds ran is about eighteen miles, and was traversed in two hours and ten minutes. This was the best run which the hounds have had during Mr. Lucy's mastership. Mr. Lucy rode his chesnut mare Minna as first horse, and his chesnut horse Goldfinder as second horse. Mr. Chamberlayne rode Handsome Jack, for which horse he had given 45*l.*, as far as Welton. When Mr. Lucy and Mr. Chamberlayne were riding home together at a very late hour, Mr. Lucy several times said, "Dear me; whatever will my dear mother think has become of me!" (See Map, run printed in red ink.)

Bob Worrall's diary (*continued*) :

February 1st, Wroxton New Inn.—Mr. Lucy hunted the hounds; not much sport. Killed a fox.

8th, Harbury Village.—Very good day. Only wanted a kill to make quite a good day.

14th, Wroxton Abbey.—Very good day. Killed two foxes.

18th, Long Marston.—Nice gallop. Killed a fox.

21st, Barfords.—Very satisfactory day. Killed a leash.

22nd, Farnborough.—This was a fine scenting day. Ran from Chamberlain's Gorse to White's Bushes without a check, to ground. Had a good gallop afterwards. Killed our fox.

25th, Goldicote House.—Very fair day. Killed a fox.

26th, Mitford Bridge.—Very good day. Killed a fox.

28th, Lower Shuckburgh.—Very nice day's sport. Ran over a big country; did not kill.

March 1st, Swalcliffe House.—Capital day's sport. Killed a leash.

8th, Edge Hill Tower.—Very fair day's sport. Killed a fox.

12th and 14th.—Did not hunt on account of snow and frost.

15th, Banbury Cross.—A very good day. Killed a fox.

18th, 19th, 22nd.—Did not hunt on account of snow.

29th, Banbury Cross.—Very good day's sport. Killed a brace.

April 2nd, Campden (by invitation).—Slept out over night at Campden. Mr. Griffiths provided dinner and breakfast for huntsman, whips, and second horsemen. I had a deal of chaff from the natives over night. They wanted to know if we had brought our nightcaps, as old Harry Ayris was often in his all day, and we might be all night. I chaffed back, and told them we did not go pottering about like that. As soon as I threw the hounds into covert in Weston Park, several hundred acres, old Banker (a famous hound Mr. Drake gave me when I went into Warwickshire) showed me at once that a fox was on foot. In a minute I heard a "Holloa!" half a mile from me. I caught hold of them, and galloped up one ride and down another till I came to a keeper with his hat off, who said, "Just gone over, sir." They hit the line off, and in five minutes after entering Weston Park they were streaming over the open like mad for Foxcote, where they killed on the Earths, which were stopped for that day on the Ilmington side. This was a famous day, no doubt. We had a run, and eat our fox before some of our Berkeley sportsmen that chaffed knew where we were. This was a good bit of business, and was a very pleasant and happy day for me.

5th, Kineton.—Useful day. Killed a fox.

6th, Newbold Pacey.—Very fair day. Killed a fox.

12th.—Last day of hunting at Suggarswell Farm, near Shennington. Not a deal of sport; so hot and dry in the morning. An afternoon fox gave a good hunting run; left off at Wychford Wood. Killed during the season thirty-eight brace

We must not forget to mention the Rev. H. J. Torre, of Norton Curlieu, who was well known at the covert side in Warwickshire for the greater part of half a century. He was one of those men of remarkable energy and activity to whom nothing seemed to come amiss, and he could do most things well. He played in the Harrow eleven, and besides playing in the Oxford eleven, he was one of a very few who rowed in the University eight also. He was a genuine sportsman and a good rider, who always knew what hounds were doing. He told us in a letter as follows: "I never had but one fall in which I ever received any serious hurt. I was standing in the road at Little Alne waiting for the hounds. My horse did not like the company he was in, and reared up and fell back upon me, badly injuring my back; my coat was cut by a loose stone and covered with wet sludge from the road, when John

Holyoake, of Little Alne, kindly lent me his Sunday coat to ride in, and I went on in agony until we found a fox, when I had to crawl slowly home, and sent back Holyoake's coat with a bottle of champagne in the pocket."

We had from him a very old Scotch song, alluded to in the journals of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., as having been sung in his presence about the beginning of this century, and it was sung on festive occasions by Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., when at Oxford in 1839:

Hame cam' the gudeman at 'een,
 And hame cam' he,
 And he spied a great coit
 Whar' a great coit should na be.
 "How cam' that great coit here
 Without the leave of me?"
 "Great coit!" quoth she. "Aye, great coit!" quoth he.
 "Blind may ye be,
 It is but a leetle blanket
 My mither sent to me!"
 "Far ha' I ridden, and farther ha' I been,
 But blankets wi' buttons on
 I niver see'd an ane."

Hame cam' the gudeman at 'een,
 And hame cam' he,
 And he spied a pair o' buits
 Whar' a pair o' buits should na' be.
 "How cam' them buits here
 Without the leave of me?"
 "Buits!" quoth she. "Aye, buits!" quoth he.
 "Blind may ye be,
 They are but a pair o' milkpails
 My mither sent to me."
 "Far ha' I ridden, and farther ha' I been,
 But milkpails wi' spurs on
 I niver see'd an ane."

Hame cam' the gudeman at 'een,
 And hame cam' he,
 And he spied a man
 Whar a man should na be.
 "How cam' that man here
 Without the leave of me?"

"Man!" quoth she. "Aye, man!" quoth he.
 "Blind may ye be,
 It is but a leetle milkmaid
 My mither sent to me."
 "Far ha' I ridden, and farther ha' I been,
 But milkmaids wi' beards on
 I niver see'd an ane."

There are any quantity more verses of this song, but they all have the same moral.—W. R. V.

SEASON 1867-68.

Robert Worrall's diary (*continued*):

September 14th.—Commenced cubhunting at Chesterton Wood. Plenty of foxes; did not get hold of a fox, he got to ground. This was a very good cubhunting.

October 25th, Alveston Pastures.—After running for two hours in the pastures with three foxes on foot, we got away with one. They ran for fifty-five minutes at racing pace, and killed an old dog fox near Pillerton Gorse. Sir Charles Mordaunt was out shooting at Walton; he told me he heard me holloa "whoop" when we killed. Only myself and Hastings saw anything of it. I had the bitches out. Never saw hounds run harder.

29th, Billesley Hall.—Had a capital run. Killed.

31st, Barton Grove.—Found in the Grove; ran to Over Norton, to ground. This was a good run.

November 1st, Wroxton.—Found in Claydon Hill Gorse; ran to ground in a drain. Found in a small bit of osiers; ran over Crouch Hill, leaving Banbury just on the left; crossed the Canal and both railways, L. and N.W. and G.W.R.; past Chacombe nearly to Thenford, bore left-handed past Wilscoate in the Bicester country; here he swung left-handed, crossed the Banbury and Leamington road near the Hare and Hounds public inn, along the flat for Chamberlain's Gorse; the bitches ran into this fox one field before reaching the gorse, as stiff as a stake.

Bob Worrall told me, "This was Lady Willoughby de Broke's first day with the Warwickshire Hounds after her marriage. It was a treat to see her ladyship ride this fine run. Soon after we had found, his lordship gave her a lead over four strong rails by the side of a chained gate. When he was over, he called back to her, 'Come on Gerry,' and over she went. Lady Willoughby had the brush of this good fox from me."—W. R. V.

November 4th.—Commenced regular hunting at Charlecote Park. Fair day. No fox.

5th, Idlicote House.—Fair day's sport. Killed two foxes.

7th, Harbury Village.—Good day's sport. Killed one fox.

- 11th, *Walton House*.—Could not hunt for fog.
 12th, *Mitford Bridge*.—Hard day. Killed one fox.
 14th, *Snitterfield*.—No sport; foxes scarce on this day. Mr. Mark Phillips was very angry it being so.
 15th, *Swalcliffe*.—Very good day. Killed one fox.
 18th, *Chadshunt*.—Very good day. Killed one fox.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1867.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Carver } Cautious } Careless }	Hon. W. North's Castor* ...	Rapid (64)
Costly Concord Duster Falstaff } Foreman } Falcon }	Hon. W. North's Castor* ... Sorcerer (62) Mr. Drake's Hector	Lightsome (64) Cautious (62) His Damsel
Hector } Herod } Hostess } Latimer } Levity }	Nimrod Mr. Drake's Hector	Flourish (63) His Crimson
Rascal } Rakish } Rarity } Ruby } Stormer } Stella }	Lifter (64) Mr. Drake's Rascal	Rosebud (61) Countess (62)
Syren } Saffron } Sailor } Saracen } Songstress } Struggler } Sparkler } Skilful }	Abelard (63) Saffron (59) Mr. Drake's Sparkler.....	Stately (62) Bashful (61) His Sybil †
Starlight } Singwell } Tapster } Telltale } Torment }	Bobadil Trimmer (61)	Symmetry (63) Racket (61)

* By Belvoir Comus—their Rosy.

† By Mr. Drake's Freeman—his Skilful. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a three-year-old in 1866.

- 19th, *Weston House*.—Capital day's sport. Killed two foxes.
 21st, *Shuckburgh*.—Fair day's sport. Killed one fox.
 23rd, *Edge Hill Tower*.—Very hard day. No fox.
 26th, *Mitford Bridge*.—Useful day and very hard one. No fox.
 28th, *Harbury Village*.—Very good day's sport, galloping all day. Killed one fox.

From 29th to December 10th.—Frost, and no hunting.

December 16th, *Goldicote House*.—Found a good fox at Eatington Grove; ran by Pillerton, Butler's Marston, over the Warwick Road, where Kineton Station now stands, nearly to Chadshunt, bore to the left right to North End. He beat me between North End and Fenny Compton. My fox was seen by a man to go to the earths at Burton Hill, dead beat. This was a fine run over a sporting country; only wanted a kill to make it perfect. This fox went away without being seen, and was only viewed once near Kineton by one of the Castles, who declared to me that the fox was as big as a wolf. I rode Taglioni; she carried me throughout grand, and jumped the biggest and most awkward stile I ever rode over.

December 19th, *Swalcliffe*.—Very good day's sport; fine scenting day. Our foxes got to ground.

20th, *Burton Toll Gate*.—Capital day's sport. Killed one fox.

21st (bye day), *Pillerton Gorse*.—Found in Eatington Grove; ran fast for twenty-five minutes to Walton, and killed our fox.

23rd, *Moreton Morrell*.—Very fair day. Killed one fox.

24th, *Long Marston*.—Useful day. Killed one fox.

26th, *Ufton Wood*.—Good day's sport. Capital scent. Did not kill.

30th, *Talton House*.—Fair day's sport.

From 31st till January 10th, frost. Hunted at Walton at 11.30 on the 9th, being bad going.

January 13th, *Snitterfield*.—Fair day. Killed one fox.

16th, *Shuckburgh*.—Hard day. Left off at Ufton Wood. Killed one fox.

From Sir. C. Mordaunt's diary:

During the summer I fished two rivers in the Nord Fjord in Norway, where the sea trout run to a great size. During one day my brother and I caught two in the same pool which weighed 21lb. each, an unusual size for a fish of this description. On the way home from on board one of the coasting steamboats I saw the entire Folgefond Glacier, which can only be seen on a very fine day. It is thirty miles in length, and nine miles in breadth, and is one of the largest glaciers in the world.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*:

January 16th.—The meet was at Shuckburgh, when they had a very fast run of twenty-five minutes, flying from Flecknoe Gorse to Braunston Gorse in the Pytchley country.

January 20th.—The meet was at Billesley Hall. They found a fox in Oversley Wood, and made for Red Hill, and over the Stratford Road by Aston, and killed in the open between Little Alne and Henley. Time, one hour and ten minutes.

Bob Worrall's diary (*continued*):

17th, *Farnborough*.—Very good day. Killed one fox.

20th, *Billesley Hall*.—Capital forty-three minutes, with a kill in the open, over a rough country. Killed him to the right of Alcester.

January 21st, *Brailes*.—Drew homewards. Found in Bowshot. Ran forty-five minutes. Killed him in Lighthorne Rough. This was a rare gallop. Scent good, and hounds ran like mad.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *January 21st* the meet was at Brailes, but we did not find until we got to Bowshot, from which covert we had a very brilliant run. The fox went away at once, and ran, leaving Lighthorne Rough to the left, to Chadshunt, and from thence, leaving Itchington Holt to the left, by Gaydon, nearly to Burton Hill, where he was headed, and turned back through Gaydon Spinney in the direction of Kineton; thence bearing to the right, he crossed the road between there and Chadshunt, and the hounds killed him in the open just before he reached Lighthorne Rough, after running for forty-three minutes without a check. Bob Worrall gave me the head of the fox, which is still in good preservation in the hall at Walton. I was well carried by Milk Maid, a white mare of only 15.2 in height, bought from Lord Raglan for 60*l.*, and sold afterwards at Tattersall's to Sir Thomas Whichcote for 230 guineas.

Bob Worrall's diary (*continued*) :

23rd, Harbury Station.—Found at Ladbroke. Ran to the Burton Hills. Lost him. Supposed to have got to ground.

27th, Barford Bridge.—Very good day. Killed two foxes.

28th, Mitford Bridge.—A capital day. Running all day. Killed two foxes.

30th, Wellesbourne Village.—Useful day, and a very hard one. Killed one fox.

31st, Swalcliffe House.—A rare day's sport. Killed two foxes.

February 3rd, Great Kineton.—Good gallop from Kineton Holt, with a kill.

4th, Mitford Bridge.—Very hard unsatisfactory day; bad luck; foxes got headed, and one gentleman overrode hounds; drove them over the line of the fox at a road. I told this gentleman if he had to hunt hounds he would be more careful. This gentleman (Lord Coventry*) after this became master of hounds, and hunted them, and I hope he profited by this lesson I gave him quietly.

6th, Long Itchington.—Rare day's sport. Very good scent. Killed a fox.

February 7th, Bytham House.—Capital day's sport; galloping and jumping all day. Killed one fox.

11th, Ilmington.—Very fair day. Killed one fox.

14th, Wroxton Abbey.—We had a very good day. Ran over a deal of trying country, and killed our last fox at Shutford.

17th, Goldicote House.—Very useful day. Killed one fox.

18th, Weston House.—Very good day; running all day. Killed one fox.

20th, Shuckburgh.—Very good gallop, with a kill.

21st, Church Tysoe.—We had a fine run from Spencer's Gorse to ground at Whichford Wood. This was pronounced by all to be a capital run.

* Lord Coventry, master of the North Cotswold, the Croome, and now Her Majesty's Buckhounds, is, as everyone knows, a first-rate sportsman, and at that time he was a very hard rider. One day he emulated Stephen Goodall's feat of jumping the white gates on the railway, and then the Evenlode. A friend of ours from Christ Church—Mr. "Charlie" Mainwaring—on a horse called Wyndham, tried to follow him. He managed the gates, but went splash into the river. Charlie got pretty well chafed that evening, I remember.—W. R. V.

24th, *Ufton Wood*.—Hard day. Killed one fox.

25th, *Mitford Bridge*.—Hard day.

27th, *Long Marston*.—Very hard day. Plenty of foxes. Scent very bad.

28th, *Wroxton New Inn*.—Fair day; a lot of galloping about. Killed one fox.

The following poem is too excellent to let pass. It is by the late Lord Rosslyn, and was supplied to us by the Rev. H. J. Torre, of Norton Curlieu :

COSTUME OF THE NEW MASTER OF THE QUORN
(MR. HODGSON).

[*Blackwood's Magazine*, February 1st, 1840.]

Hodgson in a bit of pink !

Shade of Stultz, shade of Brummell,
Who of such a sight could think,
Having seen him in the pommel ?

Hodgson in white leathers, tights,
Braces, bumbags, brogues, or breeches
Made to fit like very Flight's,
Till the pressure starts the stitches.

Hodgson in a pair of tops,
Crowning Hoby's buttons bright ;
Reynard's self, when running, stops
A while to gaze on such a sight.

Hodgson in a pair of gloves,
White and Woodstock, deftly fitting ;
Vainly Venus sent her doves
With a pair of her own knitting.

Hodgson in a velvet cap,
Worn by every Midland Master ;
Worn, too, now by many a chap
Who measures sportsmen by the castor.

Glowing pink on Lincoln green
Never warmed that manly back,
Glorious Tom was never seen
Following Fashion's foolish track.

Never did his stalwart knees
Go without those good old caps ;
Hunter never Hodgson sees
Fribbled out like bandbox chaps.

Gloves—the gloves that served for Adam,
 Erst in Eden (Yorkshire tanned),
 Nimrod, Hector, Corbett had 'em,
 Are the gloves for Hodgson's hands.

Hunting is not done by breeches,
 Bits of pink, or waistcoat prim,
 Gloves and guards, and straps and stitches,
 Heart and soul are all for him.

Take them, take those gifts away,
 Gallant Rosslyn! Sterling gold
 Wants no gilding, poets say,
 Spoils not Hodgson's manly mould.

Leave our master in his glory,
 Leave him in his jerkin brown; *
 Leave his noble upper story
 To its broad-brimmed beaver crown.

Leave him his drab winter vest on,
 Leave him in his leathers dun;
 Meynell, Smith, and Osbaldeston,
 Glorious three rolled into one.

Leave him with what first we found him.
 Decked alone with huntsman's horn,
 With his gallant hounds around him,
 Prince of Sportsmen, King of Quorn!

Robert Worrall's diary (*continued*):

March 2nd, Billesley Hall.—Very fair day. Killed one fox.

3rd, Brailes.—Fair day's sport. Killed one fox.

5th, Snitterfield.—Quite a good day, and a very hard one. Killed a brace of foxes in a satisfactory way.

* "Cecil" says: "Mr. Hodgson adopted a peculiarity of costume, when in Leicestershire as a master of hounds, by wearing a brown instead of a scarlet coat. This he was said to have chosen because, having hunted his hounds in person when in the Holderness country, they should not recognise their former huntsman when that trust was deputed to another." "Cecil" was particularly struck with Mr. Hodgson's conciliatory manner with his field (pp. 145, 146, 1854 ed.). "Cecil" also says (p. 373, 1854 ed.): "Uncourteous behaviour is reprehensible in all classes, in none more than in a huntsman." On page 272 he gives rather a good story of the Mr. Boycott who was such a hard rider in Warwickshire, and afterwards hunted his own hounds in Shropshire. A farmer complained that the whipper-in had ridden into a field of wheat to view the fox away. "Ah," said Mr. Boycott, "I have heard all about it; I turned him away." The farmer looked at the two whippers-in, and did not recognise the man. It happened that he had met with an accident, and the kennelman had taken his place. Was this a case of *splendide mendax*?

March 6th, Wormleighton (by invitation).—Found a good fox at Boddington Hill; ran over a big country. Owing to a dog running our fox, I had to give him up near Preston Capes in the Grafton country. Came back to Warden Hill Gorse; chopped a fox; got away with another; had twenty-five minutes round Wardington, and killed him. Very good day's sport.

13th, Swalcliffe.—Good day's sport. Killed two foxes.

16th, Newbold Pacey.—Fair day.

18th, Edge Hill Tower.—I had a very bad cold. Mr. Lucy hunted the hounds. Killed one fox.

23rd, Long Marston.—Blank day.

24th, Milford Bridge.—Fair day. Killed one fox.

26th, Ufton Wood.—Moderate day. Foxes short.

On March 28th a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Spencer Lucy, and his untiring zeal and ardent desire to show sport was suitably acknowledged by a numerous company of county notabilities at the Court House at Warwick. Mr. Bolton King occupied the chair. Mr. Lucy, when acknowledging the toast of his health, said he had always endeavoured to show the best, and as long as he was master he would relax no effort to merit praise from the followers of the Hunt. If he had succeeded in winning their approbation it was sufficient reward. He must say the tenant farmers of Warwickshire were the best preservers of foxes. We rode over their fences and wheat, but, notwithstanding that, they were willing to oblige them in every possible way. A writer in a local paper, professing to be a farmer, had stated that foxhunters were apt to ride over a field of wheat in preference to a grass field, and that if they persisted in doing so he should give them notice not to trespass on his land. He did not think the field were guilty of such a thing. He urged the necessity of preserving foxes, and hoped that a kindly feeling would continue to exist between them to promote the popular and sociable pastime of foxhunting.

Robert Worrall's diary (*continued*) :

30th, Red Hill.—Blank day.

April 2nd, Alcester—To finish the season.—Killed one fox.

Stopped by frost and fog fifteen days. Killed thirty-six brace.

SEASON 1868-69.

September 26th.—Commenced cubhunting at Walton. Good morning. Killed one fox.

28th, *Farnborough*.—Good morning. Killed two foxes.

29th, *Compton Wyniates*.—Good morning. Killed one fox.

October 3rd, *Wiggington Common*.—Good morning. Killed one fox.

Sport was very good through this month.

November 2nd.—Commenced regular hunting at Charlecote Park. Fair day's sport. Killed two foxes.

3rd, *Mitford Bridge*.—Very hard day.

5th, *Walton House*.—Plenty of foxes; plenty of fun. Killed a brace.

6th, *Farnborough*.—Very fine day's sport. No fox.

The next five were bad scenting days, and no sport.

17th, *Mitford Bridge*.—Very good day. Killed two foxes.

20th, *Edge Hill*.—Very hard day.

26th, *Shuckburgh*.—Very good day. Killed one fox.

27th, *Swalecliffe*.—Good day's sport. Killed two foxes.

December 3rd, *Gaydon Inn*.—Very good day. Killed two foxes.

4th, *Wroston New Inn*.—Killed a fox in the morning at Ufton. Drew Kinton Holt in the afternoon. Mr. Lucy was not out; he sent me his grey horse Heads or Tails. I was changing horses in Radway near our blacksmith's forge, and had changed the horn. I was changing in my usual way; when I got into the saddle he plunged out of the second horseman's hands, and sent me flying. I turned a complete somersault, and landed on my feet with my back against the blacksmith's forge, and we did not catch him for some time. Near the Holt I got upon him. Found a fox in the Holt with a good scent; raced him over the turnpike road to ground near Burton Dassett; twenty-five minutes best pace. Heads or Tails carried me well; he jumped some strong posts and rails just after we crossed the road.

I was acquainted with an M.F.H. who bought an aged horse at a screw's price from a farmer, thinking the animal would do to carry his second whipper-in. He then went to London on business, and on his return went to the kennels and asked his stud groom whether the horse was going on well. "Which horse do you mean, my Lord?" said the groom. "Why, the horse I bought from Mr. Wilkins before I went to town, and ordered him to send it here." "That horse," replied the groom, "has been eaten by the hounds, my Lord. What else could I think he was intended for?"

This reminds me that a young man who had lately commenced hunting sent for a veterinary surgeon to see one of his horses, which seemed rather amiss, and he came out to the stable to hear what his opinion was. The veterinary said, "Ah! yer want to know what to do with

'im. Well, now; he's been goin' pretty 'ard to hounds for a dozen seasons or more to my knowledge, has that 'oss. Now, take my advice, don't keep 'em waitin' for 'im any longer. You send 'im to 'em."—C. M.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1868.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	STRES.	DAMS.
Banker	Mr. Drake's Banker	Susan (65)
Beauty	Mr. Drake's Banker	Truelass (63)
Brevity	Mr. Drake's Banker	Spangle (59)
Chorus }	Sorcerer (62)	Crimson*
Comely }		
Castor	Hon. W. H. North's Castor	Lapwing (64)
Conqueror }		
Caroline }		
Clinker }	Trimmer (61)	Columbine †
Chaser }		
Captive }	Duke of Grafton's Nimrod	Dahlia (63)
Driver		
Hazard }	Quorn Hector	Bashful (61)
Hasty }		
Layman }	Quorn Nelson	Lightsome (64)
Landlord }		
Lavender }	Lubin (64)	Garnish (63)
Lexicon }		
Lively }	Render (61)	Midnight (60)
Monarch }		
Marquis }	Duke of Grafton's Nimrod	Stately (62)
Nathan		
Nabob }	Nestor (66)	Trinket (61)
Nigel }		
Novelty }	Raglan ‡	Bauble (64)
Roguish }		
Remedy }	Raglan ‡	Charlotte (61)
Rockwood }		
Rutland }	Regent §	Sanguine (62)
Render }		
Roman }	Trimmer (61)	Butterfly (65)
Racket }		
Trueman		

* By Lord H. Bentinck's Rebel—his Concord. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a four-year-old in 1866.

† By Brocklesby Vaulter—their Columbine. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a two-year-old in 1866.

‡ By Belvoir Rallywood—their Pastime. Bought as a five-year-old by Mr. Lucy in 1866.

§ By Mr. Drake's Sparkler—his Rosy. Bought as a three-year-old by Mr. Lucy in 1866.

7th, Wellesbourne.—Very useful day. Killed one fox round Walton and Compton. Very large field out.

11th, *Bytham House*.—Good day. Killed two foxes.

14th, *Newbold Pacey*.—Fair day's sport. Killed one fox.

17th, *Shuckburgh*.—Good gallop over a fine country by Napton, nearly to Sontham, with a kill.

18th, *Tysoe Village*.—Ran from Edge Hill to Pillerton, with a kill.

21st, *Goldicote House*.—Very hard day. Found in Alveston Pastures; ran to Wellesbourne Wood, Smatchley Brake into Walton, changed foxes. Found a fresh fox at Walton Wood, ran to Bowshot; lost him; went home.

22nd, *Mitford Bridge*.—Very good day, very hard one; did not get home till late.

24th, *Ufton Wood*.—Unsatisfactory day; ought to have had a good run. Got well away from Ufton; after going for several fields, pointing to Lad-broke, our fox got headed by a shooting party; went back into Ufton Wood, where we hunted him a long time with a poor scent; gave him up. Found a fox in a small covert near Ufton, ran twenty minutes, killed him in some buildings.

26th, *Snitterfield*.—We had a good run to Claverdon. Lost him; this was a capital gallop.

31st, *Wellesbourne*.—Very good day. Killed one fox.

January 5th, 1869, *Mitford Bridge*.—We had two good runs. Only wanted a kill to make it perfection.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On January 5th I went to hunt at Mitford Bridge, and was accompanied by the late Colonel Edward Chaplin, of the Coldstream Guards. The master was not out, and no one else except ourselves came out all day. There was sufficient frost to prevent hunting till twelve o'clock, at which time the hounds were put into Wolford Wood, and Bob Worrall got them away very soon with a fox. They ran first in the direction of Batsford, but turned to the right, and continued down the Vale between Aston Hailes and Dunsden; and, leaving Todenham on the left, ran nearly to the Golden Cross, and from thence back again to Wolford Wood. This run lasted an hour and a quarter, nearly all over a grass country, and most of it was fast. In Wolford Wood several fresh foxes were on foot, and one of these soon crossed the high road into the spinney on the other side of it. Bob Worrall, thinking that the fox might be the hunted one, placed his two whippers-in at intervals round the spinney, and remained himself at another place, and asked us to assist him at two other places. At this time it began to rain hard, but the scent was as good as before, and the fox, after going several times round the spinney, went away close by Hastings, the first whip. As we galloped away with the hounds close to the fox's brush, I heard Bob Worrall say, "Hastings, you've done very wrong." He answered, "How could I help it? It's a fresh fox." The pack ran without the slightest check nearly to Barton Grove, and thence between Little Compton and Chasleton to Salford Osiers, six miles as the crow flies, and seven miles as they ran, nearly straight, in thirty-five minutes. When the osier bed was reached it was beginning to get dark, and Bob Worrall viewed what he thought was the hunted fox going away from the covert; but this turned out to be a small, rough sheepdog with a long tail, and Bob got his hounds away, and laid them on to the dog, and by the time he had found out his mistake it was too late to kill the hunted fox, and so this splendid day's sport ended without

blood, which the hounds so well deserved. I thought that to have seen such a day's sport, when the field *only consisted of two*, must be a unique experience of hunting in any country, but particularly in "the Shires." Rode Limerick and Statesman.

On *January 7th* the hounds had a very fast run without a check, from Warwick Park to Walton. I was in my study, and saw the hounds in the garden. No one was with them, and no one came up for twenty minutes, and then Bob Worrall arrived alone. One of my labourers in Friz Hill saw the hunted fox just before the hounds, and they may have killed him and come with a fresh fox into the garden. I think the field were stopped by the Ashorne Brook, which was very high. Lord Willoughby's horse broke his back at the brook.*

I was dining out on a non-hunting day with an elderly gentleman, at a bachelors' party. His favourite spaniel was under the table, and one of the guests kicked the dog, because he said he was always whining. Our host said, in his usual stammering voice, "Pray d-d-don't k-k-kick him; he is not making any noise. It's my c-c-confounded asthma."†—C. M.

Bob Worrall's diary (*continued*) :

7th, Charlecote Park.—Had a good run from Warwick Park to Walton. Lost him near the house.

8th, Wroxton Abbey.—Very good day. Killed one fox.

11th.—The run from Red Hill, recorded on an earlier page by Worrall.

This appears to have been an extraordinary week for scent, and within the week the hounds had five first class runs.

18th, Talton House.—Capital run. Killed a fox.

19th, Mitford Bridge.—Capital day's sport. Killed a fox.

21st, Shuckburgh.—Good run; ran to Welton Place; changed foxes, and he beat me. Several got into the Braunston Brook. Taglioni carried me well.

22nd, Swalecliffe.—Capital day's sport. Killed a fox.

February 1st, Charlecote Village.—Found in Hampton Wood. There was a fearful rough wind. A fox jumped up in view of the hounds, went away down wind over the Warwick Sewage Farm, near to the racecourse; over the Warwick Road into Warwick Park. Whilst I was pulling the fence down, hounds got ahead, and raced the fox round the park.

* He was a long backed chesnut horse, a sweet fencer.—W. R. V.

† *Abiit*—he went out to dinner.

Excessit—he had too much to drink.

Evassit—he said it was the salmon.

Erupit—he was violently sick.—C. M.

Whilst galloping through the flooded furrows, galloped into a back brook in mistake, flooded, had a nasty cropper; my mare nearly cut her hoof off with over-reach. Got up, met hounds coursing their fox across the bridge over the Avon, where they killed him under my horse; only myself and whippers-in there. Lord Willoughby was field master, Mr. Lucy not out. His Lordship and most of the field went to Grove Park, thinking we were gone there; when I got into the turnpike road, only Mr. Bolton King to be seen. As my mare was so lame, and no signs of anyone else, Mr. King ordered me home; if anything was said, he would be answerable. This was an extraordinary day.

5th, Farnborough.—Capital day's sport. Killed a leash. This was a capital day's sport; went over a deal of country; left off near Ufton Wood.

11th, Shuckburgh.—Ran from the Hill to Flecknoe, and lost. Found at Ladbroke, and ran to Staverton Wood; killed him just outside the wood. This was a capital run over a fine country; time, just over the hour Taglioni carried me well. Colonel Anstruther Thompson was out, and saw the run.*

15th, Ilmington.—Very good day. Killed a brace; 25 minutes, with one kill in the open.

16th, Weston House.—Very good day. Killed a brace.

March 1st, Warwick Park.—Nice gallop, and killed him.

8th, Pillerton Toll Bar.—Nice gallop; 25 minutes, to ground.

9th, Mitford Bridge.—Very good day's sport. Killed a brace.

16th, Weston House.—Fine day's sport. Nice gallop from Rollwright to ground; 30 minutes.

24th, Wolford Wood.—Very good day. Killed a brace.

Killed during the season, 30½ brace.

I believe it was in the season of 1867. We had been in the Brailes country; we were going home; when we got near to Tysoe, someone said to Mr. Lucy: "That patch of gorse looks like holding a fox." "Shall I draw it, sir?" "Yes," Mr. Lucy said, "if you like." Just as I got to the gorse, I viewed a fine fox sneak away through the fence. I clapped the hounds on his back; they ran like mad past Farnborough, over the brook, to ground in a drain near Cropredy Station. Being in the Bicester country, had to leave him. Mr. R. Chapman was out. There were only about eight when we found. I believe Lord Willoughby was the first to the brook; all that were there got over well. Miss Davy was amongst them. This was a splendid gallop; had the drain been stopped we must have killed him, as I viewed him in the last field just in front of the hounds.

At the end of the season of 1868-1869, Bob' Worrall left the Warwickshire, and on May 20th he was invited by the farmers and tradesmen of the Warwickshire country to a complimentary dinner at the White Lion Hotel, Banbury, and was presented with a silver horn and a purse of 108 guineas. Mr. Samuel Berridge, of Drayton, occupied the chair and made the presentation, and the large number of subscriptions bore the best testimony to Worrall's

* This is the run mentioned in Bob Worrall's reminiscences.—W. R. V.

popularity, and this mark of appreciation of the fine sport which he had shown is one of which he may well be proud.

The late Lord Willoughby, when Mr. Barnard, was once hunting with his friend, Squire Drake. They had a very good run, and killed their fox in a farmyard. A Frenchman was out, probably for the first time. He rode his horse at the gate into the yard, and got an imperial crowner into a manure heap. He got up in a sorry condition, and began abusing his horse. The squire, with his usual kindness of heart, said he should like to give him the brush. "He has really gone very well, but I can't talk their lingo." A gentleman offered to do what he could, and took the brush to the Frenchman with this neat and appropriate speech: "*Monsieur, du part de Monsieur Drake j'ai l'honneur de vous presenter la queue de renard.*" Monsieur Alphonse drew himself up very stiffly, and responded, "*Monsieur, peut-être je ne suis pas bon Cavalier, mais cependant je n'ai pas mérite la queue.*"

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary:

During June and July I fished the Sira river in Norway. The salmon in this river are different from any that I have seen before. They are marked all over with spots like a sea trout. The river is five miles in length, and flows out of a lake ten miles in length, beyond which is another river flowing out of a small lake of two miles in length, at the top of which was a village, where we stayed. This lake was of extreme beauty, the water being like an emerald in colour, and the bottom could be seen at a depth of 20ft. Fifty trout could be caught with the fly in it by one rod in a day, and average 1lb. in weight. The lake and the valley beyond were surrounded by mountains so steep that it was only possible to make an ascent from one place, up a gully near the lake. I went up this, and was accompanied by a Norseman, and remained out for two nights on the mountains. On the way up I saw my brother catch two salmon in the upper river. We found reindeer stalking, which we attempted, a very unprofitable amusement; and we had no tent, as the gully was too steep to carry one up. On our return we descended it, and I asked the Norseman whether he had ever seen an avalanche fall down it. He replied that he often had seen one in winter, but never during the summer. Two days afterwards I was fishing in the lake with my brother, and we landed to have luncheon on the shore opposite the gully. After a short time I heard a noise which caused me to look up, and at the top of the mountain above the gully I saw what looked like the upsetting of a salt cellar. This was the beginning of an avalanche, and in a short time the gully was swept by it, and we saw several fir trees knocked to pieces in a moment by the rocks and stones. The whole of it fell sheer into the lake, not more than 200 yards from us. There was very little snow on the

mountain top, and for that reason, no doubt, an avalanche at this place had never happened in the summer, but I think it had been started by a piece of rock breaking off at the top. The Norwegian told me that during the previous winter he had been out after reindeer, and could not get nearer to them than 300 yards, but he fired a shot which happened to kill one of the best of the herd. He gave me the horns, which are in the hall at Walton, and they carry 42 points.

Hunting in Warwickshire sixty or seventy years ago from the diary of a huntsman, probably "Jack Wood," in his own vernacular language.

1829, *March 19th, Compton Verne* and drod Boshot and not found and then drod Syide Hill, and found, but don nothing with him, it was so dry, then the Hangings for Frishill, and found and run about there all day back-herd and fourrerds and then cum home.

March 21st Ufton Hous (Ufton House) and drod a patch of gos and found and chopt him; then the new covert But not found, then thornton Bottoms, but not found, then farnbough (Farnborough) and found at the ous, and went for finny cumtom wourf (Fenny Compton Wharf), and tou Burton dasset curch, then to frog Hall farm, then cros they Kinton rod for tyiso (Tysoe) and killed him, then cum home; that wos hour ower (an hour and over) and thirty-five minits, a good huntin run.

March 25th was to Studley, but did not drou.

March 24th was Coton Park, and not found, But found at ruf Hill, and run him to hullenhill and stop them and cum home.

Marc's 24th (sic) was Spernal Park, and not found, and drod all the woods on to Assom Grove Befour we found, then we dun nothin then cum home.

March 28th, Midford Bridg and Drod the Heath and not found, then Fork ges and found and went a way over Briels Hill, and stret to hunnington, then tou Hafford bridge, then tou Muster Shirley's, Heddinton Park, then tou brick hill gos, and then to Oxhill, and to tyeso and kield im in the hice ous at Compton Winnats; that was tou owers and twenti minnits, then cum hom, un that finished a vere gud seson.

This diary reminds me of a letter I had when I was at Oxford from my mother's keeper, Thomas Creed (afterwards at Chadshunt and Wroxton Abbey), and a stauncher fox preserver never wore velveteen coat. I wrote to ask him how the pheasants were getting on at Kineton Holt, and whether there was a litter of cubs. This was the answer:

HONED SIR,

The peasants are douing well. The vixon As coubs, but a bager As druv them out. I 'ave shot the beast. He wade 26lb.

I am, Sir,

Your obdiant survent,

THOMAS CREED.

I remember we were running in the Vale, and Thomas, who was then keeper at Chadshunt, viewed the fox near the osiers at the bottom of Water Lane. Lord Willoughby very nearly jumped over him. All he said was: "How long has he gone, Thomas?" Thomas, without moving or winking, pulls out his watch. "Exactly four minutes, my Lord." His end was sad. He caught diphtheria, with all his family, at Wroxton, and he was obliged to be moved, but no one would take him in, so great was the scare at the time. He was taken to a hastily constructed bothy, but soon died, as he had lived—in the woods.—W. R. V.

I remember on one occasion, when the hounds met at Walton, asking the keeper, William Taylor, which covert he thought most certain to hold a fox. He replied, "Eight Men's Marth." I said I thought that there was not enough lying in it, but his answer to that was, "Sometimes the most unlikeliest places are more likelier than the likeliest."—C. M.

One of the best riders in the country was Mr. William Chamberlayne, of Stoney Thorpe. He was a light weight, and always rode thoroughbred horses up to 11st. 7lb. He could make them go anywhere, and was a finished horseman, and invariably managed to get a good start with hounds, and to keep it to the end of many good runs. Living where he did, he had a great experience of hunting in the best part of the Warwickshire country, as well as in the best parts of the Pytchley, Bicester, and Grafton Hunts, on most days of the week. He hunted for twenty-eight years until 1877, when he broke his thigh owing to a fall over timber off the Braunston dam in the Shuckburgh country, and was unable to ride to hounds *again*. He was riding a mare called Isabel, mentioned on a later page. At the time when he was being carried through Braunston Village, when he spoke first after the fall, he said to the first man who came to see what had happened, "Has Charles Orvis killed his

fox? ”* Mr. Chamberlayne was for five months unable to move from his bed. Two years afterwards he began to ride again, and when returning home close by Thorpe Rough, as he was opening a gate his horse backed too far, and fell back upon him in a deep ditch, where he remained in a frightful position for an hour before he was found with the horse lying upon him, and with his thigh again broken, as well as his arm and his shoulder! He was then laid up again for three months.

Mr. John Mordaunt, of Staple Hill, was another noted good rider to hounds. He was an excellent judge of a horse, and had at various times some very fine hunters, and no one knew better how to ride them; his skill and judgment enabled him to see the end of the best runs. He was for several years secretary to the Hunt until he left the country, when a cordial vote of thanks was accorded to him for his efficient services. He had been in the Eton eleven, and was for long afterwards a very good cricketer. He was a cheery and amusing companion and a general favourite. His best hunters were a bay mare, before mentioned; a chesnut horse called Tenbury, bought by Sir C. Mordaunt; and a bay horse called Good Boy.

Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins (Mr. Merton), who was at this time living at Upton House, was a great sportsman and a famous rider. His name was a household word in the Warwickshire country, and so great was his popularity that when he left the country his many friends gave him a dinner, which took place in London on October 19th, 1894. on which occasion his portrait was presented to him. He was for many years a most energetic secretary to the Hunt; he was the owner of some celebrated steeplechase horses. He was also a most enthusiastic cricketer.

The Rev. Francis Annesley was a well-known sporting

* Mrs. Godman had a terrible fall in the same run, and cut her foot very badly. Clashmore hit a binder into the Flecknoe and Braunston road, and turned completely over. I sent a man to fetch Lord Willoughby back. "Where shall I find him?" he said. "With the hounds, of course," I answered. Curiously enough, Lord Willoughby had fallen into the same road out of the next field. Old Mr. Goodman lent us his brougham, and we heard of Mr. Chamberlayne's sad accident on our way back to Southam.—W. R. V.

divine, one of the old school, and the owner of a little covert called Gally Oak, on the edge of the Vale of Evesham, from which the Warwickshire have had many good runs. He lived in his old, quaint, and beautiful black and white Manor House at Clifford Chambers, but was also vicar of the parish. For many years he hunted more or less regularly with the Warwickshire hounds. Many stories are told of him, more or less true. We have only space for a few.

One year he was staying at a friend's house in the spring, and was asked to stop over the Sunday for some rook shooting the next week; so, being overpersuaded, he wrote home to his clerk to put up a notice to say that he would not be at home, and there would be no service. In a post-script he added (not for publication), "The rook shooting will be very good." The clerk put up the notice: "There will be no service next Sunday, as Mr. Annesley can't come home on account of the rook shooting being so good."

He was once dining with the Squire of E——, who boasted quite as ancient a descent as his own, but perhaps thought more of it.* Some very old vintage port was produced, upon the excellence of which the Squire dilated to his reverend friend. "It is very old, Annesley. I marvel why it has not disappeared long ago." "I don't marvel at all," was the answer, "if you don't pass it a little faster than you are doing to-night."

Mr. Annesley was an hereditary trustee of the British Museum, and used to attend the meetings pretty regularly. One day he got a tip from the waiter at the restaurant near as to the hours when the Museum should be opened. He brought it forward as his own suggestion, and I believe it was unanimously adopted. He died in 1875, aged eighty, and was succeeded at Clifford Chambers by his nephew, the Rev. F. H. Annesley, an excellent sportsman, but not a foxhunter. He has lately let Clifford Chambers, having accepted the living of Gayton, in Staffordshire. We

* Speaking of the Squire of E——'s fondness for heraldry, I once heard a lady say of him: "I believe he is jealous of his own son because he has got one more ancestor than himself."—C. M.

were told a good story in connection with this district. It was at the time of the Egyptian War. One old farmer said to another, "So they've taken old Araby, and packed him off to Ceylon?" "Taken Araby have they? What a shame! Poor 'armless old gentleman, and did a lot of good in the country, too." He thought his friend was speaking of Lord Harrowby.

Mr. Frederick Townsend, of Honington, was a good rider, and had at the same time two very good chesnut horses which were first-class hunters. He afterwards for several years represented South-West Warwickshire in the Conservative interest. He also had, in later years, a very good grey horse, which he sold to the Rev. C. P. Causton, Rector of Stretton-on-Fosse—a capital sportsman; also a big brown horse called Buckskin, a capital hedger. He lent him to Lord W. de Broke, and I had a day or two on him. When I got on him at the kennels the first time, I said: "Is this horse quiet, and what do you call him?" "He's very quiet," was the answer, "and us calls him *Freddy*." "That'll do," I said; "let his head go," and I had a very comfortable ride.—W. R. V.

Captain Peach, of Idlicote (late of the Royal Horse Guards), was a zealous supporter of the Warwickshire, and the owner of a large stud of very fine weight-carrying hunters. One of his brother officers, who often stayed with him, Mr. Gambier (the Bolter), was a very short-sighted, hard rider. I remember his jumping into the middle of an old woman's very small cabbage garden. He nearly killed her, and was thrown with violence against the wall of the cottage. On another occasion he jumped a brook, which made a circle in a large field, rode straight on, and jumped it back again into the same field.—C. M.

Mr. Corbett Holland Corbett, of Admington, was a very well-known figure in Warwickshire, where he hunted for thirty years, and no better or harder rider has been seen in any country. He has broken nearly every bone in his body, and some of them twice over. He kept a pack of harriers with which he occasionally hunted a stag, and we shall, at

a later period, record a famous run with them. One of his best hunters was Red Coat, on which an excellent portrait of him has been painted.

The Honourable E. Chandos Leigh, Q.C., was devoted to hunting, and was a conspicuously fine rider, always in the front rank notwithstanding his weight of 15st. We are indebted to him for some excellent descriptions of good runs, and we shall record that he was one of few who were at the finish of several famous runs. One of his best hunters was Red Coat, above mentioned, which he bought from Mr. Holland Corbett.

Lord Camperdown was for many years one of the best supporters of the Warwickshire. He was a very hard rider, and particularly fond of jumping water. On more than one occasion on the same horse he succeeded in getting over very wide brooks which were not jumped clear by anyone else. He thought nothing of hunting at *Shuckburgh* from *Weston House*, and riding home again. I remember 1864, when, as Lord Duncan, he made a gallant fight for the Liberal party. He went to the house of a farmer, who had for years been an ardent Conservative, and asked him for his vote, but he naturally received a reply in the negative. In the meantime they sat down to luncheon, and during the repast the farmer said, pointing to a round of beef, of which only part had been eaten, "My lord, if you will finish that round of beef, I will vote for you," meaning this, no doubt, as a joke. Lord Duncan by slow degrees finished it before leaving the table, and told the astonished farmer "that he must be as good as his word," and such was undoubtedly the case, for he gave him his vote on the polling day, amidst much chaff from his own friends on both sides. In the meantime, thinking the farmers' vote safe in the Conservative interest, I did more urgent work which was required in the neighbourhood first, and did not call upon him for some time. When I did so I was shown into the parlour, where his two daughters were, until his arrival, as he was out on the farm. After talking to them for a few minutes one of

them burst into tears, and when I inquired what could be the matter, she told me the story which I have above related, and that "Father's vote was gone beyond recall."—C. M.

Lord Camperdown once came down from Oxford to a coursing match his uncle's tenants had got up at Weston. He soon found it rather slow, so did not rest till he had borrowed Mr. Rainbow's horse, which he rode at a wide place in the brook which runs between Barton and Weston. The bank broke, and he got a regular souser. It is not at all unlikely that he travelled back to Oxford in his wet clothes. I have known him skate at Compton Verney all day, and then start off to walk back to Weston (seventeen miles) quite late at night. He had a very bad fall near Watergall once, and lamed his horse, and had to walk him back to Weston. I got Mrs. Verney to write to Lady Camperdown to ask how he got home. The answer was that "it was the first she had heard of it." I remember how he bought his best brook jumper. He was a very common looking horse, but he told me that he saw a whip of H.M. Staghounds ride him through a pond, and jump out of it over some very high rails on to the G.W.R., and that he determined he would have him, which he did, and rode him for many seasons.

I remember once we ran a fox into a patch of gorse near White's Bushes. The huntsman was not there, and I came up rather in a flurry, saying, "Where is he? Where is he?" "Hush!" said Mr. Holland Corbett, "Camperdown's going to have the brook." I looked down the valley, and there was his lordship riding straight down the hill away from the hounds, at the brook in the bottom.

I asked Lord Camperdown one season how many falls he had had. "I've had fifty," he said, "but then *I gave up counting.*" I made a nonsense rhyme about it:

Some sportsmen there were who would scamper down,
At fences after Lord Camperdown;
But when this young Earl got his fiftieth purl,
They ceased to follow Lord Camperdown.

Mr. Ernest Cassel was the only gentleman who broke this record.—W. R. V.

A very good story is told of this Mr. Rainbow, mentioned above, who used to hunt a good deal when he was a younger man, but afterwards was not quite so keen. Many years later he took a farm at Barton, and was Major Wilberforce Bird's bailiff as well. It was when the present Lord Willoughby hunted the hounds, and there was a very celebrated dog in the pack called Rainbow, a dark black and tan hound, by Mr. Muster's Forager. He was a famous drawer, and very keen on a fox, and was quite a nuisance at a drain or when they had killed. They ran into a fox in the kitchen garden at Barton House, and it was some time before the staff got up. A great many foot people, amongst them Mr. Rainbow, turned up in that strange way that foot people always do when a fox is killed. Presently Lord Willoughby and his men arrived, and there was some confusion in getting the fox out through a narrow doorway. His lordship was heard to exclaim, "Look here, Jack, we shall never do any good till we get a rope round that Rainbow's neck." People say that our friend walked off looking rather scared, and fingering his neck. It's what they call "ben trovato."—W. R. V.

Mr. Lupton, of Stratford-on-Avon, was a good sportsman, and a capital rider to hounds. He rode a thoroughbred horse called Burton, which carried him always in the first flight. He was the author of several good hunting poems and songs.

Some of the best riders amongst the farmers were Mr. Wilson, of Ilmington, and his son Mr. E. P. Wilson, the famous steeplechase rider; Mr. Clifford, of the Mill, Clifford Chambers, who rode a capital chesnut mare; Mr. James Milward, of Bidford; Mr. Samuel Berridge, of Drayton; Mr. George Smith, of Ailston, on his roan chesnut horse; Mr. Boddington, of Cubbington; Mr. Sarjeant, of Long Itchington, who hunted for more than fifty years; Mr. E. P. Knott, of the Grange, Fenny

Compton; Mr. Goodman, of Catesby Abbey, now of Flecknoe; and Mr. Dadley, of Loxley. Mr. Fairbrother, of Burton Dassett, deserves especial notice in a work of this kind. He is a thoroughly representative tenant farmer and yeoman. He has for the greater part of his lifetime hunted with the Warwickshire Hounds, and is still a capital rider, and has made hunters of many good young horses and sold them. He is still in the Warwick-

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1869.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIREs.	DAMs.
Admiral } Actor } Ajax } Bouncer } Bluecap } Comus } Garland } Governor } Gossamer } Ruler } Rufus } Ransom } Sportive } Sontag } Skilful } Scornful } Sylvia } Trimmer } Tuneful } Truelass } Warlock } Watchman }	Abelard (63) Regent Mr. Drake's Banker Mr. Drake's Guardian Mr. Drake's Guardian Mr. Drake's Guardian Raglan Raglan Hector (67) Trimmer (61) Wildboy (64)	Bonnybell (62) Bounty (64) Tragedy (65) His Constant His Midnight His Spangle Stately (62) Flourish (63) Sanguine (62) Dahlia (63) Lapwing (64)

shire Yeomanry. Also Mr. Fred. Fabling, of Worm-leighton; Mr. Rich, jun., a clever steeplechase rider; and Mr. Joseph Hall, of Horley, now of Ufton, a heavy weight, but a capital man to hounds, and with his fists.

SEASON 1869-70.

When Bob Worrall left in 1869 he was succeeded by T. Hastings, who had been first whipper-in, as huntsman. Charles Orvis was first whipper-in, and J. Tribick second.

Mr. Lucy hunted the hounds on two days a week himself, and Hastings hunted them on the other two days.

That good sportsman, Mr. George Smith, of Weston Sands, has supplied us with a short diary, from which we give a few extracts :

November 9th.—First day, Charlecote. Found Oakley Wood; ran nearly to Harbury. Second, Chesterton Pool; ran a fast ring. A very good day.

November 26th, Svalcliffe.—First, Wiggington Heath; ran to Wroxton. Second, from near Wroxton; ran fast round Broughton, over the bottom and Stone Wall top, and on nearly to Adderbury to Bloxham Grove, and killed in bottom. Very good run; seventeen miles to covert, twenty-three home. Rode Roscoe.

December 24th, Church Tysoe.—Found Spencer's Gorse; very fast to Oxhill, fifteen minutes very good; to bottom of Edge Hill, forty-two minutes; to Round House, fifty minutes. Changed foxes, and killed one at Sunrising. Very good day. Rode Kitty.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, January 8th, 1870 :

The Warwickshire had a good day over the plough on Thursday last. The meet was at Ufton Wood. Debdale was the first draw, and no sooner were the hounds thrown in than they gave tongue. They rattled him straight through the covert, and he made his point for Leamington Hastings, over a fine grass country; he was, however, headed, and turned short back straight through the covert again, and broke at the lower end, pointing for Long Itchington, crossing the road as if for Print Hill; when at the river he was headed, and turned into New Fields, bearing down the meadows to Hunningham Coppice. The country being very deep had a great effect upon the field, which at this point was anything but compact, Reynard still bearing as if for Offchurch; but made another turn to the right, and charged the river midway between Weston Mill and Hunningham Bridge, the only two negotiable places, so that the hounds had it all to themselves up to Cubbington Wood, where they lost him, but before anyone could get up to them they had another on foot, which they ran through Waverley, Wappenbury, Princethorpe, and Rytton Woods in good style. The hounds worked admirably, and the pace up to Cubbington Wood was fast enough to please the most fastidious,

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *January 21st*,* 1870, there was a good deal of frost, and the fixture, which had been made for Wroxton New Inn, was in consequence altered to Chadshunt. A fox was found in the laurels of the garden, and went away over the best line of country, over the Kineton and Southam road, and over

* On this day I rode my sister's mare Emerald first, and the Fawn, that I bought from Lord Rosebery, second horse. She won the Ch. Ch. Grind. Jockey, Mr. Gerald Duncombe. Emerald was a good mare, but the Fawn was a soft-hearted brute. I was dining with Mr. John Lucy the next day, and he said, in his punctilious manner, "I hear—you had—a very good run yesterday—Mr. Verney." "Yes, Sir," I said, "we had a clinker." "And I hear—you had—a very good place." I was just about pleased with a little bit of praise from such a veteran foxhunter.—W. R. V.

Sir Charles Mordaunt.

1870.

**From a photograph by
Elliott and Fry.**

From a photograph by
Elliott and Fry.
1870.
Sir Charles Woodard.



the Chadshunt Brook near the osier bed; thence he passed by Marlborough and Old Leys, and between Avon Dassett and Warmington straight down the Vale. Thence he turned to the right by Shotteswell to Hanwell, and across the Banbury and Warwick road to Drayton, thence through the Allotment Gardens to Withycombe Covert, which he passed on the left, and the scent failed in the road near Broughton Castle. Thus this gallant fox escaped, after a splendid run of an hour and forty-five minutes, nearly all over grass; the distance from point to point being ten miles, and about fourteen miles as hounds ran—not much out of the straight line. I rode Limerick, a horse which I had bought near that place after he had run third in a steeplechase over so severe a course that two horses were killed by falling at the fences. I hunted him for eleven seasons, and he was then buried on the hill above the lake at Walton, where many other old favourites lie. It is said that it is given to a man only to possess one really good horse in his lifetime, and he was certainly the best I ever rode. He had a curious habit of laying his ears back when he was put at a fence, although he was full of courage. I used to have sandwiches* with plenty of mustard in them, as well as a small piece of cold fried plum pudding, and on several occasions, when I did not require all of these, I gave them to Limerick, who ate first one and then the other as he was with the bridle in his mouth.

Amongst those who hunted at this time were Lord Somerville (afterwards unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse), Mr. Everard, of Ladbroke Hall; Lord Leigh, Lord St. Lawrence, a hard rider; Lady Pole,† of Todenham; on her celebrated white horse; Captain Lomax, Captain Eyton, Captain Painter, Mr. Greaves, of Barford; Captain Allfrey, of Alveston, of whom we shall make mention later; Mr. J. F. Starkey, Captain Armstrong, of North Lodge, Kineton; Captain Robertson, Colonel Campbell, of Wellesbourne; Captain Paulet, of Wellesbourne; Captain Pritchard Rayner, a very good rider; Mr. Holden, of Leamington; Mr. Rennie, of Leamington, who had the largest stud of hunters in the country, chiefly ridden by his groom; Mr. Thursby, of Wormleighton; Mr. and Mrs.

* Origin of the word "Sandwich." The old Lord Sandwich passed twenty-four hours at the gaming table. He was so absorbed in the game that he had no sustenance all the time except a bit of beef between slices of bread.—*Sporting Magazine*.

† I remember on one occasion, when Lord Willoughby de Broke hunted the hounds, a fox was run to ground in one of the main earths of Wolford Wood, belonging to Sir Peter Pole. Lady Pole, on the white horse, was close at hand, her groom, by her side, having hold of her horse's bridle rein, which was quite usual. Lord Willoughby spoke to her, perhaps rather crossly, on account of the earth not being stopped. After a time it was too much for the good lady, and she burst into tears. Between the intervals of her sobs, she said: "I assure you, Lord Willoughby, that when dear Sir Peter hears about this he will be heartbroken." Sir Peter Pole was a good supporter of hunting and a fine specimen of the old English school of country gentlemen.—C. M.

Jessop, Mr. Yate Hunt, Mr. Berkeley Lucy, Mr. Woodmass, Mr. Flower, Major Manley, of Upton; Mr. Welchman, of Southam; Mr. Fisher, of Banbury; Mr. Andrew Robertson, of Banbury; Mr. G. Duppa, Colonel Blackburn, and Mr. Tom Wright, of Tidmington.

Amongst the farmers who hunted were Mr. Fletcher, of Paxford Blakemore, a hard rider; Mr. E. Scriven, of Wormleighton; Mr. H. Hawkes, Mr. J. Hawkes, Mr. Godson, of Edge Hill House; Mr. Anderton, of Sugarswell Farm; Mr. George Hitchcox, of Hinton, a capital rider; Mr. W. Eldridge and Mr. J. Eldridge, both noted riders; Mr. French, of Hanwell; Mr. Chamberlain; Mr. Page and Mr. C. Savage, both of Warmington; Mr. Wright, of Priors Marston, a hard rider; the Messrs. Potter, of Farnborough (3); Mr. Bawcutt, of Burton; Mr. J. Griffin, a good rider; Mr. F. Wood, of Bodicote; Mr. W. Coles, of Edge Hill Tower; Mr. Garrett, of Tadmarton; and Mr. Page, of Adderbury.

From Sir Charles Mordaunt's diary :

On *March 3rd* the meet was at Newbold Pacey, and the ground was so hard that when galloping over the grass the dust flew up under the horses' feet. A very small, scrubby looking fox was found at Oakley Wood, and went away at once over the high road, pointing for Highdown; but he turned to the right, and, leaving Chesterton Wood on the right, passed across Harbury Heath to the right of Bishops Itchington, and thence leaving Ladbroke to the left, ran across Wills Pastures, and across the Canal, and over Boddington Hill to Boddington Reservoir, and the line could not be hit off beyond that place. This was a slow hunting run over about seventeen miles of the finest country, and lasted two hours and forty-five minutes; the distance from point to point being thirteen miles, and as the hounds did not go into a covert, perhaps the run was with one fox only. Rode Isabel. Isabel was a very good bay mare, which I bought from Mr. Cavendish Bentinck for 100*l.*, and rode for eight seasons. She was then bought at Tattersall's by Mr. W. Chamberlayne, who was riding her when he met with his serious accident.

On *December 24th*, 1870, Chelmscote Gorse, more commonly called Spencer's Gorse, and named after that good fox preserver Mr. Spencer, on whose farm it was planted, was drawn for the first time, and there was very little lying in the covert at that time. The fox went away at once, with the hounds close to his brush. They ran down the Vale nearly to Oxhill, and then turned to the right in a field quite full of ant hills, and passed to the left of Tysoe, over the Banbury and Stratford road, pointing for Kineton Holt; but they turned to the right before reaching it, and ran the fox to ground nearly in view at Edge Hill, after a splendid run of fifty minutes without a check over grass. Lord Camperdown went very well in this run. Rode Limerick.

In June and July, 1870, I caught 117 salmon and fifty sea trout in the River Rauma, in Norway, weighing 1305lb.—C. M.

SEASON 1870-71.

At the end of the season of 1869-1870 the annual meeting of subscribers to the hounds took place at Wellesbourne, and it was agreed that the present arrangement for hunting the country, namely, two days a week by

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1870.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Abelard } Agent } Artful }	Abelard (63)	Trinket (61)
Coaxer } Clasher * } Charity }	Nestor (66)	Careless (67)
Guardian	Mr. Drake's Guardian	Spangle †
Harbinger	Hector (67)	Tidings (63)
Lancaster	Regent	Lightsome (64)
Nettler } Nosegay } Nemesis }	Nestor (66)	Midnight ‡
Nightshade } Nigel	Herod (67)	Nancy §
Stately	Duke of Grafton's Senator..	Mr. Drake's Sybil
Trimbush } Tarquin } Tulip }	Mr. Drake's Guardian	Torment (67)
Tinsel } Warrior } Welcome }	Wildboy (64)	Rapid (64)

* Clasher, a good looking dog, with a great deal of bone, and very good in his work. Remarkably good drawer; he almost always found the fox first.

† By Mr. Drake's Rascal—his Spangle. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a two-year-old in 1866.

‡ By Mr. Drake's Furrier—his Matron. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a three-year-old in 1866.

§ By Belvoir Nimrod—Sir W. W. Wynn's Stately. Bought by Hon. W. North as a two-year-old in 1865.

Mr. Lucy and two days by Hastings, did not work satisfactorily. It was therefore decided to guarantee Mr. Lucy an extra 300*l.* a year in order that he might engage a first class huntsman, and James Young was engaged and

hunted the hounds for one season, Charles Orvis and John Scott* being first and second whippers-in. Young left at the end of the season.

From Mr. George Smith's diary :

February 16th, 1871.—Found Oakley Wood, and killed. Warwick Park, blank. Chesterton Wood, 3.30. Capital fifteen minutes to Bawcutt's, and on to Burton Dasset and Farnborough. Home 7.45; dark. Rode Roscoe.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *Monday, February 20th, 1871*, the hounds met at Pebworth Village, and as they were passing through Quinton Village two of the dogs fell dead; at Pebworth two more died, and shortly afterwards three more were seen to fall, and soon died; they were taken to the Red Horse at Stratford, and subsequently to the kennels, where a post-mortem examination was made. The hounds had been taken home without hunting, and I was afterwards told that three more had died on the way, making in all five couples lost. They had been poisoned by strychnine given in parts of rabbits, which had been thrown down at intervals on the road. It was well known afterwards who had done this dastardly deed, and the same man, who was an avowed fox killer, shot the hunted fox before Lord Coventry's hounds, and I saw him (*in flagrante delicto*) gun in hand. No hounds had ever before been poisoned in Warwickshire, and it is needless to say that the occurrence created a feeling of widespread dismay and alarm, and the greatest sympathy was on all sides expressed for Mr. Spencer Lucy.

From Mr. George Smith's diary :

March 16th, Newbold Pacey.—Found Chesterton Wood, to Bawcutt's and Burton Hill; very fast, and lost at Arlescote. Second, Chadshunt; ran out, and up for Arlescote slowly. Jumped new railway. Rode Roscoe.

March 27th, Gaydon Inn.—Drew Gorse, Itchington Holt, and Bawcutt's blank. Found Watergall, ran fast towards Ladbroke and back to Watergall, and slowly to Burton Hills, and lost. Second, Chadshunt; ran through Bowshot and Moreton Wood to village. Fox jumped up on top of the hill, and ran to Lighthorne Rough, Bowshot, and Walton, and lost. Good and long day. Rode Roscoe.

SEASON 1871-72.

At the beginning of the season of 1871, Charles Orvis became huntsman, and he soon began to show his capabilities. He had a splendid voice, which he was not afraid of using; and had a very cheery manner. He was very quick in the field and in getting his hounds away from covert, and he was a light weight and an excellent rider. W. Smith was first whipper-in, and F. Payne second whipper-in, succeeded by J. Elliott.

* Scott is now huntsman to the Albrighton Hounds.

Charles Orvis, Huntsman.
From a photograph
by
Messrs. Gowland, of Lendal, York.

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The following letter, written to the Rev. W. R. Verney, will doubtless be of interest to the friends and admirers of this keen huntsman and good servant :

Sidlescombe, Battle, Sussex.

August 8th, 1895.

REV. SIR,

In answer to your letter, my father, the late Charles Orvis, was twenty-three years and eight months with John Conyers, Esq., Copt Hall, Epping, Essex, as whipper-in and huntsman. When Mr. Conyers died, he went as huntsman to the York and Ainsty, under Sir Charles Slingsby, of Scriven Park, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, where he remained until he was drowned with Sir Charles Slingsby,* Mr. Loyd, and Mr. Robinson, in crossing the river Ure, when hunting. I was born at Epping. I started first with Sir Charles Slingsby, riding second horse. Then I started whipping in to the Badsworth, under Lord Hawke, three years; and then two years under Lord Middleton, of Birdsall, Yorkshire; and then to the Bicester, under T. T. Drake, Esq., of Shardeloes, Bucks, with Worrall as kennel huntsman. When Mr. Drake sold his hounds, I went as first whip to the Vale of White Horse, under W. Wilson, Esq., for one year, and then to the Bedale, under Mr. W. J. Booth, for one year; but, anxious to better myself, I went to the Craven, under Mr. Wells. Having the Warwickshire place open to me, I accepted it, and remained there twelve years. On leaving there through his lordship hunting his own hounds, I went to the Holderness, which I hunted for three seasons; from there to the East Sussex, under C. A. Egerton, Esq., for eight years. Leaving there, I went to the Badsworth for two seasons. Very pleased to hear Mr. Verney got in at Rugby.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES ORVIS.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *Thursday, November 28th, 1871*, the hounds met at Harbury Station, on a beautiful hunting morning. A large field assembled at this favourite meet, and Mr. Lucy gave the word for Ladbroke Gorse. A fox was found at once, and the way in which the bitches ran him in the covert showed that there was a scent. In ten minutes time he was viewed away, and Orvis got his hounds away close to him; they ran without a check by Hodnell, Lower Radbourn, and Wills Pastures, and thence over the Watergall Brook, which at the place the hounds crossed it was wide and very full of water. After crossing it I could see no one with the hounds except Mr. Spragget, of Gaydon, and Charles Orvis, and we remained alone with them to the finish. The hounds ran on at their best pace over the Oxford Canal, and passed between Wormleighton and Priors Hardwick, over Hardwick Hill, and then down the Vale, leaving Boddington Gorse on the right. Here a slight check, and the only one during the run, took place; the bitches were running on both sides

* The horse ridden on that day by Sir Charles Slingsby was called *Salt Fish* because he was good on a *fast day*.

of a double fence when they stopped and killed what Orvis no doubt thought was the fox, on account of the pace at which they had been running, and although he could not see what it really was on account of the thickness of the grass in the fence, he holloed "Who-whoop!" It turned out to be a hare, which the pack broke up in no time, and ran on with the fox as hard as ever. They left Boddington Gorse on the right, and ran round the left bank of Boddington Reservoir, and from thence by Aston-le-Wall to Warden Hill Gorse; but they did not dwell for a moment in the covert, as they ran along the top ride, and next over the Welsh Road, and to the left of Chipping Warden, to Edgcott Park. Here we viewed the fox, and the hounds raced him up to the garden wall; he just managed to scramble up it, but we thought for a moment that he would fall back into the mouths of the pack; they made great efforts to get to the top of the wall, but could not quite reach it. The gate was locked, and there was some delay before it was opened. I heard afterwards that the Bicester hounds had not been allowed to hunt in the laurel garden inside the wall until the hares had been shot, and as there were a large number of these, the hounds soon began to kill them, until the gravel walks were running with blood. Orvis did his best to get them on to the hunted fox, but as there was a fresh fox in the laurels this could not be done. After we had been at Edgcott for twenty minutes, Mr. Spencer Lucy, who had nearly caught the hounds in Warden Hill, came up, but no one else did. This was the run of the season, and one of the best of many seasons. The distance from point to point is eight miles, and in the direction taken hounds ran quite thirteen miles in an hour and ten minutes, entirely over grass. (See Map, run printed in blue ink.)

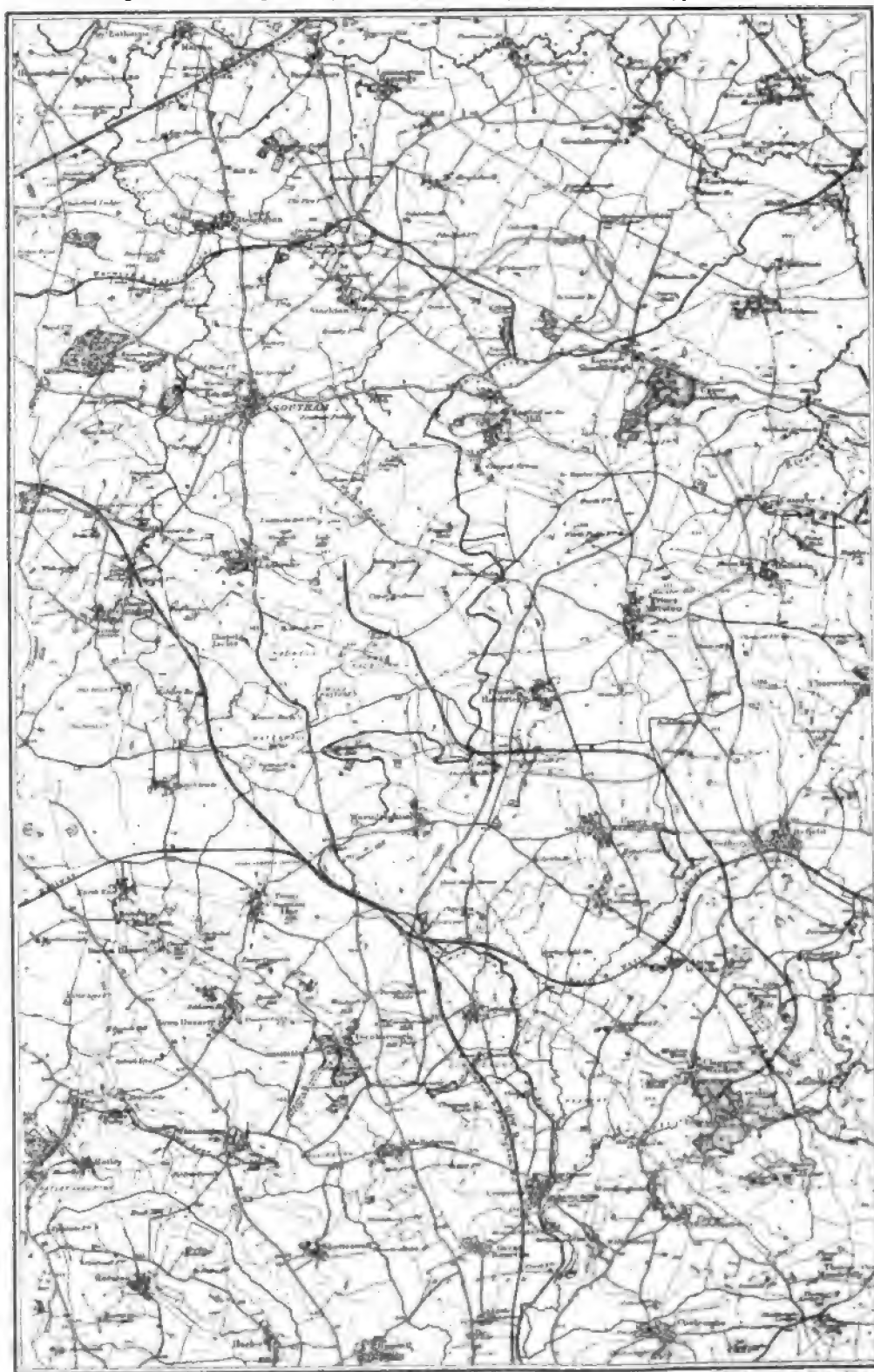
Mr. Spragget was a welter weight and a very hard rider; he rode a well-known bay mare, on which he always hunted. I rode Sir Arthur, a black horse with two white stockings, which was bred by a well-known hunting parson in Shropshire, and I saw him ridden for one season in Leicestershire, and bought him at Tattersall's for 250 guineas, after which he carried me for nine seasons. During his seventh season he was staked in the Ladbroke country, the stake having penetrated eleven inches. He was carried home in a cattle dray, the wound was sewn up by Mr. Stanley, of Leamington, and he recovered perfectly.

Lord Willoughby went very well during the early part of this run, as long as the hounds were running straight, on a horse which he had lately bought from Mr. Darby, but when he had to turn the horse he bolted with him, or he would, no doubt, have seen the rest.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary:

When fishing the Lochy river in the spring, my ghillie, Duncan, told me that my landlord had sometimes given John Bright a day's salmon fishing,

MAP OF THREE RUNS.—Ladbroke to Edgcote, Nov. 28th, 1871 (blue ink). Shuckburgh Hill to Warmington, March 3rd, 1881 (red ink).—See Vol. II., p. 68. Calcote to Debdale, and from Shuckburgh Hill to Boddington Hill, Feb. 10th, 1886 (orange ink).—See Vol. II., p. 139.



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SCALE 0 1 2 3 ENGLISH MILES

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London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Ltd.

and he showed me the place near the end of a rapid pool where he had saved John's life by gaffing him when he had fallen into the water while running down with a salmon. Duncan added that "he never heard the last of this afterwards." *

On another occasion Duncan told me that he was going to set a trap for an otter near a pool in which we had seen two salmon with their heads and shoulders bitten off. Next morning I went with him to see the trap taken up, and in it we found no salmon, but a big goat caught fast by the fore leg. I shall not forget Duncan's look of consternation as he said to me, "Whatever shall I do? Here's Faremer Donaldson's preencipal he goat trappet by the leg." I said, "Never mind, go and let him out," which he soon did, and the goat walked away only slightly lame.

About this time Mr. W. G. Marshall, of Hambleton, Rutland, used to hunt a good deal with the Bicester and Warwickshire. He rode very hard, but his horses were not so good as those he afterwards and at present owns.

One day he got into the canal feeder near Aston-le-Walls. Boxall kept on riding at it, saying, "My little horse will have it," but Mr. Marshall finally gave the lead, and was nearly drowned. He lost his hat and his whip, and had to borrow Sir C. Mordaunt's second horseman's stove-pipe hat to go home in. Next year a lot of people were riding at a brook, some getting in, and some over, when Mr. Spencer Lucy, who was looking on, turned round to Lord Willoughby, and said, "I say, Willoughby, if Walter Marshall was here with that big bay horse that carries his head on one side, he'd be in for one, whoever——"

One day Mr. Marshall came down to the Hunt Ball at Stratford-on-Avon. He had been hunting and travelling all day, and was going back to town by the early express, having engaged a fly from Leamington. He promptly went to sleep, and the fly-man ditto, so the horses attempted a short cut home by the Alveston Ford, past Captain Cowan's house. The Avon was in flood, and the first intimation he had of where he was was finding the waters pouring in through both windows. He got out somehow and swam ashore, and there was the fly-man on the top of the cab yelling for help, awake and fairly sobered. Fortunately Captain Cowan's coachman had heard the fly go by,

* Johnny Cameron, ghillie on the Comesky beat, told me that the Factor told Duncan that "it was the warst day's work he had ever done whativer!"—W. R. V.

and, knowing about the flood, came down to the rescue with a lantern.—W. R. V.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *February 18th* the Bicester hounds met at Lower Boddington, and had not much sport in the morning, but in the afternoon they had a very fast run from Warden Hill Gorse without a check, between Culworth and Moreton Pinkney.

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1871.*

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Bachelor } Bracelet } Bonny } Boaster } Bribery } Brazen } Braemar } Carver } Cardigan } Careful }	Lord Hastings' Bloomer ... Wildboy (64) Driver (68) Hector (67) Nestor (66)	His Charmer Bounty (64) Brilliant (66) Bravery (65) Careless (67)
Crafty } Crimson } Charlotte } Factor } Gaiety } Hercules } Landsman } Mariner } Nailor } Precept } Rakish } Racer } Rattler } Spinster }	Nestor (66) Hector (67) Lord Middleton's Factor ... Hector (67) Herod (67) Landlord (68) Lord Middleton's Nettle ... Lord Middleton's Pirate ... Lord Middleton's Pirate ... Lord Middleton's Factor ... Lord Middleton's Racer ... Lord Kesteven's Shiner ...	Caroline (68) Charmer (66) His Nelly Garnish (63) Testy (66) Bounty (64) His Matchless His Novice His Lenity † His Rakish His Rachel Lord Hastings' Hand- some
Streamlet } Stewardess } Stealthy } Tomboy }	Nestor (66) Raglan Herod (66)	Starlight (67) Stella (67) Tragedy (65)

* This year Mr. Lucy formed a private pack, and sold it to the Warwickshire Hunt when he gave up the country in 1876. The young hounds will be found in each year's entry; the stud hounds will be referred to in the notes. As Mr. Lucy sold his hounds to the Hunt, they will be all referred to as Warwickshire hounds.

† By Lord Henry Bentinck's Larkspur—Lord Middleton's Hasty, by his Hudibras.

and thence to the right over the Banbury Lane, to ground near Allithorne Wood; five miles and a half straight, and about seven miles as hounds ran, in thirty-five minutes. Rode Chivalry. I bought this horse, which had been ridden by Charles Payne, at Lord Spencer's sale at Tattersall's, and rode him for nine seasons.

On *March 3rd* the hounds met at Goldicote, and found a fox at Alveston Pastures, with which nothing much was done. They found a fox at Beauchamp Spinney, and ran very fast across the road to Alderminster, and through Rough Hill, and across Eatington; thence over the high road nearly to Fulready, where they turned to the left, and passed Pillerton on the right, and went over Herd Hill into Kineton Holt. The time up to this point was thirty-eight minutes, and there was a welcome check in the covert, the pace having been tremendous. When the hounds again went away, they continued at a slower pace, but over a perfect line down the valley, and across the Banbury and Kineton road, and by Old Leys and Owlington, and ran to ground at the Burton Hills. The distance from point to point is eleven miles, and about fourteen as hounds ran, in an hour and twenty-five minutes. Rode Marathon. He was a grey horse, which I had bought from Mr. Corbett

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1872.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAM.
Archer }	Admiral (69)	Garnish (63)
Actress }	Mr. Drake's Hector	Lord Portsmouth's
Daphne }		Dorothy
Dulcet }	Lord Portsmouth's Render	V.W.H. Flighty
Freeman	Cotswold Flagrant	V.W.H. Remedy
Furrier	V.W.H. Salesman	Their Notable
Norman }	Falcon (67)	Caroline (68)
Nectar }	Hector (67)	Torment (67)
Frolic	Hector (67)	Novelty (68)
Hector }		
Nimrod }	Raglan	Brevity (68)
Nelson }		
Norah }	Raglan	Artful (70)
Needful }	Landlord (68)	Stella (67)
Raglan }	Nestor (66)	Tuneful (69)
Rosemary }		
Rachel		
Spinster		
Traveller		

Holland, and I remember, when I went into the stable-yard at Admington, this horse was being shown to Mr. Park Yates, the master of the Cheshire hounds, but he declined to mount him because he kicked a little when ridden by the rough rider. Mr. Corbett Holland then asked me to get on him, which was perhaps as well, for I do not think he could have carried Mr. Park Yates' weight, although he was up to 14st., and full of quality. I gave 300*l.* for him, and in the end did not consider the price too much, as he carried me well for ten seasons.

In the autumn of this year (1872) the Hon. Robert Reynell Verney, lieutenant in the 52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry, died of fever in the barracks at Cork. He was a

very keen sportsman, a capital shot, and very popular in his regiment.

SEASON 1872-73.

From Mr. George Smith's diary :

December 2nd, 1872, Ilmington.—Found at Rough Hill. Ran under Ettington Village, fast by Lambcote, and back through Ettington Park to top of Knavenhill. Only huntsman, Dudley, self, and whip with them; quite lost field; forty-five minutes. Second, Pillerton Gorse; away over Pillerton Brook for Oxhill, turned half a mile, and back on to near Butler's Marston; forty-one minutes; very good; only ten left to see it. Rode Roscoe.

Diary of the Rev. William S. Miller (*continued*) :

December 10th, 1872, Weston House.—Rode Sunshine. Found in Wolford Heath, ran a very fast ring round Weston Park to our starting point, thence under Long Compton Wood, by the end of Long Compton Village, to ground in a stone pit near Barton Grove; a very good hour and five minutes. Came home, the hounds going to Barton Grove, and having a very fine run from there by Wolford Wood, Adlestrop, and Ickham, close up to Stow.

December 21st, Burton Toll Bar.—Rode Clashmore. Found in Knott's Gorse; went straight away across the railway towards Itchington Holt, to the left, skirting Gaydon Coppice; thence parallel with the Warwick Road, through Chesterton Wood to the Green, and killed; a really good and fast thirty-eight minutes.

In 1872 and 1873 George Bollem and J. Perry were first and second whips to Charles Orvis.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *January 3rd, 1873*, the hounds had a splendid run late in the day. We had been having very little sport, having been running about Edge Hill most of the day, and most of the field had gone home. A fox went away from Sun Rising, and only Orvis and one other gentleman and myself got away with the hounds; they ran, leaving Tysoe on the right, nearly to Oxhill, thence over the Banbury and Stratford road, on the left of Pillerton Gorse, nearly to Walton Wood. There was no check for fifty minutes over a grass country. Rode Statesman. I had first seen this horse in Mr. Cox's stable in Stamford-street, when five years old; he was in miserable condition, and Mr. Cox told me that he had come from Germany, and was to be sold for artillery purposes, but that I might if I liked have him on trial, and he did not ask much for him. He was sent to me. I bought him, and he made into a fine hunter. He was a brown horse with hogged mane, and I rode him for ten seasons. When he was sixteen I was hunting him with "the Bicester," and after jumping a fence which he hardly seemed to touch, I was told that he was staked; the stake had gone in very deep, and after getting him home with great care the wound was sewn up, but he died in a few days.

Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*) :

January 10th, 1873, Oxhill Toll Bar.—Found in Pillerton Gorse; crossed the road towards Oxhill, back by the Toll Bar, over Herd Hill

towards Marston; fox headed and lost. Drew the Oaks, Holt, and Watts Gorse blank. Found in Bullet Hill; fox headed at Knowle End; back along Edge Hill beyond Sun Rising, and over the hill by Bacchus Farm, Berridge's Buildings, across Ratley Bottom, by Madgbury Camp Road, across the Valley to Avon Dassett glebe farm, by Farnborough and Wormleighton Reservoir, up to Thursby's house at Wormleighton Village, under a faggot stack. A very good run of an hour and forty minutes from find to finish, and seven or eight miles straight. Rode Sunshine.

January 17th, Farnborough.—Drew the home coverts and Harbages blank. Found a regular Burton Hill fox in Perry's Gorse, and, after running about the hills for nearly an hour, killed in Knibb's Gorse. Found again in Bawcutt's Covert, ran by Knightcote, Watergall, Scriven's House, and Wormleighton, to the hill above Priors Hardwick, and killed close to Stoneton. A very good half hour. Rode Clashmore.

January 27th, 1873, Ufton Wood.—Rode Zimri.* Found at once in the wood, but could not get the body of the pack away on at all good terms with their fox. There was also some hesitation through want of confidence in the holloa away; hunted slowly through the deep plough and meadows by the Canal, across the Fosse Road, up the hill towards Radford, and gave it up. Found again in Ufton Wood; went away at the village end of it, soon striking the same line we ran before, and following it to the road near Radford, thence across the railway and Whitnash Field, by Hogbrook Farm, and thence to the left towards Chesterton Wood, up the Fosse Road, short to the left, back to Whitnash Bushes and the railway, about which we dodged and lost much time from passing trains; eventually followed his line close up to Harbury Village, and across Chesterton Field nearly to the church, and again gave up. Found a third fox in Itchington Holt, ran by Gaydon Hill, through Bawcutt's Covert to Knightcote, to ground in a drain. The second was a good hunting run.

February 11th, 1873, Mitford Bridge.—Rode Sunshine. A very remarkable day's hunting. When we moved off from the meet the field consisted of four servants, Colonel Skipwith, and me. Before we got to Wolford Wood Sir Charles Mordaunt caught us. We found immediately, and went away straight, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Charles Orvis the huntsman, and myself alone with them; we had a pretty hunting run of about forty-five minutes close up to Evenlode Mains, then to the left by Brook End, as if for Barton Grove, again to the left, leaving Barton Village on the right, to ground in a drain towards Wolford Wood. While getting him out, Skipwith, Cowan, Walker, and the second whip came up. Major Bird and his daughter† came out, and this made up the whole field for the day. We found again in the gorse outside the wood, ran through the wood, to ground in one of the spinneys. I then came home.

Although I did not enter the account of this day in my

* It was a most appropriate name.

† Afterwards Mrs. Walter Verney. Major R. Wilberforce Bird, of Barton House, was a fine horseman and a very determined rider. He hunted chiefly with the Heythrop. He first learned his hunting under old Davis, the Queen's huntsman, but he was twenty-one years in India, and had forgotten a good deal of the science of it. His main idea of getting to hounds was to ride straight after them, whatever came in the way, and not such a bad idea either. Like his much younger neighbour, Lord Camperdown, he knew no fear.—W. R. V.

diary, I entered the date, and I well remember it, because only Mr. William Miller and Colonel Skipwith were at the meet; there had been a frost, and there was some snow on the ground. I rode a horse called Tenbury, whose name is also entered in my diary. He was a bad-tempered chesnut horse, but a fine hunter and a great stayer in deep ground. I hunted him for eight seasons, and his first owner hunted him four days in one week. I used to send him the longest distances to covert, because if he was sent a short distance, he was always trying to get home. During the last season of hunting him, I sent him on only three miles, and, just before getting on him, he turned round with the boy who was riding him, and tried to get home; the boy sat on him well, but when the horse found that he could get him off no other way, he threw himself down and rolled his rider off.—C. M.

The Rev. W. Miller's diary (*continued*):

February 14th.—Met at Fenny Compton. Rode Zimri. Drew Watergall blank. Found at once in Ladbroke Gorse, and had a fine run of an hour, leaving Priors Marston to the right, nearly up to Helidon, then back to Shuckburgh, to ground. The first thirty-five minutes very fast over a fine grass country; the remainder a fair hunting pace. Went back to Ladbroke, and found again. Had a pretty scurry by Hodnell Farm, to ground in the gorse at Watergall.

March 31st, The Tower.—A poor day. Thus ended the season, the best for many years; 48½ brace of foxes brought to hand, and a vast number run to ground.

During this season three foxes were found in trees when we were hunting at Walton. On one occasion my keeper told me that he had seen three foxes on one large tree early in the morning. I went to the place, and was in time to see two of them, but the third had gone.

I heard the following narrative about a gentleman hunting in Cheshire, who had a large stud of horses, but did not give them sufficient exercise. In consequence of this, some of them found out that they could take advantage of him, and ran away with him. He was a bold rider, but a bad horseman. On one occasion, when riding in a run with the Cheshire hounds, he saw that they were approaching a more than usually big fence, and knowing that his horse

was likely to get out of hand if the nearest riders increased the pace of their horses, in order to get over this fence, he turned to the right and jumped the fence out of the field in that direction, meaning when he had got over to turn at once to the left and jump the same big fence which ran along the next field. He had no sooner got over the first mentioned fence than he was followed by about fifty eager sportsmen out of the large field, and before he could turn his horse to put him at the big fence, the nearest riders were so close behind him that his horse bolted with him, and went straight on, taking the fences as they came; and those who were following him, thinking that he must have seen the hounds turning in that direction, kept as near him as they could, but many of them got falls. After having gone straight for about a mile, the runaway horse approached a river. His rider, although he could not stop him, was able to turn him to the left, and they then continued to go on as straight as before. In the meantime, the hounds, after running on for a mile, turned to the right, came down to the river, and turned again along its right bank, thus taking the direction in which the runaway horse was coming. Shortly afterwards the astonished M.F.H. and indignant huntsman saw a man ride his horse at full gallop over a fence just in front of the pack, and right across the line. The rider then made a final effort, and pulled up his horse. He explained to the M.F.H. what had happened, and added: "There will soon be others here, who have been following me, but lots of them are down!"—C. M.

SEASON 1873-74.

The opening meet was at Charlecote on November 3rd.
From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary:

Tuesday, November 11th, 1873.—The meet was at Weston House, and a fox was found in Wolford Heath, and ran nearly to Wolford Village, where he was headed, and came back to Weston, through the Park, and away to Cherrington, and over the brook at Sutton; from thence he ran to Traitor's Ford, and by Nil Farm as if for Wigginton Heath; but, turning to the left,

he passed to the right of Swalcliffe, and was lost near Tadmarton after a brilliant run of forty-five minutes without a check. Rode Chivalry.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*) :

November 18th, Idlicote.—No sport in the morning. Found at Spencer's Gorse at nearly three o'clock, and had a capital ring of forty minutes by

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1873.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Advocate } Ardent } Actor } Active } Benedict Contract } Curious } Cowslip Castor } Olinker } Champion } Constant } Diligent	Lord Hastings' Sportsman * Wildboy (64) Belvoir Craftsman Chaser (68) Chaser (68) Belvoir Driver.....	Artful (70) Bridesmaid (66) Lord Middleton's Rattle Ledbury Cloudy † Precept (71) Lord Middleton's Brazen His Gaiety His Rosamond
Ferryman Lofty Larkspur } Latimer } Lexicon } Lincoln } Nestor } Newgate } Needless } Nelly } Regent Ruler Ruby Talisman } Tarquin } Trojan } Tyrant } Twilight } Wanton Wildboy	Lord Middleton's Flyer..... Lord Middleton's Latimer... Landlord (68) Nestor (66) Lord Middleton's Regent ... Lord Middleton's Raisthorpe Wildboy (64) Mercury (65) Wildboy (64) Wildboy (64)	His Singwell His Riddle Lord Hastings' Ruby ‡ Charity (70) Stately (70) His Singwell His Riddle Lord Hastings' Ruby ‡ Tuneful (69) Torment (67) Novelty (68)

* By Lord Hastings' Sailor—his Bridesmaid. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a four-year-old in 1871.

† By Worcestershire Cruiser—Ledbury Charity. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a four-year-old in 1871.

‡ By Lord Kesteven's Roman—Lord Hastings' Bashful. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a brood bitch in 1871.

Kirby, Old St. Dennis, Brailes, Castle Hill, Winderton, and Compton Wynnates to Broom Hill. Here was a check; after a bit they recovered

the line, and ran by Sheldon's Coppice to Brailes Buildings, where I left them holding on in the direction of Spencer's Gorse. Rode Zimri.

December 2nd.—Ran from Whichford Wood, leaving King's Stone to the right, down to Chaysell Brook, which was a very big jump. Mr. F. Walker, of Shipston, and a farmer only jumped it clear. Lord Camperdown got over, but his horse got in. The hounds then ran by Over Norton nearly to Chipping Norton, and then turned back over the Chaysell Brook. This time Lord Camperdown, Mr. Walker, and Orvis the huntsman all got over. The hounds then swung round again for Over Norton, and ran to ground near Rollwright, after running hard for nearly two hours.

December 22nd, Charlecote.—Two hours in and about Chesterton Wood, and then by Lighthorne, very straight to ground on John Mordaunt's farm. A good hunting run.

Mr. George Smith's diary :

December 22nd, Charlecote Village.—Drew Park and Fir Tree Hill blank. Found Oakley, quick to Highdown, thence to Chesterton Wood. After an hour or more, ran out *via* Lighthorne, missed Bishop's Gorse, Chadshunt, and Gaydon to a drain under Arlescote. Forty-five minutes good hunting run.

Mr. John Mordaunt had taken some land up at Arlescote.—W. R. V.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*) :

December 26th, Kinston House.—Rode Zimri. Drew the Oaks blank. Chopped a fox in the Holt. Found at once in Bullet Hill; ran by Arlescote as straight as possible to Bishop's Gorse, to ground. A real good thing.

I remember I was not out on this day, but I was up at Bishop's Gorse on foot, and saw them arrive, Mr. John Mordaunt first. In fact, I believe he had had the best of it all the way across the valley.—W. R. V.

I also well remember this run. Mr. Mordaunt was at the bottom of the hill at Arlescote, and he alone got away with the hounds, and remained with them to the finish. He was riding a bay horse of mine, which had belonged to Mr. Gunter, of Wetherby, called Confectioner.—C. M.

They found again in Bawcutt's, ran by Itchington Holt, through Gaydon Gorse and Coppice, by Ireland Farm and King's Osiers, skirting Kineton, up Pittern Hill, back to Chadshunt.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*) :

January 9th, 1874.—Met at Tysce. Rode Zimri. Being a thoroughly wet morning, and still having a lame hand, did not start from home till 12.30, and just dropped in for the best run of the present season. The fox got up in the open on Sibford Heath, went by the old Warren to Brailes Buildings,

where I first saw them; then by Winderton, Compton Wynnates, Broom Hill, Epwell Hill, and Goldby's Farm to Shutford Mill, along the brook side by Wroxton Mill to the paper mill, by Lower Tadmarton and the Highlands to Milcombe Bottom, and ran clean into him in a grass field just between Milcombe and Bloxham. A very fine run, with as clean a kill as could be.

How well I remember this run, and how it rained in the morning. I rode Clashmore, a young Irish horse Mr. Miller had been riding for my sisters. Mrs. Godman, then Miss Susan Verney, rode Little Charlie, a famous little brown horse Lord Willoughby gave them. He was bought from the late Lord Parker, at Oxford. Well, when we got to Broomhill they had already found. Charles Orvis said to me, when I said it was wet, "Yes, sir, thankyer, sir. Don't you let the hounds get away from you to-day, there's a rare scent." We always call it "The Bloxham Spire day," because my sister and I asked Squire Lucy at the close of the run where we were. "Why, don't you know where you are?" he answered; "Why, that's Bloxham Spire, who ever!" It was a good run. I think the best I ever saw.—W. R. V.

In 1873, 1874, and 1875 T. Neverd was first whip to Charles Orvis, and W. Adcock was second whip in 1873 and 1874.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

March 17th, Brailes.—Rode Zimri. Got on the line of a travelling fox near Brailes Buildings, and ran by the Old Warren, leaving Epwell Village on the left, by Blenheim Farm, Shutford Clump and Village to Wroxton Park; there he twisted about as though beat. At last he turned away from Claydon Hill straight for Horley, where we ran into him in a grass field close to the village.

Mr. George Smith's diary:

March 17th, Brailes.—Found on the Hill, and ran a hunting run; one hour and forty minutes, and killed at Horley. Several falls. Rode Theodore.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary:

During the spring I was fishing the river Lochy, in Scotland, and saw the following curious incident of the habits of salmon. When the water became very low in a pool called "the Galleries," a number of salmon were lying in ranks at the tail of it. As the fly passed over them I could see the rising fish, and that before rising they invariably turned on their side, and often did this without rising at all. As the water became lower, I could count six large fish lying in the front rank, varying from 25lb. to over 30lb. In the

next rank there were twelve, varying from 15lb. to over 20lb; behind these were twenty more, varying from 10lb. to 15lb.; and in the rear rank were the grilse, numbering thirty-five; the movement of the tail fin only was sufficient to keep the fish up to the stream. I had watched them when lying down, raising my head only above a high bank, and next sent the gillie to throw a small stone into the water behind the grilse, thus causing the whole of the salmon to move into the deeper water at the top of the pool. After waiting for an hour I saw them begin to return, each fish forming into line, and they thus took up their original formation in four distinct ranks. When

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1874.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Baronet		
Bondsman		
Beeswing	Landlord (68)	Blameless (66)
Banker		
Boniface	Governor (69)	Bridesmaid (66)
Bashful		
Comical	Conqueror (68)	Streamlet (71)
Countess		
Comedy		
Comrade		
Cheerful *	Clasher (70)	Precept (71)
Columbine *		
Gamester		
Ganymede	Governor (69)	Charity (70)
Governess		
Gadfly		
Garland	Sir W. W. Wynn's Rawcliffe	Garland (69)
Newsman	Nestor (66)	Stately (70)
Racket		
Rosebud	Sir W. W. Wynn's Romeo ..	Costly (67)
Salesman		
Starlight	Lord Hastings' Sportsman...	Bribery (71)
Tapster	Tapster (67)	Crimson (71)
Tuner		
Volatile...	Clasher (70)	Ledbury Volatile †

* Two good-looking bitches. Columbine was very good in her work.

† By Brocklesby Hannibal—Ledbury Vocal. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a two-year-old in 1871.

fishing in the same pool at higher water, when the salmon were still to be seen I noticed that when the fly passed over them, they rose exactly in the same way, turning on their sides, as the fly passed over them.

SEASON 1874-75.

Mr. George Smith's diary:

October 24th.—Mr. Corbett's harriers ran a wild stag to near Fir Grove, Caught him, and kept him shut up a week.

October 31st.—Turned up stag at Pebworth. Ran him forty-two minutes, and took him near Ullington. Rode Rupert.

The opening meet was at Chadshunt on November 2nd. Mr. George Smith says: "Ran two rings; fair sport for time of year."

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

November 3rd, Mitford Bridge.—Found in Toddenham Spinney, and had a good thirty-five minutes to Brailes Hill, fairly running into him in a turnip field on the top. Drew Morland's Spinney, Castle Hill, Compton Wynnates, Sibford Heath, and the Dingle all blank, and home. Rode Zimri, and had a regular burster from his jumping short.

Mr. George Smith's diary:

November 23rd, Wellesbourne.—Drew Spinneys by Charlecote Mill, and ran a ring up to Wellesbourne Wood, out quick, and away to Knavenhill, and top of Alderminster, with only five up; over the Stour, and via Ilmington and Stoke Wood, to a drain near Charingworth, about 4 o'clock.* Rode Dick.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

December 8th.—This was a day of terrible disaster to the Warwickshire hounds. May it never occur again. *Admington.*—Rode Middleton. Drew a spinney close to the house, and Preston Bushes blank. Then made our way towards the hills, where a fox was in waiting for us, when suddenly over rolled a hound in violent tetanic spasm. Soon after another rolled over, and within ten minutes three couples were down. Took the pack back to Admington, and administered salt and water to the rest, and when I left four hounds were dead, one likely to recover, and no fresh symptom apparent in the rest of the pack. On inquiring at the kennels next day, I heard that five couples of hounds were dead, four couples having died before they got home, and one in the course of the night.

January 7th, 1875.—After nearly a month's hindrance from frost and snow met the hounds at Shuckburgh. A very moderate day's sport.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary:

On *January 11th, 1875*, the meet was at Lighthorne. The hounds found at Chesterton Wood, and went away at once, and ran to the right of Checkley's Brake, as if for Itchington Holt, but turned again to the right, and ran between there and Chadshunt, over the Kineton and Harbury road, and thence by Bawcutt's Covert, leaving it on the left, to Arlescote; thence they ran without any check over the hill and down into the narrow valley by Hornton, to ground near Wroxton New Inn. This was a first class run over the finest country, and hounds ran nearly eleven miles as the crow flies, and not much

* Mr. Wilson picked up the hunted fox dead the next morning amongst the gorse on Ilmington Hill, and it was hard upon the hounds that they only just missed killing him after a fine run, which at times was very fast. Mr. Lupton went very well on this day on his famous little horse Burton, than which no better hunter ever went in any country.

out of the straight line, in an hour and five minutes. Mr. Lucy hunted the pack on this day himself.

On *January 25th* the meet was at Newbold Pacey. Mr. Lucy got into the Whitnash Brook, and Mr. George Smith says he hindered so much time in getting his horse out, that he did not see the hounds again.

In 1875, J. Fleming succeeded W. Adcock as second whip.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

January 29th, Swalcliffe.—Rode Middleton. Found in Stanbra's Bushes, and went away towards Hook Norton; then turned to the left as if for Great Tew, again to the right, leaving Hook Norton on the left, up to



BARTON HOUSE IN A FROST.

Nil Farm, again to the left, to ground near the Sibford and Hook Norton road. Found again in Tadmerton Heath, and ran by Swalcliffe Park, over the hill, and killed in the Old Warren.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *February 10th*, 1875, the meet was at Charlecote, and a fox was found at the spinney in the Park. He ran across the high road, through Wellesbourne Wood, and, leaving Alveston Pastures to the right and Fir Grove to the right, crossed the Stour, and passed over Crimscote Downs, and over the Vale to Ilmington Hill. Here he was hard pressed by the hounds, and the pace became fast, and, leaving Foxcote on the right, they ran him to ground at Ebrington, near Campden. This was a very fine hunting run for the

greater part of the distance, but at times hounds ran fast, and the time occupied was an hour and forty minutes, during which eleven miles of country as the crow flies, and fourteen miles as hounds ran, was traversed.* Rode Romsdal. Romsdal was a well-bred bay horse, on short legs, up to 14st., which I had bought from Mr. Corbett Holland. I rode him for six seasons, and he carried Lady Mordaunt very well for three seasons more. He was a perfect hunter and a good tempered horse, but at the end of this time, on one occasion when Lady Mordaunt had just mounted him, he suddenly reared, and nearly fell back upon her. I rode him a few times afterwards, but he always showed temper.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

February 16th, Whatcote.—Rode Middleton. Drew Hell Brake blank and Honington Covert. Found in Idlicote, and ran towards Tredington, then to the left by Honington, and straight across the Vale to Brailes Hill, along the hillside, and down to a drain near Cherrington Mill, across the brook to Weston Park, and lost. Found again on Brailes Hill, and ran to the Castle Hill, back short to Brailes Hill, along the hill some way, then short to the right, by Farmington and Nollands, close to Honington Covert, short to the right again, by St. Denis to Brailes Hill, and lost. A good day's sport.

February 19th, Wroton New Inn.—Rode Zimri. Found in a stubble field close to the meet, ran by Alkerton, all round Shennington, then by Shennington Mill, round Balcote, leaving Shutford Village on the left, by Shutford Clump, Epwell Village, and Broom Hill, to Compton Wynnates; thence by the mill, running short back to Brown's Hill, away by Brailes Buildings, round Brailes Village, to the right, through the covert on the hill, to ground on the other side of Farmington. A good hunting run of two hours and twenty-five minutes, over a deal of country, and at times very fast. No doubt we changed foxes at or near Brown's Hill. Drew the Castle Hill and Spencer's Gorse blank. A very cold, snowy day.

Mr. George Smith's diary :

March 12th, Edge Hill.—First, Miller's Gorse, under hill towards Arlescote, and up over and down Vale, and nearly to Upton; then to Round Tower, and slow towards Kineton Holt, a ring, and then towards Pillerton, over Bottom five or six times, and hence to Sunrising. Down hill towards Kineton Holt, under Radway, under Arlescote, and left, running towards Warmington. Three hours; and a tremendous lot of big jumping.

This would just have suited Mr. Smith, as he was riding Rupert.—W. R. V.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

March 29th.—Met at the Tower, and had no sport.

Mr. Miller says in his diary:—"Thus ended the season of 1874 and 1875, for the Warwickshire hounds the worst known for many years, being stopped over

* Please compare this run with that of November 23rd, 1874.

thirty days by weather, and the scent being unusually capricious when the weather was open. There were several good days' sport in the course of it, though nothing very excellent. I do not know the number of foxes killed, but, judging from the days I was out, I should say it was small. I cannot say I think the management satisfactory. There is a want of keenness apparent in everyone concerned therein, except Orvis. The dog pack is far from good, and the draws arranged without enough consideration of succeeding days' requirements. Whichford Wood has only been drawn twice since November 1st, and Ufton Wood about the same. Claydon Hill was never touched from the middle of November to the latter end of March, while much smaller places in the middle of the country were drawn six or seven times. At the Hunt meeting, Mr. Lucy was again appointed master, with an increased guarantee of a clear 1900/., with a possible addition of 100/.; but I cannot think he will hold the office beyond another season."

There are no doubt many who can confirm these remarks, made by Mr. Miller, with regard to the unsatisfactory character of the management. Mr. Lucy sometimes did not come to the meet until half an hour after the usual time.—C. M.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

During five weeks fishing in June and July, I caught 134 salmon and sixty sea trout, weighing 1800lb., in the river Rauma in Norway. For three weeks, when the sun was very bright, I fished at night from 9.30 till 4 o'clock in the morning. Mr. R. F. Pritchett took some very good drawings for me of this beautiful valley and of the surrounding mountains.

There had been a severe winter, and the avalanches often fell within sight of the house in which we lived. The view at sunrise from the fjeld was of great beauty, for, besides mountains and glaciers, it included much of the sea, the fjords of which extend from 100 to 130 miles inland.

SEASON 1875-76.

The opening meet was at Charlecote. Found plenty of foxes at Fir Tree Hill and Oakley Wood.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*) :

November 22nd, 1875, Wellesbourne.—Rode Zimri. Drew Fir Tree Hill

blank. Found in Oakley Wood, and ran on the right of the road to Chesterton Wood, where he did not stop, but went straight through by Checkley's Brake and through Itchington Holt, King's Bushes, and Chadshunt Spinneys, leaving Pool Fields on the left, to Compton and Bowshot. There, of course, we stayed some time, then took a stale line on to Walton, and lost.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary ;

On *November 27th* I hunted with the Pytchley Hounds at Badby Wood, when they had a very fine day's sport. They found a fox at Charwelton Osier Bed, and ran for an hour, most of the time very fast, partly in the Grafton, and partly in the Bicester country. This run was quite sufficient for any one horse, and not many of a large field remained to see the second run, which was even better. They found again at Hogs Staff Spinney, and ran by Hinton, Aston-le-wall, Boddington, and nearly to Wormleighton; and thence to the right by Priors Hardwick, and from thence to the right of Priors Marston, near which place Will Goodall, the huntsman, stopped the hounds, when running hard for their fox, at dark. I had a long ride home from there, and no one else except Lord Spencer, the master, remained with the hounds. He pointed out a hound to me called Archer, which did a great deal of work, and which he had bought from Lord Doneraile. Rode Romsdal and Antelope II.

I had a letter in after years from Goodall :

The Kennels, Brixworth,

February 19th, 1895.

To Sir C. MORDAUNT, Bart.

SIR,—On looking back through my old diaries I have come across the day you wished to know about, it was on November 27th, 1875. I have it noted in my book as one of the hardest days I ever remember, and we stopped hounds at dark near Marston. "Archer," the hound you speak of, was one Lord Spencer had from Lord Doneraile in Ireland, he was black and white in colour, and a very good one in his work. Lord Spencer was naturally very fond of this hound, that "Archer" became a bye word in the Pytchley country in those days.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Yours obediently,

WILLIAM GOODALL.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*) :

December 13th.—After nearly a fortnight of uncomfortable weather, with frost and snow, met at the Antelope Inn, Lighthorne. Rode Middleton. Found in Chesterton Wood, and went away to Checkley's Brake. Here, through some hounds getting on a false line, we lost some time. At last got on the line again into Itchington Holt; after running about the wood some time with little scent, got away, but only to a faggot pile at Hyatt's Farm. From this he was bolted, and ran back to the wood, and got to ground. Had a stale line of a fox gone away a long time, but could not do anything with it. Found again at Bawcutt's, and ran very fast across the railway, leaving North End on the left, up to Fairbrother's house, and over the hill, skirting Knibb's Bushes, by Harbages Farm to Farnborough in front of the house, under the

terrace, straight to Warmington Hill and Page's Gorse; on thence to White's Bushes, alongside the old turnpike road, which we crossed near the Old Toll Bar, leaving Shotteswell on the left, close to Angel's Piece, across the brook again, through Page's Gorse to White's Bushes, and whipped off. A good hunting run. Mollington Brook embraced some few, a lady amongst them.

December 14th, Swalcliffe.—Rode Middleton. Found in the old Sand Pitts on the Heath, and ran back to the covert to ground. Found in Stanbra's Bushes, ran by Milcombe towards the Highlands, and killed in about ten

WARWICKSHIRE ENTRY, 1875.

MR. H. SPENCER LUCY.

NAMES.	SIRE.	DAMS.
Albion } Adelaide } Amazon } Artless } Bridesmaid Carver } Caroline } Comfort } Contest } Cora } Countess } Challenger } Comus } Cardinal } Careless } Layman } Lucifer } Languish } Rarity } Restless } Ranger Random } Rifler } Remedy } Redrose } Rubicon Streamer Sparkler Guardsman } Generous }	Agent (70) Clasher (70) Clasher (70) .. Clasher (70) Conqueror (68) Landlord (68) V.W.H. Rutland Sir W. W. Wynn's Rubicon Sir W. W. Wynn's Random V.W.H. Rutland V.W.H. Rutland Lord Hastings' Sportsman Governor (69)	Lord Poltimore's Sanguine * Bridesmaid (66) Brazen (71) Ledbury Cloudy Daphne (72) Tinsel (70) Blameless (66) Crafty (71) Streamlet (71) Lusty † Stewardess (71) Sportive (69) Tuneful (69)

* By Lord Poltimore's Stripling—his Needful. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a five-year-old in 1873.

† By Grove Looby—Lord Hastings' Lofty. Bought by Mr. Lucy as a four-year-old in 1871.

minutes. Found again in Painter's Bushes, and ran by Broughton and Withycombe, through Chamberlain's Gorse, and killed in the brook about half a mile further on. A good hunting run and a fair kill.

In 1875 R. Smethurst succeeded J. Fleming as second

whip, and in 1876 W. Shepherd became first whip instead of T. Neverd, and Jack Boore second whip in the place of R. Smethurst.

From Sir C. Mordaunt's diary :

On *January 4th*, 1876, there was not much sport in the morning, but in the afternoon a gallant fox was found at Ettington Grove, which showed the run of the season. The hounds went away at once across the high road, and ran without a check as if for Fulready, but turned to the left and passed over the Banbury high road to the right of Pillerton, and over Herd Hill to Kineton Holt. Here there was a check, but up to this point hounds had run at racing pace. After a few minutes they ran again without any hesitation down the Vale nearly to the Banbury and Kineton road, where they turned to the right over Edge Hill, and thence to the left, down into the Vale again, by Arlescote to Warmington. So severe was the pace that many riders who had seen the run as far as the top of Edge Hill could get no further. At Warmington the hounds again turned to the right, over the hill, and ran into the narrow valley by Hornton to Upton. Here a flock of sheep ran across the pack, and thus the fox escaped when it was nearly dark. Only eight saw the finish—namely, Lady Willoughby de Broke, who had ridden splendidly throughout, Lord Willoughby, Mr. Sewallis Shirley and his friend, Mr. George Smith, of Ailston, on his roan horse, Mr. Lupton on Burton, Charles Orvis, and myself. The hounds had run over eighteen miles of grass country in two hours. Rode Marathon.

Mr. Sewallis Shirley, the well-known authority on the breeding, showing, and judging of sporting dogs, succeeded his father, Mr. Evelyn Shirley, in the Ettington property. He hunted a good deal at this time with the Warwickshire hounds, and rode well. Although, unfortunately, he no longer comes out, he is most particular that a wild fox should always be found in his coverts—Ettington Grove, Rough Hill, and the Park.

We are indebted to Mr. H. Lupton, of Stratford-on-Avon, for the following excellent poem, describing this run after the manner of "The Epwell Hunt:"

A GALLANT RUN FROM EATINGTON* GROVE.

JANUARY 4TH, 1876.

Let the Quornite, so proud, toast the memory that haunts
Barkby Holt, or the Punchbowl, or famed John o' Gaunt's,
While the Pytchley man swears, "My dear fellow, of course,
No run equals our run from Waterloo Gorse!"

* Spelt also Ettington, but Eatington is the more ancient form.

Let the Heythrop men boast of their gallop so good,
 When they killed, near to Fairford, their fox from Tarwood;
 But we Warwickshire men to ourselves fairly prove
 That no run much surpassed ours from Eatington Grove.
 'Twas an afternoon fox, and sad—sad to relate
 Of the morning's fell work, and the pack's dreadful fate.

* * * * *

But away with such memories, shameful and sad,
 Away to the covert that made us so glad;
 And away with the fox, which so quickly we drove
 From his snug, cosy kennel in Eatington Grove.
 How gallant the field, which in pomp and in pride,
 Followed Orvis's lead through the quiet woodside,
 How scattered that field, ere yet evening's shades fell,
 If you've patience to read, I'll endeavour to tell.
 Scarce had Orvis's cheer sounded twice through the wood,
 When a whimper was heard, which was quickly made good
 By the whole of the pack, and the sweet chorus grew,
 As quick to their leader the gallant hounds flew.
 He's away! Tally-ho! and as straight as a bolt,
 Never doubting, he points straight for Kinton's good Holt.
 'Tis a seven-mile point, yet away with stout heart,
 Pug points for the cover as straight as a dart.
 Past Eatington Village, by Pillerton's side,
 The gallant hounds stream, and the eager steeds stride;
 With Orvis close to them, Sir Charles on his grey,
 By steam-plough or fences will not be said nay.
 'Tis a pleasure, I vow, when the ground's steep and strong,
 To see that good five-year-old bear him along.
 Spencer Lucy, the master, too, goes like the wind,
 And in deep ground, or sound ground, is not far behind.
 Lord Willoughby, too, as one safely may swear,
 When hounds run their keenest is sure to be there;
 And her ladyship with him, not far in his rear,
 While George Smith, of Ailston, still keeps pretty near;
 John Mordaunt goes happily sailing along,
 Be the ground ne'er so deep, or the fences so strong;
 While on good "Charlie Foster," not far from the pack,
 Shirley galloping on, on no fence shows his back.
 But the cover is reached, and a slight pause ensues,
 While a number discover the loss of their shoes.
 But away once again, and believe me, my friend,
 Not a nag once stood still from the find to the end.
 In the Holt, as they cautiously picked the line through,
 Horses came to a walk, all the respite they knew;
 And though "just cast a shoe" excused nags that were done,

With no hat one man went to the end of the run.
But away once again, they seemed ready to kill,
And go screaming along straight away to Edge Hill,
And if I might borrow a couplet from Scott,
I could tell how of riders a fair goodly lot
Tightened reins, and, in sooth, it was quite in despair,
When they saw, straight in front, Edge Hill's crest rise in air ;
But still on, on again, for no check here occurred,
And away once again, straight as flight of a bird.
For'ard still raced the hounds, and the pace was the best
Along the steep slopes to the said Edge Hill's crest.
Then down once again, close to Arlescote below,
Straight pointing for Warmington, on the hounds go ;
And they scream o'er the line, o'er those pastures of grass,
Though no longer we stick to them here, for, alas !
It much grieves me to say, for the sake of our shire,
That down here we hear horrible murmurs of " wire,"
That terrible word, quite sufficient to quell
The ardour of those who had followed so well.
By necessity turned here, at best pace we strode,
To nick in with the pack half a mile down the road.
Here kind fortune befriends us, we meet them again,
And to keep with them now every muscle we strain.
And for'ard, still for'ard, in capital style,
Their keenness unchecked, they race mile after mile ;
Whilst pug still holds his own, till, the sun going down,
He bends to the right near to Warmington town.
And, distance unheeding, the pace, too, that kills,
Once again with rare courage he faces the hills.
Here I steal a look backwards, as Orvis comes by,
And say, " But eleven bold riders I spy."
He replies, " A bit more, sir, to this lively tune,
" And little the counting we'll need pretty soon."
And, panting and sobbing, near done by this time,
Once again our good nags up those dreadful hills climb ;
And, scarce pausing a moment for breath at the top,
It is for'ard again. Will those hounds never stop ?
And this fox must his colours have nailed to the mast ;
" No surrender !" his motto. A check comes at last,
And oh ! welcome the respite, the nags nearly done,
The sun sunk to rest, and its light all but gone.
And how gladly atlast the pursuit we all yield,
To Upton House close in the very next field.
Of the finish I scarcely know what I must say,
For the fox had earned life, and the hounds earned their prey ;
Though pug owed his escape at the last to the sheep,

And its being too dark for a look ere a leap.
But whichever you think, we had chased him in vain,
And the gallant fox lived to be hunted again.
But oh ! think after this what a swell he will be,
How sought after for ball and for afternoon tea !
How he'll stroke his smart snout, and curl gaily his brush,
And protest that for Orvis he cares not a rush !
While the cubs gaze with awe, and the vixens admire,
The bold rover who led us half over our shire.
'Twixt the points I have mentioned, his courage and wiles
Had forced us to follow nigh twenty-five miles,
And the size of the fences, deep ground, and the pace,
Had scattered our field o'er near half of that space,
For of all those bold horsemen, so proud and elate
At the find, at the finish were left only eight,
And the man who was nearest the hounds at the last,
Was George Smith, of Ailston, his roan unsurpassed.
Next to him, bravely carried the whole good run through,
Was Lupton, on Burton, who's scarce fifteen-two ;
Though his stature be small, when it comes to a pinch,
He proves his heart large, and how good is each inch.
Sir Charles Mordaunt next, in a wonderful way
He was borne to the end on that five-year-old grey ;
While Orvis was next, and I scarcely need tell
How he stuck to his hounds, and went boldly and well.
Lord Willoughby then, with "his fair lady wife,"
Who bravely kept on to the end of the strife ;
While good "Charlie Foster" was close at the end,
With another of Shirley's, he'd mounted a friend.
I don't know his name ; if I did I would tell
Who he was, for he went undeniably well.
But Pegasus hardly will bear me again,
To relate when each fell, when each tired one drew rein ;
And, in fact, I don't know, for as one may surmise,
I went through that run with but one pair of eyes.
I looked at the finish—"Oh, where ! and oh, where !"
Was the keen Corbett-Holland ? He was not up there !
John Mordaunt, I heard, near to Kineton stood still,
And Annesley drew rein at the foot of Edge Hill.
Percy Hodgson spurred on in a grand disbelief
In his cob's finite powers, and at last came to grief.
Aye, sad that my muse is compelled to tell how
He received, as they rolled, a sharp kick on his brow ;
But the run he'll remember to life's latest day,
For he carries for ever the mark of the fray.
Clifford Chambers, who always goes boldly and straight,

Stopped somewhere, but where I can't certainly state.
 And Lewty (did ever you hear such a prank?)
 Was last seen at work showing his steed down a bank.
 Alas! that consumption, so ruthless and grim,
 Should have seized, ere next season, a victim in him.
 Fifield Pitt, too, I saw going straight as a bird,
 But where he stopped going I've never yet heard;
 Though he says, and I doubt not his words are quite true,
 That he found, near the Holt, that he'd only one shoe.
 Next day a friend said, "My dear fellow, I think
 "That each glass of port wine which in future you drink,
 "Will improved be in flavour; in fact, I may say,
 "You will find in each bottle a sweeter bouquet,
 "For, remembrance made sweet by the good rosy wine,
 "After dinner how oft you'll again ride the line."
 He was right; and how oft, when the wine has been best,
 Has that good run imparted additional zest,
 As I've raised the bright glass to a toast of my own,
 And, quietly drinking, have tossed the wine down.
 And I've noticed sometimes that mine host's eyes will shine,
 As he thinks to himself, "Ah! he likes the good wine;
 "My best vintage is not lost on him, to be sure,
 "How he raises his glass like a brave connoisseur,
 "While the ruby wine sparkles so clearly and bright,
 "Just balanced midway 'twixt his eye and the light."
 But you're wrong, my dear fellow, most kind hearted host,
 For it was not your wine—I was drinking a toast;
 I was drinking "Good luck to the hounds we all love,
 "Their master, his lady, and Eatington Grove."
 Now, to make my conclusion where others commence,
 I will venture, and hope I will give no offence,
 To dedicate this, now my scribbling is done,
 To the lady who rode to the end of the run.

The Rev. William S. Miller's diary (*continued*):

February 25th, Wroxton New Inn.—Rode Middleton. Found in Claydon Hill, and ran well to Shutford Clump, and thence by Shennington to Upton. After a check here, got on a fresh fox, as I believe, and ran fast from Hornton Quarries, across the Ratley Bottom to Arlescote Wood, and slowly to Perry's Gorse, and lost.

March 9th, Whatcote.—Rode the Major. Drew Idlicote Coverts and Honnington Thorns blank. Found in Spencer's Gorse, and ran by Ogden, under Compton Windmill, leaving Tysoe to the right, along the meadows to the Oxhill Road, and lost. Found again at Compton Wynnates, ran round Broomhill, close to the Tysoe and White House road, then to the right, leaving the Tysoes on the left, under the old lodge, across Hardwick Farm, close to Kington Oaks, nearly to the old turnpike road, round to the left,

across Lady Willoughby's farm to Starveall. Here a very heavy snowstorm saved our fox after a very good hunting run.

March 16th, Shuckburgh.—Rode Zimri. Found in Calcut, and ran to and over the hill on towards Catesby, then turned short to the left to Flecknoe, and lost. Went to Ladbroke, found, and after a long time in covert got away by Radbourn, up to the canal, then turned to the right, alongside the canal to Wormleighton Fields, then to the left over Boddington Hill, straight as possible to within a mile of Griffin's Gorse on the right hand; then to the left, with a bend to the right, by Charwelton Village on the left and Hitchcock's Spinney, nearly to Byfield, thence still to the right again, to within a field of Priors Marston, where we whipped off. A very fine run of two hours, good all the way, and at times very fast.

I remember this run well. I was riding Ruby, my old chesnut mare that came from Devonshire, and met the hounds at Ladbroke. It was very cold and snowy. We did not get away from the covert till after four o'clock. Lord Willoughby rode Confidence, and gave us a gallant lead over the Watergall Brook, which was flooded bank full. He never stopped looking round till he saw me safe over, and told me afterwards that he thought Ruby would not clear it. Mr. E. P. Knott,* who also joined the hounds at Ladbroke, went very well, and was the only one who wanted to go on when hounds were stopped. The Hunt horses were more tired, of course, than ours, as they had been out all day and over a lot of ground in the morning. When we were coming home over the railway bridge at Northend my mare stumbled and nearly fell, and Lord Willoughby said, "Don't be rough with her, she's carried you first rate."—W. R. V.

From the *Leamington Spa Courier*, March 25th, 1876 :

THE STAG HUNT AT BANBURY.—DEAR SIR,—Please insert the following account of a good run with a stag: Last Saturday, the 18th, a stag was turned out in the Warwickshire country and afforded a good run, the particulars of which I hope will be found correct. The rendezvous, to those

* An amusing anecdote is told concerning Mr. E. P. Knott's father, "the flying Apostle," who was at All Souls' College, Oxford. On one occasion, after being at a wine party, he and several of his friends made an excursion into the High-street. Finally, he became detached from his party, and finding himself unable to proceed any further, he was obliged to sit down on the pavement, leaning against one of the houses. Here he was eventually found by some undergraduates belonging to a different college, and they asked him his name, and what college he belonged to. He replied: "I am KNOTT of All Souls." The next question was, "Well, if you are NOT of All Souls, what the d—l are you of?" As no other answer could be given, he was taken round to a good many colleges, and finally to the right one, where he was recognised by the porter as KNOTT of All Souls.

who knew of it, was at Mr. Scriven's farm, Wormleighton. There was plenty of good cheer for those who chose to avail themselves of Mr. Scriven's hospitality, which was especially acceptable, as the morning was cold, the wind blowing from the N.E. A little after twelve, Mr. Holland Corbett put in an appearance with eleven couple of his little beauties; and the field at once trotted off to Horwood's farm, Radburn, where the stag, provided by Mr. Spencer Lucy, had been uncartered. The hounds at once hit off the scent. They ran quick (pointing to Stoneton) up to the canal, where a check occurred, owing to a hare jumping up and running, but the hounds were quickly stopped, however, and taken over the canal, and immediately picked up the course; away up Wormleighton Hill, across Mr. Thursby's big pasture to the left, fast; skirted the lower part of the farm, pointing for Lower Boddington. Here they ran well, turning to Appleton and so to Cropredy Lawn, past Cropredy Station, on at a fair pace, following the grass meadows, over the canal bridge, keeping the Cherwell on the left, and the Great Western Railway on the right, up to Banbury. Here the stag was viewed. He held on, however, and turned across the line, with the station and Banbury on the left; skirted the town by the cemetery, and so across the road, nearly opposite Capt. Robinson's, where the hounds came up to him. He was not beat yet, for after jumping a wall nearly 8ft. in height, he leaped up the passage to the Grammar School. He then ran up the road towards Wroxton, turned to the left, then up a small brook, and so to Broughton Castle, where he took to the water, and, after an exciting chase in the water, was captured, having run for over three hours, over seventeen miles of by no means easy country. Great thanks are due to Mr. Spencer Lucy, of Charlecote Park, for providing so fine a stag; to Sir Charles Mordaunt, for keeping and turning him out in such excellent condition; and also to Mr. Holland Corbett for sending his hounds so far, and for the patient manner in which he hunted them through the run, under, at times, rather trying circumstances. I noticed at the meet, and during the run, Lords Camperdown and Willoughby de Broke, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Messrs. Arthur Thursby (Wormleighton), Fablin, Scriven, and Merry, all of whom went well. I regret that an accident to a young girl should have happened in Banbury, and sincerely hope that she was more frightened than hurt.—I inclose my card, and remain, yours, &c.

GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

I remember that on this occasion the pace was at no time great, which is unusual when hounds are running a stag. Some years previously, close to the moat at Broughton Castle in which the stag was taken, the Warwickshire Hounds were running a fox hard, but got off his line, and nearly killed a large pet he-goat belonging to Mr. John Fienqes, which just saved its life by jumping into the water.—C. M.

With regard to the breeding of hounds, Mr. Lucy did not follow the example of his predecessors in procuring the best foreign blood, and during the last season the effect of

this, as Mr. Miller has pointed out, was particularly noticeable in the dog pack. Taking him all round, however, there is no doubt that he was a splendid sportsman, and thoroughly understood hunting. Perhaps his want of success, latterly, as a master of hounds and amateur huntsman arose from the fact that he was so fond of the gun, and was too fond of waiting under a hedge for

AN OLD PARTRIDGE.





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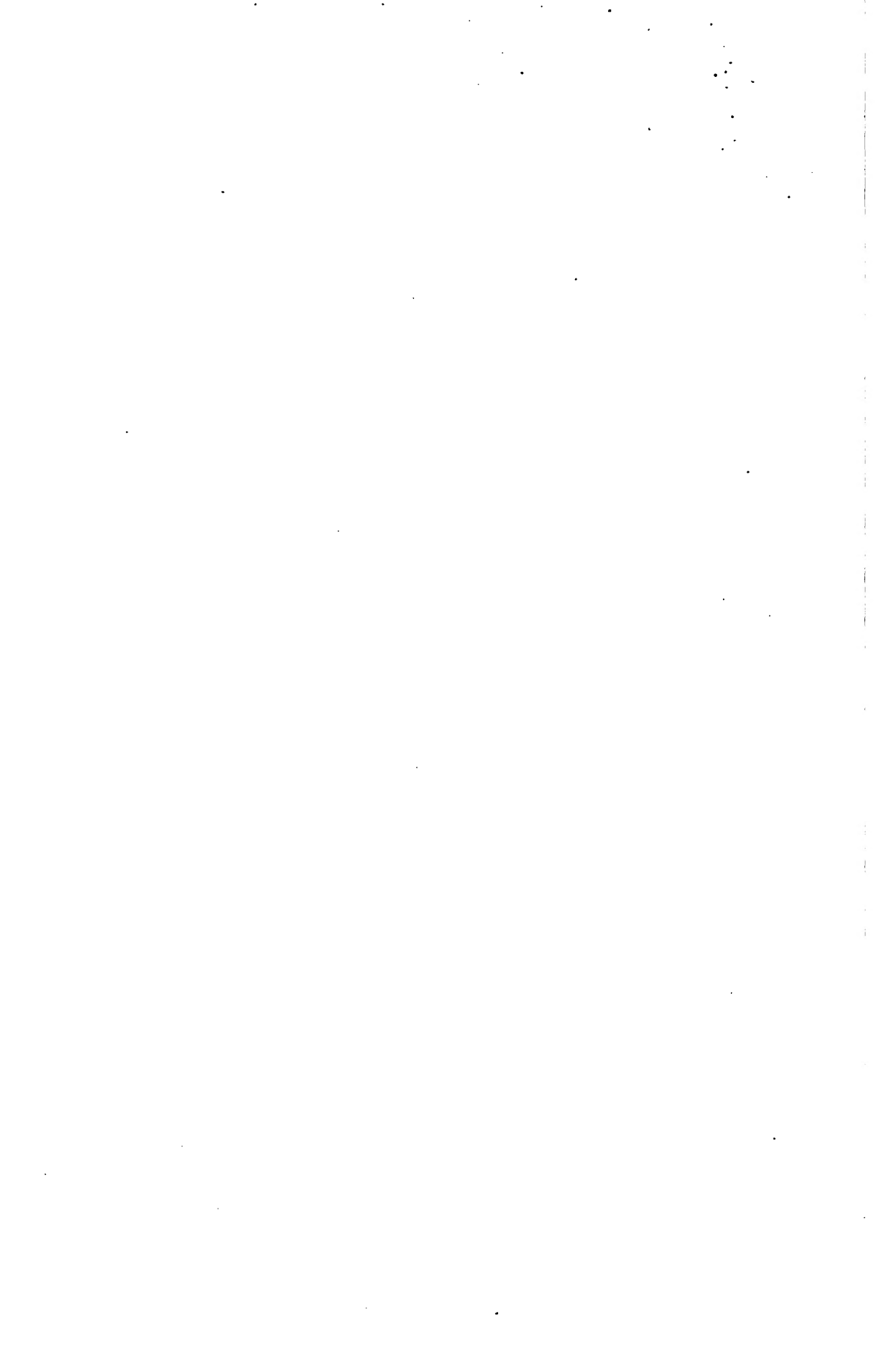
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